PIONEERING IN THE SOUTHWEST

A. J. HOLT

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PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD

HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA
SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

BY

FRANCIS PARKMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA," "LA SALLE AND
THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST," "MONTCALM
AND WOLFE," "THE OREGON TRAIL," ETC.

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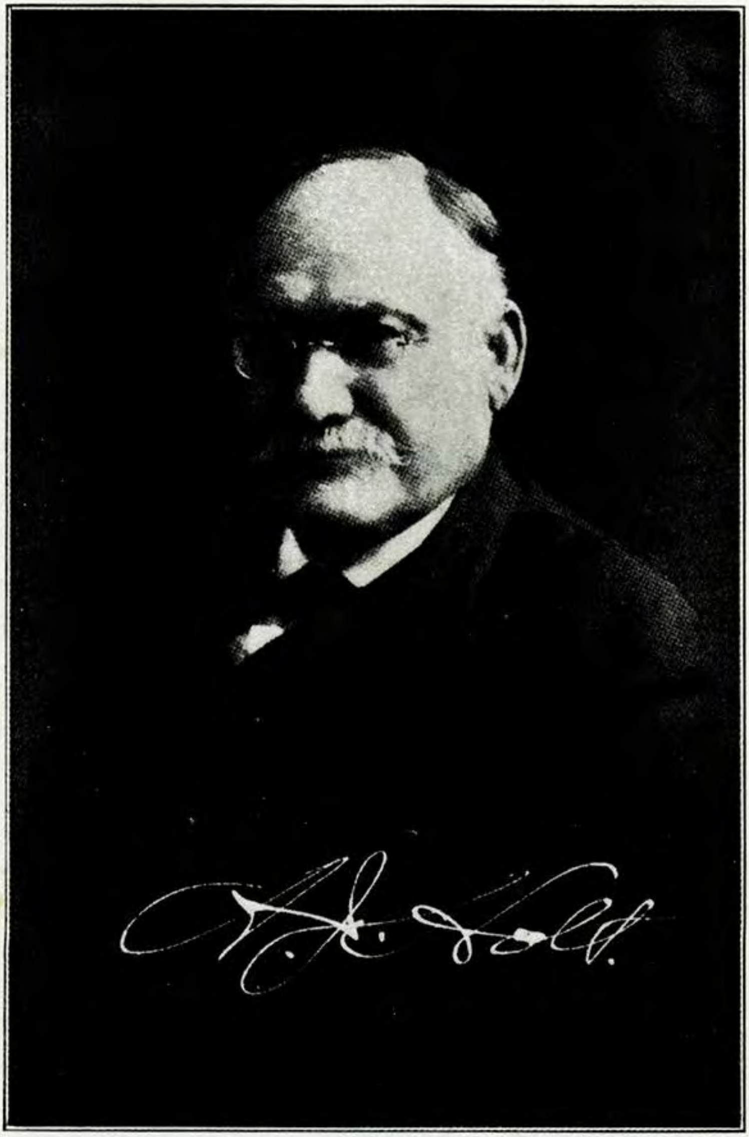

J. A. Holt.

PIONEERING
IN THE SOUTHWEST

BY A. J. HOLT

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
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FOREWORD

An autobiographical sketch entitled "Forty-eight Years in the Ministry," appeared in the issues of "The Baptist World" during the years of 1915-16. It was pleasing to quite a number of personal friends to express the hope that these sketches might find a more permanent form of publication than the files of a denominational paper. So insistent and frequent have been these requests that the author has concluded to heed them, and the following pages are, for the most part, but a reprint of these autobiographical sketches.

Seven years have now passed since the sketches appeared, and through the mercy of God, the writer is yet spared to engage in the activities of life, and the great work of the ministry, as pastor of a loving church. I am full of life and of a desire to live on. Life is sweet to me. I am by no means tired of it. Certainly I am anxious to behold the face of my Lord in the life beyond; but while I am spared here, I desire to serve him and my brethren, knowing that when I pass hence my term of earthly service, at least, will have closed.

I am not conceited enough to imagine that a record of my life is demanded by the reading public generally. Yet I know some things about myself that no one else knows, and I have had some experiences that no one else has had, and I am persuaded that this record of them may prove of real benefit to some who may yet pass this way.

So, trusting that I may be spared to complete and publish this autobiography, I subscribe myself a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a lover of my brethren.

ADONIRAM JUDSON HOLT.

Arcadia, Florida.

original value, being compiled from Laudonnière and Challeux.

Une Requête au Roy, faite en forme de Complainte (1566). This is a petition for redress to Charles the Ninth from the relatives of the French massacred in Florida by the Spaniards. It recounts many incidents of that tragedy.

La Reprinse de la Floride par le Cappitaine Gourgue. This is a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale, printed in the *Recueil* of Ternaux-Compans. It contains a detailed account of the remarkable expedition of Dominique de Gourgues against the Spaniards in Florida in 1567–68.

Charlevoix, in his *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, speaks of another narrative of this expedition in manuscript, preserved in the Gourgues family. A copy of it, made in 1831 by the Vicomte de Gourgues, has been placed at the writer's disposal.

Popelinière, De Thou, Wytfleit, D'Aubigné, De Laet, Brantôme, Lescarbot, Champlain, and other writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have told or touched upon the story of the Huguenots in Florida; but they all draw their information from one or more of the sources named above.

Lettres et Papiers d'Estat du Sieur de Forquevaulx (Bibliothèque Nationale). These include the correspondence of the French and Spanish courts concerning the massacre of the Huguenots. They are printed by Gaffarel in his *Histoire de la Floride Française.*

The Spanish authorities are the following: —

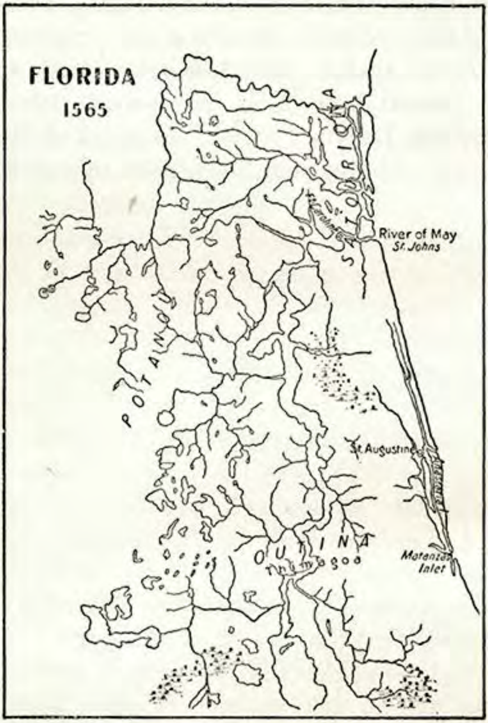
Barcia (Cardenas y Cano), *Ensayo Cronologico* *para la Historia General de la Florida* (Madrid, 1723). This annalist had access to original documents of great interest. Some of them are used as material for his narrative, others are copied entire. Of these, the most remarkable is that of Solís de las Meras, *Memorial de todas las Jornadas de la Conquista de la Florida.*

Francisco Lopez de Mendoza Grajales, *Relacion de la Jornada de Pedro Menendez de Aviles en la Florida* (*Documentos Inéditos del Archivo de Indias,* III. 441). A French translation of this journal will be found in the *Recueil de Pièces sur la Floride* of Ternaux-Compans. Mendoza was chaplain of the expedition commanded by Menendez de Avilés, and, like Solís, he was an eye-witness of the events which he relates.

Pedro Menendez de Avilés, *Siete Cartas escritas al Rey, Años de* 1565 *y* 1566, MSS. These are the despatches of the Adelantado Menendez to Philip the Second. They were procured for the writer, together with other documents, from the archives of Seville, and their contents are now for the first time made public. They consist of seventy-two closely written foolscap pages, and are of the highest interest and value as regards the present subject, confirming and amplifying the statements of Solís and Mendoza, and giving new and curious information with respect to the designs of Spain upon the continent of North America.

It is unnecessary to specify the authorities for the introductory and subordinate portions of the narrative.

The writer is indebted to Mr. Buckingham Smith, for procuring copies of documents from the archives of Spain; to Mr. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, for the use of the Vicomte de Gourgues's copy of the journal describing the expedition of his ancestor against the Spaniards; and to Mr. Charles Russell Lowell, of the Boston Athenæum, and Mr. John Langdon Sibley, Librarian of Harvard College, for obliging aid in consulting books and papers.


FLORIDA
1565
SATOURIONA
Ft. Caroline
River of May
St. Johns
POTANOU
St. Augustine
OUTINA
Matanzas Inlet

HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA.

CHAPTER I.

1512–1561.

EARLY SPANISH ADVENTURE.

Spanish Voyagers. — Romance and Avarice. — Ponce de Leon. — The Fountain of Youth and the River Jordan. — Florida discovered. — Pamphilo de Narvaez. — Hernando de Soto. — His Career. — His Death. — Succeeding Voyagers. — Spanish Claim to Florida. — Spanish Jealousy of France.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Spain achieved her final triumph over the infidels of Granada, and made her name glorious through all generations by the discovery of America. The religious zeal and romantic daring which a long course of Moorish wars had called forth were now exalted to redoubled fervor. Every ship from the New World came freighted with marvels which put the fictions of chivalry to shame; and to the Spaniard of that day America was a region of wonder and mystery, of vague and magnificent promise. Thither adventurers hastened, thirsting for glory and for gold, and often mingling the enthusiasm of the crusader and the valor of the knight-errant with the bigotry of inquisitors and the rapacity of pirates. They roamed over land and sea; they climbed unknown mountains, surveyed unknown oceans, pierced the sultry intricacies of tropical forests; while from year to year and from day to day new wonders were unfolded, new islands and archipelagoes, new regions of gold and pearl, and barbaric empires of more than Oriental wealth. The extravagance of hope and the fever of adventure knew no bounds. Nor is it surprising that amid such waking marvels the imagination should run wild in romantic dreams; that between the possible and the impossible the line of distinction should be but faintly drawn, and that men should be found ready to stake life and honor in pursuit of the most insane fantasies.

Such a man was the veteran cavalier Juan Ponce de Leon. Greedy of honors and of riches, he embarked at Porto Rico with three brigantines, bent on schemes of discovery. But that which gave the chief stimulus to his enterprise was a story, current among the Indians of Cuba and Hispaniola, that on the island of Bimini, said to be one of the Bahamas, there was a fountain of such virtue, that, bathing in its waters, old men resumed their youth.[1] It was said,

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[1] Herrera, *Hist. General*, Dec. I. Lib. IX. c. 11; De Laet, *Novus Orbis*, Lib. I. c. 16; Garcilaso, *Hist. de la Florida*, Part I. Lib. I. c. 3; Gomara, *Hist. Gén. des Indes Occidentales*, Lib. II. c. 10. Compare Peter Martyr, *De Rebus Oceanicis*, Dec. VII. c. 7, who says that the fountain was in Florida.

The story has an explanation sufficiently characteristic, having been suggested, it is said, by the beauty of the native women, which none could resist, and which kindled the fires of youth in the veins of age.

The terms of Ponce de Leon's bargain with the King are set forth moreover, that on a neighboring shore might be found a river gifted with the same beneficent property, and believed by some to be no other than the Jordan.[1] Ponce de Leon found the island of Bimini, but not the fountain. Farther westward, in the latitude of thirty degrees and eight minutes, he approached an unknown land, which he named Florida, and, steering southward, explored its coast as far as the extreme point of the peninsula, when, after some farther explorations, he retraced his course to Porto Rico.

Ponce de Leon had not regained his youth, but his active spirit was unsubdued.

Nine years later he attempted to plant a colony in Florida; the Indians attacked him fiercely; he was mortally wounded, and died soon afterwards in Cuba.[2]

The voyages of Garay and Vasquez de Ayllon threw new light on the discoveries of Ponce, and the general outline of the coasts of Florida became known to the Spaniards.[3] Meanwhile, Cortés had conquered Mexico, and the fame of that iniquitous but magnifi-

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in the MS. *Capitulacion con Juan Ponce sobre Biminy.* He was to have exclusive right to the island, settle it at his own cost, and be called Adelantado of Bimini; but the King was to build and hold forts there, send agents to divide the Indians among the settlers, and receive first a tenth, afterwards a fifth, of the gold.

[1] Fontanedo in Ternaux-Compans, *Recueil sur la Floride,* 18, 19, 42. Compare Herrera, Dec. I. Lib. IX. c. 12. In allusion to this belief, the name Jordan was given eight years afterwards by Ayllon to a river of South Carolina.

[2] Hakluyt, *Voyages,* V. 333; Barcia, *Ensayo Cronologico,* 5.

[3] Peter Martyr in Hakluyt, V. 333; De Laet, Lib. IV. c. 2.

Judge Porter read that verse, and then soliloquized: "Yes, I am meaner than that wretch." Then he began praying. My fears subsided when he began to pray, and I fell asleep. The next morning he had departed.

The following Sunday was grandfather's day at Somerset and Judge Porter was at church. When opportunity was offered he came forward to unite with the church, and gave his experience, as was then the custom. It developed that during that night at my grandfather's home, he had found the Lord. He confessed his sins before the church most humbly, and told how the prayer of my grandfather had sent conviction to his soul, and sent him to his knees, and how the Lord had most graciously heard and answered him. He promised that if the brethren would receive him he would never again be guilty of drinking. They received him joyfully, and he became a most exemplary member.

About 1853 my grandfather moved to Perryville, Kentucky, and my own father enticed me to live with him in Cincinnati. There I became dissatisfied and ran away from him and by some means found my way back to my grandfather's home in Perryville. Here for about five years I went to school and lived with my grandfather.

As a child I was not studious. I thought life was made for play. When I started to school I began to be a bad boy. My associations were bad, and I was influenced by my associations. I do not recall that I was mean. I was restless and mischievous and imitated larger boys. I was not at all enamored of my books, though my grandparents were ambitious that I should learn. When my teacher or my grandparents would take time to instruct me I would learn rapidly. My memory was marvelous, they told me. My mother, coming home during a vacation from her school work, ascertained concerning my memory and set me to work memorizing the Scriptures. My first effort was to memorize the sixteenth chapter of the Acts, which I did with all ease. Then followed the third of Matthew, and by and by almost if not quite all the New Testament. I could read over a chapter twice and repeat it from memory. My teacher was W. B. Godby, who cent exploit rang through all Spain. Many an impatient cavalier burned to achieve a kindred fortune. To the excited fancy of the Spaniards the unknown land of Florida seemed the seat of surpassing wealth, and Pamphilo de Narvaez essayed to possess himself of its fancied treasures. Landing on its shores, and proclaiming destruction to the Indians unless they acknowledged the sovereignty of the Pope and the Emperor,[1] he advanced into the forests with three hundred men. Nothing could exceed their sufferings. Nowhere could they find the gold they came to seek. The village of Appalache, where they hoped to gain a rich booty, offered nothing but a few mean wigwams. The horses gave out, and the famished soldiers fed upon their flesh. The men sickened, and the Indians unceasingly harassed their march. At length, after two hundred and eighty leagues[2] of wandering, they found themselves on the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and desperately put to sea in such crazy boats as their skill and means could construct. Cold, disease, famine, thirst, and the fury of the waves, melted them away. Narvaez himself perished, and of his wretched followers no more than four escaped, reaching by land, after years of vicissitude, the Christian settlements of New Spain.[3]

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[1] *Sommation aux Habitants de la Floride*, in Ternaux-Compans, I.

[2] Their own exaggerated reckoning. The journey was probably from Tampa Bay to the Appalachicola, by a circuitous route.

[3] Narrative of Alvar Nuñez Cabeça de Vaca, second in command to Narvaez, translated by Buckingham Smith. Cabeça de Vaca was one of the four who escaped, and, after living for years among the tribes

The interior of the vast country then comprehended under the name of Florida still remained unexplored. The Spanish voyager, as his caravel ploughed the adjacent seas, might give full scope to his imagination, and dream that beyond the long, low margin of forest which bounded his horizon lay hid a rich harvest for some future conqueror; perhaps a second Mexico with its royal palace and sacred pyramids, or another Cuzco with its temple of the Sun, encircled with a frieze of gold. Haunted by such visions, the ocean chivalry of Spain could not long stand idle.

Hernando de Soto was the companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru. He had come to America a needy adventurer, with no other fortune than his sword and target. But his exploits had given him fame and fortune, and he appeared at court with the retinue of a nobleman.[1] Still, his active energies could not endure repose, and his avarice and ambition goaded him to fresh enterprises. He asked and obtained permission to conquer Florida. While this design was in agitation, Cabeça de Vaca, one of those who had survived the expedition of Narvaez, appeared

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of Mississippi, crossed the river Mississippi near Memphis, journeyed westward by the waters of the Arkansas and Red River to New Mexico and Chihuahua, thence to Cinaloa on the Gulf of California, and thence to Mexico. The narrative is one of the most remarkable of the early relations. See also Ramusio, III. 310, and Purchas, IV. 1499, where a portion of Cabeça de Vaca is given. Also, Garcilaso, Part I. Lib. I. c. 3; Gomara, Lib. II. c. 11; De Laet, Lib. IV. c. 3; Barcia, *Ensayo Cronologico*, 19.

[1] *Relation of the Portuguese Gentleman of Elvas*, c. 1. See *Descobrimiento da Florida*, c. 1, and Hakluyt, V. 483.

in Spain, and for purposes of his own spread abroad the mischievous falsehood, that Florida was the richest country yet discovered.[1] De Soto's plans were embraced with enthusiasm. Nobles and gentlemen contended for the privilege of joining his standard; and, setting sail with an ample armament, he landed at the bay of Espiritu Santo, now Tampa Bay, in Florida, with six hundred and twenty chosen men,[2] a band as gallant and well appointed, as eager in purpose and audacious in hope, as ever trod the shores of the New World. The clangor of trumpets, the neighing of horses, the fluttering of pennons, the glittering of helmet and lance, startled the ancient forest with unwonted greeting. Amid this pomp of chivalry, religion was not forgotten. The sacred vessels and vestments with bread and wine for the Eucharist were carefully provided; and De Soto himself declared that the enterprise was undertaken for God alone, and seemed to be the object of His especial care.[3] These devout marauders could not neglect the spiritual welfare of the Indians whom they had come to plunder; and besides fetters to bind, and bloodhounds to hunt them, they brought priests and monks for the saving of their souls.

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[1] *Relation of the Gentleman of Elvas*, c. 2.

[2] *Relation of Biedma*, in Ternaux-Compans, 51. The Gentleman of Elvas says in round numbers six hundred. Garcilaso de la Vega, who is unworthy of credit, makes the number much greater.

[3] Letter from De Soto to the Municipality of Santiago, dated at the harbor of Espiritu Santo, 9 July, 1539. See Ternaux-Compans, *Floride*, 43.

The adventurers began their march. Their story has been often told. For month after month and year after year, the procession of priests and cavaliers, crossbowmen, arquebusiers, and Indian captives laden with the baggage, still wandered on through wild and boundless wastes, lured hither and thither by the *ignis fatuus* of their hopes. They traversed great portions of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, everywhere inflicting and enduring misery, but never approaching their phantom El Dorado. At length, in the third year of their journeying, they reached the banks of the Mississippi, a hundred and thirty-two years before its second discovery by Marquette. One of their number describes the great river as almost half a league wide, deep, rapid, and constantly rolling down trees and drift-wood on its turbid current.[1]

The Spaniards crossed over at a point above the mouth of the Arkansas. They advanced westward, but found no treasures, — nothing indeed but hardships, and an Indian enemy, furious, writes one of their officers, "as mad dogs."[2] They heard of a country towards the north where maize could not be cultivated because the vast herds of wild cattle devoured it.[3] They penetrated so far that they entered the range of the roving prairie tribes; for, one day, as they pushed their way with difficulty across great plains covered with tall, rank grass, they met a band of savages who dwelt in lodges of skins sewed together, subsisting on game alone, and wandering perpetually from place to place.[1] Finding neither gold nor the South Sea, for both of which they had hoped, they returned to the banks of the Mississippi.

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[1] *Portuguese Relation*, c. 22.

[2] Biedma, 95.

[3] *Portuguese Relation*, c. 24. A still earlier mention of the bison occurs in the journal of Cabeça de Vaca. Thevet, in his *Singularités*, 1558, gives a picture intended to represent a bison-bull. Coronado saw this animal in 1540, but was not, as some assert, its first discoverer.

De Soto, says one of those who accompanied him, was a "stern man, and of few words." Even in the midst of reverses, his will had been law to his followers, and he had sustained himself through the depths of disappointment with the energy of a stubborn pride. But his hour was come. He fell into deep dejection, followed by an attack of fever, and soon after died miserably. To preserve his body from the Indians, his followers sank it at midnight in the river, and the sullen waters of the Mississippi buried his ambition and his hopes.[2]

The adventurers were now, with few exceptions, disgusted with the enterprise, and longed only to escape from the scene of their miseries. After a vain attempt to reach Mexico by land, they again turned back to the Mississippi, and labored, with all the resources which their desperate necessity could suggest, to construct vessels in which they might make their way to some Christian settlement. Their condition was most forlorn. Few of their horses remained alive; their baggage had been destroyed at the burning of the Indian town of Mavila, and many of the soldiers were without armor and without weapons. In place of the gallant array which, more than three years before, had left the harbor of Espiritu Santo, a company of sickly and starving men were laboring among the swampy forests of the Mississippi, some clad in skins, and some in mats woven from a kind of wild vine.[1]

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[1] Biedma, 91.

[2] *Portuguese Relation,* c. 30.

Seven brigantines were finished and launched; and, trusting their lives on board these frail vessels, they descended the Mississippi, running the gantlet between hostile tribes, who fiercely attacked them. Reaching the Gulf, though not without the loss of eleven of their number, they made sail for the Spanish settlement on the river Panuco, where they arrived safely, and where the inhabitants met them with a cordial welcome. Three hundred and eleven men thus escaped with life, leaving behind them the bones of their comrades strewn broadcast through the wilderness.[2]

De Soto's fate proved an insufficient warning, for those were still found who begged a fresh commission for the conquest of Florida; but the Emperor would not hear them. A more pacific enterprise was undertaken by Cancello, a Dominican monk, who with several brother ecclesiastics undertook to convert the natives to the true faith, but was murdered in the attempt.[1] Nine years later, a plan was formed for the colonization of Florida, and Guido de las Bazares sailed to explore the coasts, and find a spot suitable for the establishment.[2] After his return, a squadron, commanded by Angel de Villafañe, and freighted with supplies and men, put to sea from San Juan d'Ulloa; but the elements were adverse, and the result was a total failure.[3] Not a Spaniard had yet gained foothold in Florida.

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[1] *Portuguese Relation*, c. 20. See Hakluyt, V. 515.

[2] I have followed the accounts of Biedma and the Portuguese of Elvas, rejecting the romantic narrative of Garcilaso, in which fiction is hopelessly mingled with truth.

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[1] *Relation of Beteta*, Ternaux-Compans, **107**; *Documentos Inéditos*, XXVI. 340. Comp. Garcilaso, Part I. Lib. I. c. 3.

[2] The spirit of this and other Spanish enterprises may be gathered from the following passage in an address to the King, signed by Dr. Pedro de Santander, and dated 15 July, 1557: —

"It is lawful that your Majesty, like a good shepherd, appointed by the hand of the Eternal Father, should tend and lead out your sheep, since the Holy Spirit has shown spreading pastures whereon are feeding lost sheep which have been snatched away by the dragon, the Demon. These pastures are the New World, wherein is comprised Florida, now in possession of the Demon, and here he makes himself adored and revered. This is the Land of Promise, possessed by idolaters, the Amorite, Amalekite, Moabite, Canaanite. This is the land promised by the Eternal Father to the faithful, since we are commanded by God in the Holy Scriptures to take it from them, being idolaters, and, by reason of their idolatry and sin, to put them all to the knife, leaving no living thing save maidens and children, their cities robbed and sacked, their walls and houses levelled to the earth."

The writer then goes into detail, proposing to occupy Florida at various points with from one thousand to fifteen hundred colonists, found a city to be called Philippina, also another at Tuscaloosa, to be called Cæsarea, another at Tallahassee, and another at Tampa Bay, where he thinks many slaves can be had. *Carta del Doctor Pedro de Santander.*

[3] The papers relating to these abortive expeditions are preserved by Ternaux-Compans.

That name, as the Spaniards of that day understood it, comprehended the whole country extending from the Atlantic on the east to the longitude of New Mexico on the west, and from the Gulf of Mexico and the River of Palms indefinitely northward towards the polar sea.[1] This vast territory was claimed by Spain in right of the discoveries of Columbus, the grant of the Pope, and the various expeditions mentioned above. England claimed it in right of the discoveries of Cabot; while France could advance no better title than might be derived from the voyage of Verazzano and vague traditions of earlier visits of Breton adventurers.

With restless jealousy Spain watched the domain which she could not occupy, and on France especially she kept an eye of deep distrust. When, in 1541, Cartier and Roberval essayed to plant a colony in the part of ancient Spanish Florida now called Canada, she sent spies and fitted out caravels to watch that abortive enterprise.[2] Her fears proved just. Canada, indeed, was long to remain a solitude; but, despite the Papal bounty gifting Spain with exclusive ownership of a hemisphere, France and Heresy at length took root in the sultry forests of modern Florida.

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[1] Garcilaso, Part I. Lib. I. c. 2; Herrera in Purchas, III. 868; De Laet, Lib. IV. c. 13. Barcia, *Ensayo Cronologico*, An. MDCXI., speaks of Quebec as a part of Florida. In a map of the time of Henry II. of France, all North America is named Terra Florida.

[2] See various papers on this subject in the *Coleccion de Varios Documentos* of Buckingham Smith.

CHAPTER II.

1550–1558.

VILLEGAGNON.

SPAIN AND FRANCE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. — GASPAR DE COLIGNY. — VILLEGAGNON. — HIS EARLY EXPLOITS. — HIS SCHEME OF A PROTESTANT COLONY. — HUGUENOTS AT RIO JANEIRO. — POLEMICS. — TYRANNY OF VILLEGAGNON. — THE MINISTERS EXPELLED. — THE COLONY RUINED.

IN the middle of the sixteenth century, Spain was the incubus of Europe. Gloomy and portentous, she chilled the world with her baneful shadow. Her old feudal liberties were gone, absorbed in the despotism of Madrid. A tyranny of monks and inquisitors, with their swarms of spies and informers, their racks, their dungeons, and their fagots, crushed all freedom of thought or speech; and, while the Dominican held his reign of terror and force, the deeper Jesuit guided the mind from infancy into those narrow depths of bigotry from which it was never to escape. Commercial despotism was joined to political and religious despotism. The hands of the government were on every branch of industry. Perverse regulations, uncertain and ruinous taxes, monopolies, encouragements, prohibitions, restrictions, cramped the national energy. Mistress of the Indies, Spain swarmed with beggars. Yet, verging to decay, she had an ominous and appalling strength. Her condition was that of an athletic man penetrated with disease, which had not yet unstrung the thews and sinews formed in his days of vigor. Philip the Second could command the service of warriors and statesmen developed in the years that were past. The gathered energies of ruined feudalism were wielded by a single hand. The mysterious King, in his den in the Escorial, dreary and silent, and bent like a scribe over his papers, was the type and the champion of arbitrary power. More than the Pope himself, he was the head of Catholicity. In doctrine and in deed, the inexorable bigotry of Madrid was ever in advance of Rome.

Not so with France. She was full of life, — a discordant and struggling vitality. Her monks and priests, unlike those of Spain, were rarely either fanatics or bigots; yet not the less did they ply the rack and the fagot, and howl for heretic blood. Their all was at stake: their vast power, their bloated wealth, were wrapped up in the ancient faith. Men were burned, and women buried alive. All was in vain. To the utmost bounds of France, the leaven of the Reform was working. The Huguenots, fugitives from torture and death, found an asylum at Geneva, their city of refuge, gathering around Calvin, their great high-priest. Thence intrepid colporteurs, their lives in their hands, bore the Bible and the psalm-book to city, hamlet, and castle, to feed the rising flame. The scattered churches, pressed by a common danger, began to organize. An ecclesiastical republic spread its ramifications through France, and grew underground to a vigorous life, — pacific at the outset, for the great body of its members were the quiet *bourgeoisie*, by habit, as by faith, averse to violence. Yet a potent fraction of the warlike *noblesse* were also of the new faith; and above them all, preeminent in character as in station, stood Gaspar de Coligny, Admiral of France.

The old palace of the Louvre, reared by the "Roi Chevalier" on the site of those dreary feudal towers which of old had guarded the banks of the Seine, held within its sculptured masonry the worthless brood of Valois. Corruption and intrigue ran riot at the court. Factious nobles, bishops, and cardinals, with no God but pleasure and ambition, contended around the throne or the sick-bed of the futile King. Catherine de Medicis, with her stately form, her mean spirit, her bad heart, and her fathomless depths of duplicity, strove by every subtle art to hold the balance of power among them. The bold, pitiless, insatiable Guise, and his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine, the incarnation of falsehood, rested their ambition on the Catholic party. Their army was a legion of priests, and the black swarms of countless monasteries, who by the distribution of alms held in pay the rabble of cities and starving peasants on the lands of impoverished nobles. Montmorency, Condé, and Navarre leaned towards the Reform, — doubtful and inconstant chiefs, whose faith weighed light against their interests. Yet, amid vacillation, selfishness, weakness, treachery, one great man was like a tower of trust, and this was Gaspar de Coligny.

Firm in his convictions, steeled by perils and endurance, calm, sagacious, resolute, grave even to severity, a valiant and redoubted soldier, Coligny looked abroad on the gathering storm and read its danger in advance. He saw a strange depravity of manners; bribery and violence overriding justice; discontented nobles, and peasants ground down with taxes. In the midst of this rottenness, the Calvinistic churches, patient and stern, were fast gathering to themselves the better life of the nation. Among and around them tossed the surges of clerical hate. Luxurious priests and libertine monks saw their disorders rebuked by the grave virtues of the Protestant zealots. Their broad lands, their rich endowments, their vessels of silver and of gold, their dominion over souls, — in itself a revenue, — were all imperilled by the growing heresy. Nor was the Reform less exacting, less intolerant, or, when its hour came, less aggressive than the ancient faith. The storm was thickening, and it must burst soon.

When the Emperor Charles the Fifth beleaguered Algiers, his camps were deluged by a blinding tempest, and at its height the infidels made a furious sally. A hundred Knights of Malta, on foot, wearing over their armor surcoats of crimson blazoned with the white cross, bore the brunt of the assault. Conspicuous among them was Nicolas Durand de

Villegagnon. A Moorish cavalier, rushing upon him, pierced his arm with a lance, and wheeled to repeat the blow; but the knight leaped on the infidel, stabbed him with his dagger, flung him from his horse, and mounted in his place. Again, a Moslem host landed in Malta and beset the *Cité Notable.* The garrison was weak, disheartened, and without a leader. Villegagnon with six followers, all friends of his own, passed under cover of night through the infidel leaguer, climbed the walls by ropes lowered from above, took command, repaired the shattered towers, aiding with his own hands in the work, and animated the garrison to a resistance so stubborn that the besiegers lost heart and betook themselves to their galleys. No less was he an able and accomplished mariner, prominent among that chivalry of the sea who held the perilous verge of Christendom against the Mussulman. He claimed other laurels than those of the sword. He was a scholar, a linguist, a controversialist, potent with the tongue and with the pen, commanding in presence, eloquent and persuasive in discourse. Yet this Crichton of France had proved himself an associate nowise desirable. His sleepless intellect was matched with a spirit as restless, vain, unstable, and ambitious, as it was enterprising and bold. Addicted to dissent, and enamoured of polemics, he entered those forbidden fields of inquiry and controversy to which the Reform invited him. Undaunted by his monastic vows, he battled for heresy with tongue and pen, and in the ear of Protestants professed himself a Protestant. As a Commander of his Order, he quarrelled with the Grand Master, a domineering Spaniard; and, as Vice-Admiral of Brittany, he was deep in a feud with the Governor of Brest.[1] Disgusted at home, his fancy crossed the seas. He aspired to build for France and himself an empire amid the tropical splendors of Brazil. Few could match him in the gift of persuasion; and the intrepid seamen whose skill and valor had run the gantlet of the English fleet, and borne Mary Stuart of Scotland in safety to her espousals with the Dauphin,[2] might well be intrusted with a charge of moment so far inferior. Henry the Second was still on the throne. The lance of Montgomery had not yet rid France of that infliction. To win a share in the rich domain of the New World, of which Portuguese and Spanish arrogance claimed the monopoly, was the end held by

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[1] Villegagnon himself has left an account in Latin of the expedition against Algiers under the title, *Caroli V. Imperatoris Expeditio in Africam* (Paris, 1542). Also, an account of the war at Malta, *De Bello Melitensi* (Paris, 1553).

He is the subject of a long and erudite treatise in Bayle, *Dictionnaire Historique.* Notices of him are also to be found in Guérin, *Navigateurs Français*, 162; Ib., *Marins Illustres*, 231; Lescarbot, *Hist. de la Nouv. France* (1612), 146-217; La Popelinière, *Les Trois Mondes*, III. 2.

There are extant against him a number of Calvinistic satires, in prose and verse, — *L'Etrille de Nicolas Durand,* — *La Suffisance de Villegaignon,* — *L'Espousette des Armoiries de Villegaignon*, etc.

[2] This was in 1548. The English were on the watch, but Villegagnon, by a union of daring and skill, escaped them, and landed the future Queen of Scots, then six years old, in Brittany, whence she was carried to Paris, and affianced to the future Francis the Second.

Villegagnon before the eyes of the King. Of the Huguenots, he said not a word. For Coligny he had another language. He spoke of an asylum for persecuted religion, a Geneva in the wilderness, far from priests and monks and Francis of Guise. The Admiral gave him a ready ear; if, indeed, he himself had not first conceived the plan. Yet to the King, an active burner of Huguenots, Coligny too urged it as an enterprise, not for the Faith, but for France. In secret, Geneva was made privy to it, and Calvin himself embraced it with zeal. The enterprise, in fact, had a double character, political as well as religious. It was the reply of France, the most emphatic she had yet made, to the Papal bull which gave all the western hemisphere to Portugal and Spain; and, as if to point her answer, she sent, not Frenchmen only, but Protestant Frenchmen, to plant the fleur-de-lis on the shores of the New World.

Two vessels were made ready, in the name of the King. The body of the emigration was Huguenot, mingled with young nobles, restless, idle, and poor, with reckless artisans, and piratical sailors from the Norman and Breton seaports. They put to sea from Havre on the twelfth of July, 1555, and early in November saw the shores of Brazil. Entering the harbor of Rio Janeiro, then called Ganabara, Villegagnon landed men and stores on an island, built huts, and threw up earthworks. In anticipation of future triumphs, the whole continent, by a strange perversion of language, was called Antarctic France, while the fort received the name of Coligny.

Villegagnon signalized his new-born Protestantism by an intolerable solicitude for the manners and morals of his followers. The whip and the pillory requited the least offence. The wild and discordant crew, starved and flogged for a season into submission, conspired at length to rid themselves of him; but while they debated whether to poison him, blow him up, or murder him and his officers in their sleep, three Scotch soldiers, probably Calvinists, revealed the plot, and the vigorous hand of the commandant crushed it in the bud.

But how was the colony to subsist? Their island was too small for culture, while the mainland was infested with hostile tribes, and threatened by the Portuguese, who regarded the French occupancy as a violation of their domain.

Meanwhile, in France, Huguenot influence, aided by ardent letters sent home by Villegagnon in the returning ships, was urging on the work. Nor were the Catholic chiefs averse to an enterprise which, by colonizing heresy, might tend to relieve France of its presence. Another embarkation was prepared, in the name of Henry the Second, under Bois-Lecomte, a nephew of Villegagnon. Most of the emigrants were Huguenots. Geneva sent a large deputation, and among them several ministers, full of zeal for their land of promise and their new church in the wilderness. There were five young women, also, with a matron to watch over them. Soldiers, emigrants, and sailors, two hundred and ninety in all, were embarked in three vessels; and, to the sound of cannon, drums, fifes, and trumpets, they unfurled their sails at Honfleur. They were no sooner on the high seas than the piratical character of the Norman sailors, in no way exceptional at that day, began to declare itself. They hailed every vessel weaker than themselves, pretended to be short of provisions, and demanded leave to buy them; then, boarding the stranger, plundered her from stem to stern. After a passage of four months, on the ninth of March, 1557, they entered the port of Ganabara, and saw the fleur-de-lis floating above the walls of Fort Coligny. Amid salutes of cannon, the boats, crowded with sea-worn emigrants, moved towards the landing. It was an edifying scene when Villegagnon, in the picturesque attire which marked the warlike nobles of the period, came down to the shore to greet the sombre ministers of Calvin. With hands uplifted and eyes raised to heaven, he bade them welcome to the new asylum of the faithful; then launched into a long harangue full of zeal and unction.[1] His discourse finished, he led the way to the dining-hall. If the redundancy of spiritual aliment had surpassed their expectations, the ministers were little prepared for the meagre provision which awaited their temporal cravings; for, with appetites whetted by the sea, they found themselves seated at a board whereof, as one of them complains, the choicest dish was a dried fish, and the only beverage rain-water. They found their consolation in the inward graces of the commandant, whom they likened to the Apostle Paul.

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[1] De Léry, *Historia Navigationis in Brasiliam* (1586), 43. De Léry was one of the ministers. His account is long and very curious. His work was published in French, in 1578 and 1611. The Latin version has appeared under several forms, and is to be found in the Second Part of De Bry, decorated with a profusion of engravings, including portraits of a great variety of devils, with which, it seems, Brazil was overrun, conspicuous among whom is one with the body of a bear and the head of a man. This ungainly fiend is also depicted in the edition of 1586. The conception, a novelty in demonology, was clearly derived

For a time all was ardor and hope. Men of birth and station, and the ministers themselves, labored with pick and shovel to finish the fort. Every day exhortations, sermons, prayers, followed in close succession, and Villegagnon was always present, kneeling on a velvet cushion brought after him by a page. Soon, however, he fell into sharp controversy with the ministers upon points of faith. Among the emigrants was a student of the Sorbonne, one Cointac, between whom and the ministers arose a fierce and unintermitted war of words. Is it lawful to mix water with the wine of the Eucharist? May the sacramental bread be made of meal of Indian corn? These and similar points of dispute filled the fort

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from ancient representations of that singular product of Brazil, the sloth. In the curious work of André Thevet, *Les Singularités de la France Antarctique, autrement nommée Amérique*, published in 1558, appears the portraiture of this animal, the body being that "d'un petit ours," and the face that of an intelligent man. Thevet, however, though a firm believer in devils of all kinds, suspects nothing demoniacal in his sloth, which he held for some time in captivity, and describes as "une beste assez estrange."

with wranglings, begetting cliques, factions, and feuds without number. Villegagnon took part with the student, and between them they devised a new doctrine, abhorrent alike to Geneva and to Rome. The advent of this nondescript heresy was the signal of redoubled strife.[1] The dogmatic stiffness of the Geneva ministers chafed Villegagnon to fury. He felt himself, too, in a false position. On one side he depended on the Protestant, Coligny; on the other, he feared the Court. There were Catholics in the colony who might report him as an open heretic. On this point his doubts were set at rest; for a ship from France brought him a letter from the Cardinal of Lorraine, couched, it is said, in terms which restored him forthwith to the bosom of the Church. Villegagnon now affirmed that he had been deceived in Calvin, and pronounced him a "frightful heretic." He became despotic beyond measure, and would bear no opposition. The ministers, reduced nearly to starvation, found themselves under a tyranny worse than that from which they had fled.

At length he drove them from the fort, and forced them to bivouac on the mainland, at the risk of being butchered by Indians, until a vessel loading with Brazil-wood in the harbor should be ready to carry them back to France. Having rid himself of the ministers, he caused three of the more zealous

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[1] The history of these theological squabbles is given in detail in the *Histoire des Choses Mémorables advenues en la Terre du Brésil* (Genêve, 1561). The author was an eye-witness. De Léry also enlarges upon them.

CHAPTER III.

1562, 1563.

JEAN RIBAUT.

THE HUGUENOT PARTY, ITS MOTLEY CHARACTER. — RIBAUT SAILS FOR FLORIDA. — THE RIVER OF MAY. — HOPES. — ILLUSIONS. — PORT ROYAL. — CHARLESFORT. — FROLIC. — IMPROVIDENCE. — FAMINE — MUTINY. — FLORIDA ABANDONED. — DESPERATION. — CANNIBALISM.

IN the year 1562 a cloud of black and deadly portent was thickening over France. Surely and swiftly she glided towards the abyss of the religious wars. None could pierce the future, perhaps none dared to contemplate it: the wild rage of fanaticism and hate, friend grappling with friend, brother with brother, father with son; altars profaned, hearthstones made desolate, the robes of Justice herself bedrenched with murder. In the gloom without lay Spain, imminent and terrible. As on the hill by the field of Dreux, her veteran bands of pikemen, dark masses of organized ferocity, stood biding their time while the battle surged below, and then swept downward to the slaughter, — so did Spain watch and wait to trample and crush the hope of humanity.

In these days of fear, a second Huguenot colony sailed for the New World. The calm, stern man the magistrates of the first French port at which they might arrive. It denounced them as heretics, worthy to be burned. Happily, the magistrates leaned to the Reform, and the malice of the commandant failed of its victims.

Villegagnon himself soon sailed for France, leaving the wretched colony to its fate. He presently entered the lists against Calvin, and engaged him in a hot controversial war, in which, according to some of his contemporaries, the knight often worsted the theologian at his own weapons. Before the year 1558 was closed, Ganabara fell a prey to the Portuguese. They set upon it in force, battered down the fort, and slew the feeble garrison, or drove them to a miserable refuge among the Indians. Spain and Portugal made good their claim to the vast domain, the mighty vegetation, and undeveloped riches of "Antarctic France."

CHAPTER III.

1562, 1563.

JEAN RIBAUT.

The Huguenot Party, its motley Character. — Ribaut sails for Florida. — The River of May. — Hopes. — Illusions. — Port Royal. — Charlesfort. — Frolic. — Improvidence. — Famine — Mutiny. — Florida abandoned. — Desperation. — Cannibalism.

In the year 1562 a cloud of black and deadly portent was thickening over France. Surely and swiftly she glided towards the abyss of the religious wars. None could pierce the future, perhaps none dared to contemplate it: the wild rage of fanaticism and hate, friend grappling with friend, brother with brother, father with son; altars profaned, hearthstones made desolate, the robes of Justice herself bedrenched with murder. In the gloom without lay Spain, imminent and terrible. As on the hill by the field of Dreux, her veteran bands of pikemen, dark masses of organized ferocity, stood biding their time while the battle surged below, and then swept downward to the slaughter, — so did Spain watch and wait to trample and crush the hope of humanity.

In these days of fear, a second Huguenot colony sailed for the New World. The calm, stern man who represented and led the Protestantism of France felt to his inmost heart the peril of the time. He would fain build up a city of refuge for the persecuted sect. Yet Gaspar de Coligny, too high in power and rank to be openly assailed, was forced to act with caution. He must act, too, in the name of the Crown, and in virtue of his office of Admiral of France. A nobleman and a soldier, — for the Admiral of France was no seaman, — he shared the ideas and habits of his class; nor is there reason to believe him to have been in advance of his time in a knowledge of the principles of successful colonization. His scheme promised a military colony, not a free commonwealth. The Huguenot party was already a political as well as a religious party. At its foundation lay the religious element, represented by Geneva, the martyrs, and the devoted fugitives who sang the psalms of Marot among rocks and caverns. Joined to these were numbers on whom the faith sat lightly, whose hope was in commotion and change. Of the latter, in great part, was the Huguenot *noblesse*, from Condé, who aspired to the crown,

> "Ce petit homme tant joli,
> Qui toujours chante, toujours rit,"

to the younger son of the impoverished seigneur whose patrimony was his sword. More than this, the restless, the factious, and the discontented, began to link their fortunes to a party whose triumph would involve confiscation of the wealth of the only rich class in France. An element of the great revolution was already mingling in the strife of religions.

America was still a land of wonder. The ancient spell still hung unbroken over the wild, vast world of mystery beyond the sea, — a land of romance, adventure, and gold.

Fifty-eight years later the Puritans landed on the sands of Massachusetts Bay. The illusion was gone, — the *ignis fatuus* of adventure, the dream of wealth. The rugged wilderness offered only a stern and hard-won independence. In their own hearts, and not in the promptings of a great leader or the patronage of an equivocal government, their enterprise found its birth and its achievement. They were of the boldest and most earnest of their sect. There were such among the French disciples of Calvin; but no Mayflower ever sailed from a port of France. Coligny's colonists were of a different stamp, and widely different was their fate.

An excellent seaman and stanch Protestant, Jean Ribaut of Dieppe, commanded the expedition. Under him, besides sailors, were a band of veteran soldiers, and a few young nobles. Embarked in two of those antiquated craft whose high poops and tub-like portions are preserved in the old engravings of De Bry, they sailed from Havre on the eighteenth of February, 1562.[1] They crossed the Atlantic, and on the thirtieth of April, in the latitude of twenty-nine and a half degrees, saw the long, low line where the wilderness of waves met the wilderness of woods. It was the coast of Florida. They soon descried a jutting point, which they called French Cape, perhaps one of the headlands of Matanzas Inlet. They turned their prows northward, coasting the fringes of that waste of verdure which rolled in shadowy undulation far to the unknown West.

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[1] Delaborde, *Gaspard de Coligny*, II. 14, 440.

On the next morning, the first of May, they found themselves off the mouth of a great river. Riding at anchor on a sunny sea, they lowered their boats, crossed the bar that obstructed the entrance, and floated on a basin of deep and sheltered water, "boyling and roaring," says Ribaut, "through the multitude of all kind of fish." Indians were running along the beach, and out upon the sand-bars, beckoning them to land. They pushed their boats ashore and disembarked, — sailors, soldiers, and eager young nobles. Corselet and morion, arquebuse and halberd, flashed in the sun that flickered through innumerable leaves, as, kneeling on the ground, they gave thanks to God, who had guided their voyage to an issue full of promise. The Indians, seated gravely under the neighboring trees, looked on in silent respect, thinking that they worshipped the sun. "They be all naked and of a goodly stature, mightie, and as well shapen and proportioned of body as any people in y^{e} world; and the fore part of their body and armes be painted with pretie deuised workes, of Azure, red, and blacke, so well and so properly as the best Painter of Europe could not amende it." With their squaws and children, they presently drew near, and, strewing the earth with laurel boughs, sat down among the Frenchmen. Their visitors were much pleased with them, and Ribaut gave the chief, whom he calls the king, a robe of blue cloth, worked in yellow with the regal fleur-de-lis.

But Ribaut and his followers, just escaped from the dull prison of their ships, were intent on admiring the wild scenes around them. Never had they known a fairer May-day. The quaint old narrative is exuberant with delight. The tranquil air, the warm sun, woods fresh with young verdure, meadows bright with flowers; the palm, the cypress, the pine, the magnolia; the grazing deer; herons, curlews, bitterns, woodcock, and unknown water-fowl that waded in the ripple of the beach; cedars bearded from crown to root with long, gray moss; huge oaks smothering in the folds of enormous grapevines; — such were the objects that greeted them in their roamings, till their new-discovered land seemed "the fairest, fruitfullest, and pleasantest of al the world."

They found a tree covered with caterpillars, and hereupon the ancient black-letter says: "Also there be Silke wormes in meruielous number, a great deale fairer and better then be our silk wormes. To bee short, it is a thing vnspeakable to consider the thinges that bee seene there, and shalbe founde more and more in this incomperable lande."[1]

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[1] *The True and Last Discoverie of Florida, made by Captain John Ribault, in the Yeere* 1562, *dedicated to a great Nobleman in Fraunce,*

Above all, it was plain to their excited fancy that the country was rich in gold and silver, turquoises and pearls. One of these last, "as great as an Acorne at y^e least," hung from the neck of an Indian who stood near their boats as they re-embarked. They gathered, too, from the signs of their savage visitors, that the wonderful land of Cibola, with its seven cities and its untold riches, was distant but twenty days' journey by water. In truth, it was two thousand miles westward, and its wealth a fable.

They named the river the River of May. It is now the St. John's. "And on the next morning," says Ribault, "we returned to land againe, accompanied with the Captaines, Gentlemen, and Souldiers, and others of our small troope, carrying with us a Pillour or columne of harde stone, our king's armes graved therein, to plant and set the same in the enterie of the Porte; and being come thither we espied on the south syde of the Riuer a place very fitte for that purpose upon a little hill compassed with Cypres, Bayes, Paulmes, and other trees, with sweete smelling and pleasant shrubbes." Here they set the column, and then, again embarking, held their course northward, happy in that benign decree

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and translated into Englishe by one Thomas Hackit. This is Ribaut's journal, which seems not to exist in the original. The translation is contained in the rare black-letter tract of Hakluyt called *Divers Voyages* (London, 1582), a copy of which is in the library of Harvard College. It has been reprinted by the Hakluyt Society. The journal first appeared in 1563, under the title of *The Whole and True Discoverie of Terra Florida* (*Englished The Florishing Land*). This edition is of extreme rarity.

which locks from mortal eyes the secrets of the future.

Next they anchored near Fernandina, and to a neighboring river, probably the St. Mary's, gave the name of the Seine. Here, as morning broke on the fresh, moist meadows hung with mists, and on broad reaches of inland waters which seemed like lakes, they were tempted to land again, and soon "espied an innumerable number of footesteps of great Hartes and Hindes of a wonderfull greatnesse, the steppes being all fresh and new, and it seemeth that the people doe nourish them like tame Cattell." By two or three weeks of exploration they seem to have gained a clear idea of this rich semi-aquatic region. Ribaut describes it as "a countrie full of hauens, riuers, and Ilands, of such fruitfulnes as cannot with tongue be expressed." Slowly moving northward, they named each river, or inlet supposed to be a river, after some stream of France, — the Loire, the Charente, the Garonne, the Gironde. At length, opening betwixt flat and sandy shores, they saw a commodious haven, and named it Port Royal.

On the twenty-seventh of May they crossed the bar where the war-ships of Dupont crossed three hundred years later, passed Hilton Head, and held their course along the peaceful bosom of Broad River.[1] On the left they saw a stream which they named Libourne, probably Skull Creek; on the right, a wide river, probably the Beaufort. When they landed, all was solitude. The frightened Indians had fled, but they lured them back with knives, beads, and looking-glasses, and enticed two of them on board their ships. Here, by feeding, clothing, and caressing them, they tried to wean them from their fears, thinking to carry them to France, in obedience to a command of Catherine de Medicis;[1] but the captive warriors moaned and lamented day and night, and at length made their escape.

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[1] Ribaut thinks that the Broad River of Port Royal is the Jordan of the Spanish navigator Vasquez de Ayllon, who was here in 1520, and gave the name of St. Helena to a neighboring cape (Garcilaso, *Florida del Inca*). The adjacent district, now called St. Helena, is the Chicora of the old Spanish maps.

Ranging the woods, they found them full of game, wild turkeys and partridges, bears and lynxes. Two deer, of unusual size, leaped from the underbrush. Cross-bow and arquebuse were brought to the level; but the Huguenot captain, "moved with the singular fairness and bigness of them," forbade his men to shoot.

Preliminary exploration, not immediate settlement, had been the object of the voyage; but all was still rose-color in the eyes of the voyagers, and many of their number would gladly linger in the New Canaan. Ribaut was more than willing to humor them. He mustered his company on deck, and made them a harangue. He appealed to their courage and their patriotism, told them how, from a mean origin, men rise by enterprise and daring to fame and fortune, and demanded who among them would stay behind and hold Port Royal for the King. The greater part came forward, and "with such a good will and joly corage," writes the commander, "as we had much to do to stay their importunitie." Thirty were chosen, and Albert de Pierria was named to command them.

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[1] Laudonnière in Basanier, 14.

A fort was begun on a small stream called the Chenonceau, probably Archer's Creek, about six miles from the site of Beaufort.[1] They named it Charlesfort, in honor of the unhappy son of Catherine de Medicis, Charles the Ninth, the future hero of St. Bartholomew. Ammunition and stores were sent on shore, and on the eleventh of June, with his diminished company, Ribaut again embarked and spread his sails for France.

From the beach at Hilton Head, Albert and his companions might watch the receding ships, growing less and less on the vast expanse of blue, dwindling to faint specks, then vanishing on the pale verge of the waters. They were alone in those fearful solitudes. From the north pole to Mexico there was no Christian denizen but they.

The pressing question was how they were to subsist. Their thought was not of subsistence, but of gold. Of the thirty, the greater number were soldiers and sailors, with a few gentlemen; that is to say, men of the sword, born within the pale of nobility, who at home could neither labor nor trade without derogation from their rank. For a time they busied themselves with finishing their fort, and, this done, set forth in quest of adventures.

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[1] No trace of this fort has been found. The old fort of which the remains may be seen a little below Beaufort is of later date.

The Indians had lost fear of them. Ribaut had enjoined upon them to use all kindness and gentleness in their dealing with the men of the woods; and they more than obeyed him. They were soon hand and glove with chiefs, warriors, and squaws; and as with Indians the adage that familiarity breeds contempt holds with peculiar force, they quickly divested themselves of the prestige which had attached at the outset to their supposed character of children of the Sun. Good-will, however, remained, and this the colonists abused to the utmost.

Roaming by river, swamp, and forest, they visited in turn the villages of five petty chiefs, whom they called kings, feasting everywhere on hominy, beans, and game, and loaded with gifts. One of these chiefs, named Audusta, invited them to the grand religious festival of his tribe. When they arrived, they found the village alive with preparation, and troops of women busied in sweeping the great circular area where the ceremonies were to take place. But as the noisy and impertinent guests showed a disposition to undue merriment, the chief shut them all in his wigwam, lest their Gentile eyes should profane the mysteries. Here, immured in darkness, they listened to the howls, yelpings, and lugubrious songs that resounded from without. One of them, however, by some artifice, contrived to escape, hid behind a bush, and saw the whole solemnity, — the procession of the medicine-men and the bedaubed and befeathered warriors; the drumming, dancing, and stamping; the wild lamentation of the women as they gashed the arms of the young girls with sharp mussel-shells, and flung the blood into the air with dismal outcries. A scene of ravenous feasting followed, in which the French, released from durance, were summoned to share.

After the carousal they returned to Charlesfort, where they were soon pinched with hunger. The Indians, never niggardly of food, brought them supplies as long as their own lasted; but the harvest was not yet ripe, and their means did not match their good-will. They told the French of two other kings, Ouadé and Couexis, who dwelt towards the south, and were rich beyond belief in maize, beans, and squashes. The mendicant colonists embarked without delay, and, with an Indian guide, steered for the wigwams of these potentates, not by the open sea, but by a perplexing inland navigation, including, as it seems, Calibogue Sound and neighboring waters. Reaching the friendly villages, on or near the Savannah, they were feasted to repletion, and their boat was laden with vegetables and corn. They returned rejoicing; but their joy was short. Their store-house at Charlesfort, taking fire in the night, burned to the ground, and with it their newly acquired stock. Once more they set out for the realms of King Ouadé, and once more returned laden with supplies. Nay, the generous savage assured them that, so long as his cornfields yielded their harvests, his friends should not want.

How long this friendship would have lasted may well be doubted. With the perception that the dependants on their bounty were no demigods, but a crew of idle and helpless beggars, respect would soon have changed to contempt, and contempt to ill-will. But it was not to Indian war-clubs that the infant colony was to owe its ruin. It carried within itself its own destruction. The ill-assorted band of landsmen and sailors, surrounded by that influence of the wilderness which wakens the dormant savage in the breasts of men, soon fell into quarrels. Albert, a rude soldier, with a thousand leagues of ocean betwixt him and responsibility, grew harsh, domineering, and violent beyond endurance. None could question or oppose him without peril of death. He hanged with his own hands a drummer who had fallen under his displeasure, and banished a soldier, named La Chère, to a solitary island, three leagues from the fort, where he left him to starve. For a time his comrades chafed in smothered fury. The crisis came at length. A few of the fiercer spirits leagued together, assailed their tyrant, murdered him, delivered the famished soldier, and called to the command one Nicolas Barré, a man of merit. Barré took the command, and thenceforth there was peace.

Peace, such as it was, with famine, homesickness, and disgust. The rough ramparts and rude buildings of Charlesfort, hatefully familiar to their weary eyes, the sweltering forest, the glassy river, the eternal silence of the lifeless wilds around them, oppressed the senses and the spirits. They dreamed of ease, of home, of pleasures across the sea, of the evening cup on the bench before the cabaret, and dances with kind wenches of Dieppe. But how to escape? A continent was their solitary prison, and the pitiless Atlantic shut them in. Not one of them knew how to build a ship; but Ribaut had left them a forge, with tools and iron, and strong desire supplied the place of skill. Trees were hewn down and the work begun. Had they put forth to maintain themselves at Port Royal the energy and resource which they exerted to escape from it, they might have laid the corner-stone of a solid colony.

All, gentle and simple, labored with equal zeal. They calked the seams with the long moss which hung in profusion from the neighboring trees; the pines supplied them with pitch; the Indians made for them a kind of cordage; and for sails they sewed together their shirts and bedding. At length a brigantine worthy of Robinson Crusoe floated on the waters of the Chenonceau. They laid in what provision they could, gave all that remained of their goods to the Indians, embarked, descended the river, and put to sea. A fair wind filled their patchwork sails and bore them from the hated coast. Day after day they held their course, till at length the breeze died away and a breathless calm fell on the waters. Florida was far behind; France farther yet before.

Floating idly on the glassy waste, the craft lay motionless. Their supplies gave out. Twelve kernels of maize a day were each man's portion; then the maize failed, and they ate their shoes and leather jerkins. The water-barrels were drained, and they tried to slake their thirst with brine. Several died, and the rest, giddy with exhaustion and crazed with thirst, were forced to ceaseless labor, bailing out the water that gushed through every seam. Head-winds set in, increasing to a gale, and the wretched brigantine, with sails close-reefed, tossed among the savage billows at the mercy of the storm. A heavy sea rolled down upon her, and burst the bulwarks on the windward side. The surges broke over her, and, clinging with desperate gripe to spars and cordage, the drenched voyagers gave up all for lost. At length she righted. The gale subsided, the wind changed, and the crazy, water-logged vessel again bore slowly towards France.

Gnawed with famine, they counted the leagues of barren ocean that still stretched before, and gazed on each other with haggard wolfish eyes, till a whisper passed from man to man that one, by his death, might ransom all the rest. The lot was cast, and it fell on La Chère, the same wretched man whom Albert had doomed to starvation on a lonely island. They killed him, and with ravenous avidity portioned out his flesh. The hideous repast sustained them till the land rose in sight, when, it is said, in a delirium of joy, they could no longer steer their vessel, but let her drift at the will of the tide. A small English bark bore down upon them, took them all on board, and, after landing the feeblest, carried the rest prisoners to Queen Elizabeth.[1]

Thus closed another of those scenes of woe whose lurid clouds are thickly piled around the stormy dawn of American history. It was the opening act of a wild and tragic drama.

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[1] For all the latter part of the chapter, the authority is the first of the three long letters of René de Laudonnière, companion of Ribaut and his successor in command. They are contained in the *Histoire Notable de la Floride*, compiled by Basanier (Paris, 1586), and are also to be found, quaintly "done into English," in the third volume of Hakluyt's great collection. In the main, they are entitled to much confidence.

after breakfast took the Bible again to try to find a text. Finally, I hit on this text: "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way has saved a soul from death and hid a multitude of sins." I tried to fix up something to say. I had been a public speaker for several years. I could memorize and deliver a speech; but to preach—that was different!

When at last I went to church, I found the house packed. That frightened me all the more. It seemed that everybody in that whole country was at church that day. I was quite popular as a school teacher and everyone had heard that I was to deliver my first sermon that day, and they wanted to hear what I had to say. I was cold and my hands and face were clammy.

I read my chapter. That was not so hard to do. I then announced my hymn which was,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee—"

I asked Brother Culpepper to "raise the tune." That being Peculiar Metre, Brother Culpepper could not raise the tune. So I raised it myself and sang it alone. That only increased my embarrassment. I then led the congregation in prayer. I had never before led in public prayer, but I made out to say some things to the Lord. I was somewhat relieved to have Brother Culpepper start a song:

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye."

Then I arose and read my text. The congregation seemed to swim before me. I was rarely, if ever, abashed before an audience. When I knew my piece, I could say it. But I did not know my piece. I do not now recall what I did say; I think it was but little and poorly spoken. I do recall that a sense of my unworthiness to preach the gospel overcame me and I broke down weeping and took my seat. The pastor followed with a feeling exhortation and the service closed. I wanted to get away without speaking to anyone. But the brethren gathered around me with reassurance and one had the boldness to say, "Brother Holt, you will never preach a better sermon." I was both amazed and humiliated at his remark.

This was the beginning of a ministry which has lasted without a break for over fifty years. Not for one moment since have I doubted my call to the ministry. Not for one moment have I grown tired of the work. While I often become discouraged because of a paucity of results, I have not dreamed of quitting.

CHAPTER VII

BEGINNING TO BE A PREACHER

For one year after my entrance into the ministry, I remained in Louisiana. About one month after delivering my first sermon, I was sent as a messenger, with other members, to Red River Baptist Association. It was held at Mt. Carmel Church, near Minden, La. The introductory sermon was delivered by my pastor, Elder William McBride, from the text: "We are laborers together with God." The matter of deepest concern to me at that association was that I was appointed to preach. Of course it was a mistake; but the members of our church were responsible for it. They were proud of their young preacher and I wondered why. It was noised abroad that old Ebenezer had been sitting a long while and she was hatching now. I saw no way to avoid that appointment and just had to fill it. One thing was in my favor. I was to preach under the brush arbor while the business of the association was being conducted in the house, so there were just some old ladies out to hear me. I was not so much afraid of them. Old ladies have always been my greatest friends. While I was forging along with my little sermon, all at once, Dr. F. Courtney, the "biggest" preacher in the association, came out to hear me. That frightened me so much that I just sat down. Twenty-five years later I told Dr. Courtney of it and he was pleased to say that now he would be ashamed to preach in my presence.

My first protracted meeting was held the following October or November at "Coontown." Two years ago I visited the dear old Ebenezer Church and held a protracted meeting and ascertained that Coontown was now the present County Seat—Jonesboro. It was only a rural settlement then. I was to assist Elder A. Bradley. He was a rough and ready speaker —a fine exhorter. I tried to preach every day and he would follow with an exhortation. The main thing was that exhortation. My sermons did not amount to anything. I am amazed that the brethren ever had me to preach at all. What I did not know about preaching would fill a library, while what I did know would not fill this page. That was the way they did in those days. They taught a young preacher to preach by making him preach. It was like breaking a colt; they just put the harness on and made me pull.

Just here I would say a few words about my call to the ministry. As I have related, my call to preach was synchronous with my conversion. I do not recall when I did not feel that I should be a preacher. I was born into a family of preachers. I think there were fifteen preachers related to my mother. My grandfather, his only brother, each of his sons and two sons of my grandfather's brother were preachers. Also in my grandmother's family were several preachers. I was given a preacher's name. My earliest impression as to what I should do in life was that I should be a preacher. My grandmother constantly held before me the lives of my two uncles, Drs. H. F. and R. C. Buckner. When I first remember anything at all, my uncle, Dr. H. F. Buckner, was an Indian missionary, having gone out to Indian Territory before I was born. When my younger uncle went to Georgetown College, as a young preacher, I looked upon him as perfection. I was taught that to be a preacher I must be good. That was my greatest difficulty; I was not good. I found it to be the most gigantic attempt of my life, just to be good. Had my grandmother lived and had I been under her hallowed influence all along my perilous childhood, it might have been different. My good mother was in no way to blame. Her health was wretched all through my childhood. She was heroically preparing herself to be a teacher, just to be able to educate and train me, but her health was never equal to the task. She was much more strict with me than grandmother was. That might have been best, I dare not judge. But my idea of an angel was my grandmother. For her I would have died at any time.

I played preaching when I was a very small boy. In such playing I had no idea of making a mock of sacred things. I preached many a childish sermon in play. I imitated the grown-up preachers. After I had memorized much Scripture, I had no trouble in having texts until I went up against the "real thing," then there was not a text in the whole Bible.

My army experience switched me far from my life work. I met only one preacher in the army. He was the chaplain of our command. I was in a battle with him and he "showed the white feather," so I lost confidence in him. I was not in a church house the whole time I was a soldier. My associations were anything but religious.

I here record my belief in a divine "call to the ministry." I believe such call is developed, made real, made manifest, made practical through human agencies.

Hannah resolved that her son should be a preacher (a prophet). She made this vow before he was born. That was a part of God's call. She took him to Eli, the priest, while he was a small boy; that was in line with God's call. He lived in the atmosphere of religion; that was another department of God's call. At last while Samuel was yet a small boy, the call came and had to be interpreted before he recognized it. If mothers and fathers would earnestly desire their sons to be preachers; would dedicate their lives to that sacred calling while they were very young; would throw around them every possible influence for good, looking to the call to the ministry as the ultimate object of life, there would be very many more audible calls. By audible I do not intend to say that it is necessary to really hear an audible voice calling, as Samuel seemed to hear, but an impression just as real as was the case with Samuel would in many cases be felt. The mistake in my raising was that I was taken from my earlier associations and placed under conditions at variance with my earlier associations and impressions. The case of Timothy bears out my position, for the faith that was in him was also in his mother and grandmother before him.

If it appears to the reader that in thinking that I might make a physician of myself I deviated from my aim, it must be borne in mind that my life had become marred, was abnormal by reason of my early loss of home and home influences. That kept me not only out of the ministry for a period, but also out of the Kingdom for a time. But so soon as I finally yielded to the Holy Spirit, the overwhelming conviction returned that I should preach. My hesitancy to attempt to preach when my church and my pastor placed on me the duty, was only because I had an exalted idea of what a preacher should be, and felt myself immeasurably short of that ideal. I yet doubt that it was the wisest way to push me out when I was so absolutely unfitted for my great calling, but I would be far from casting any reproach on the noble, God-fearing men who urged me into this attempt. That was the only way they knew and it seems to have worked well. I think the times of my ignorance God winked at. He overruled my manifold blunders so that no harm came from them, I trust.

I had never heard of a theological seminary until I had been preaching several years. If I did hear of it, I was not impressed that it was for me. The very first time that I had advice as to greater scholastic preparation was from a word spoken to me by Dr. J. R. Graves at Minden, Louisiana, at the Louisiana Baptist Convention in 1869. I had ridden horseback over sixty miles just to hear that great man preach. He was the first great preacher I ever heard since I was old enough to understand preaching. I had subscribed for *The Louisiana Baptist* at the Red River Association. During the year it had suspended publication and its subscription list had been transferred to *The Baptist,* edited by J. R. Graves. I may add that from that time to the present I have taken *The Baptist* and its successor, *The Baptist and Reflector*. That makes fifty-four years. Perhaps I am the oldest living subscriber to this paper.

I devoured every word of that paper and was already in love with J. R. Graves, not having seen him. When it was published that he would be at the Louisiana Baptist Convention, I resolved to be present. I employed Jimmie Davis to be my substitute in my school while I went to this convention.

There I heard a great sermon from a great man. For three hours he held that vast congregation in the grasp of his matchless eloquence. I had never heard a really great sermon before. Its impression on me has never departed. At its close I, with hundreds of others, pressed forward to grasp his hand. On taking my hand in his he said, "Young brother, go to school; if you have but five years to preach, spend half of that time in preparation." Yet my mind was so obtuse that the significance of that advice was not clear to me. Later and during that same convention that great preachers' friend, James Nelson, sought me out and said to me that I should go to school. I thought he meant college, as he was the agent of Mississippi College, but I had been to college. The people with whom I lived were ready to persuade me that I did not need to go to school anywhere. I was the best educated man in our parish. Five years later, in Texas, when I had advanced so far as to know that I really needed a theological education, my deacons and members tried to persuade me that I did not need any theological education at all.

After preaching three prosperous sessions of school at Ebenezer, Louisiana, I was elected to teach a school at Forksville, Louisiana, and the Baptist Church at that place called me to preach to them. I heeded the call and removed to Forksville in the spring or summer of 1869. I taught just one session there when I resolved to return to Texas. I made the trip from Forksville, Louisiana, to Webberville, Texas, during the winter of 1869, traveling in an ox wagon. I had two yoke of oxen and a good wagon. It took me about two months to make the trip. I passed through Shreveport and Nacogdoches. That was my first sight of the old town of Nacogdoches, where so much of my ministry was afterwards spent. It was then, in the early winter of 1870, a small town of possibly 800 people. It had only one church and that was Catholic, as I now recall. I went on and crossed the Angelina River near Alto. I stopped over Sunday at old Palestine Church, the oldest Baptist Church in East Texas save only old North Church near Nacogdoches. The brethren there asked me to preach for them and I did so, and at their request, baptized a candidate into that church. That was my first sermon in Texas. I left my family in Harris County, where my wife had a sister, and went west to Webberville. I went out on the Austin branch of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad as far as it was built, to Giddins. There I took stage and went to the neighborhood of where Elgin is now located. There I found a Baptist Church called Perryville. I preached for them and they called me to be their pastor, to preach for them one Sunday a month. However, I had started to Webberville. I rode there on horseback with a friend I had found, Dr. C. G. Brinson, whom I shall never forget. I found a good Baptist Church at Webberville, and what I was especially interested in, a good opening for a school. I met the trustees and made arrangements with them to teach their school. I taught that school for four years and did the best teaching of my life there. The Baptist Church called me as pastor for one Sunday in the month, so I had two Sundays filled. A short time afterwards I was called to Bethlehem Church, near Parson's Seminary, where Manor was later made a town on the line of the railroad. Some of the best work of my life was done on this field.

CHAPTER VIII

A COUNTRY PASTOR

A country pastor on the frontier of Texas over fifty years ago had some experiences which at this time would seem strange. I taught school every week-day and preached every Sunday. It was not customary to pay a preacher then, so I taught school for a living. I made a good living, too, receiving about one hundred dollars a month for my services, which was good wages, then. It was ten years after that before I ever received nearly so much as a preacher. I rode horseback to my appointments every Saturday, carrying my Bible and my hymn book in my saddlebags. Only one hymn book was used in the congregation and from it the preacher would announce and line out his hymn and its metre. Then he raised the tune and led the singing. Everybody sang. It is a question with me whether we now have so much congregational singing as we had then. We had no choir and no instrumental music.

The sermons were usually from one hour to two hours in length. Saturday meeting once a month was much in vogue. The members generally laid aside everything and went to church on Saturday. It was invariably a good, spiritual time. As only the members attended, they were in a spiritual frame of mind and had come to have a good time, and they had it. Not infrequently there was shouting at the Saturday meeting. When the sermon and the shouting was over, we held church conference. The pastor was the moderator. The clerk came forward and read the minutes of the last meeting. Business was called for and transacted in a business-like way. Sometimes the fellowship of the church was called for. If there had been any trouble or un-Christian conduct among the members, then was the time to call it up. I remember most vividly an instance.

Among the members of the Webberville Church was Aaron Burleson, a sturdy deacon of a famous family. He was a brother, if I mistake not, of the famous Ed Burleson, of Mexican War fame. He was also, I think, grandfather of the former Postmaster General. Brother Burleson was one of the sternest and most rigidly correct men in the ordering of his life I have ever known. At a regular business meeting of that church in 1871, after the sermon by the pastor and after the minutes had been read and adopted, the fellowship of the church was called for. Deacon Burleson arose with all possible solemnity and said, "Brother Moderator, I move you, sir, that Ed Burleson" (that was his own son), "that Ed Burleson be excluded from this church. He drank some of Brother Harris' whiskey and went out on the street and had a fight and disgraced himself." That motion was duly seconded, was put and carried. That was the whole of it.

As another example of the austerity of Deacon Aaron Burleson, this thing happened:

In 1874 the Southern Baptist Convention met at Jefferson, Texas. I was yet the pastor of the Webberville Church. At that time, I had never taken a public collection in the church for missions. I read that it took $100 for missions to constitute one a member of this convention. I resolved to raise that $100, so I asked the Webberville Church to contribute $50 of it. I made the best plea that I knew how to make. The Italian Mission had but just then been opened and a Brother W. N. Cote was the missionary. I asked for the fifty dollars to support Brother Cote. I told them how hard it was to found a mission under the shadow of the Vatican; that we must help the Lord send the gospel to that old city. Brother Burleson arose in all his dignity and said solemnly: "My God is a great God and does not need the help of puny man to do his work." Away went my hope of a collection for that day. But I was the pastor and felt that I must say something. I replied: "My God is a greater God than yours, Brother Burleson, for he said, 'Come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty'." I got in my collection and it seemed to me that every one in the congregation came forward and deposited his or her offering on that table. After the dismission, I was at the table counting the money. Brother Burleson was lingering around; when I completed the count he asked me how much I had received. I replied that it was about forty dollars. He gravely laid down a ten dollar gold piece and solemnly took his departure. I then loved him as much as before I had feared him. I have never known a truer, better man than Aaron Burleson.

In the fall of 1871, I held a great protracted meeting at Webberville. In some respects, it was the greatest meeting ever held in that country. Hundreds of people professed conversion and about one hundred united with our church. The baptism was most impressive. It took place in the beautiful Colorado River just above the ford at Webberville. The water was clear as crystal. The beach was clean and had a gradual slope to the water's edge and the bottom was uniform and clean. First, I took in the water five entire households; about twenty people were in these households. Then occurred the most beautiful sight of all. Thirty young women, all dressed in pure white, all in a row, went into the water together. I had a deacon at each end of this line. I also had several brethren loaded with cloaks ready to hand to each young lady when she had been baptized. I began at one end and baptized one after another. When I had brought one up from the watery grave, I allowed a deacon to steady her, and place around her shoulders her wrap, and then I would take another, and so on until the thirty were all baptized. When all had been baptized we started for the bank singing, "Happy day, Happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away." I think 86 were baptized that day. Thirty were baptized later. The Methodists received about thirty members out of that meeting.

That fall I held meetings at both Bethlehem and Perryville Churches. At each of these churches we had many additions. I think 18 were baptized at Bethlehem and 25 at Perryville. At the next meeting of the association I was made much of because I had baptized more people than all other preachers in the association put together. The First Church of Austin had received not a dozen for baptism all the year through. I was soon called to other churches, but I could not leave my school and had just enough churches to take up all my preaching time. I was desirious of accepting the care of the church at Round Rock, but could not get away from Webberville.

One circumstance which happened at Perryville will show the rough, unsettled condition of things in the country at that time. The neighborhood was called "Hog Eye." While I was conducting the meeting one night, I had finished my sermon and had called up "mourners" and about twenty had presented themselves at the front seat. I felt called on to urge the invitation and asked any who might not feel like coming forward, but really wanted to be saved, to raise the hand. Many did so and one man in particular I noticed, standing near the door. He was in his shirt sleeves. After prayer, we had arisen and I had started the camp meeting song, "O, Eden is a land of rest, O, Eden is my home," when there began a shooting affray right in front of the door. The house was packed full of people and when I saw there was likely to be a panic, I asked a doctor standing near the door to go to the yard, see what was the trouble and report. He returned immediately and said: "Mr.——— has been shot and killed and Mr.——— has been shot and wants you to come and pray for him." I dismissed the congregation and repaired to the scene of battle, and there lay the man cold in death who had five minutes before asked for prayers, and there lay the man who had slain him, with a bullet hole in his head, struggling for life. Lanterns were throwing a weird light on these two ghastly men and a crowd stood helplessly around. I called them to prayer and all devoutly bowed or knelt. I prayed for the living and left the dead in the hands of the Lord. The dying man died even while I was praying. One might think that this would have broken up the meeting, but not so. It only increased the attendance and attention. It seems that these men had that day engaged in a horse race and had fallen out over a two-dollar bet, with this fatal consequence. Human life at that day was held in light esteem.

Having noted the great meeting at Webberville, I am moved to relate some other great meetings I held in my earlier ministry.

The meeting at Rehoboth Church, Fannin County, was in some respects the greatest meeting I ever held. It took place some years after the one at Webberville, but it will fit in here. I was at the time the missionary of the General Association. I was on my way from Denison, where I lived, to the meeting of the General Association held at Pittsburg. I had an appointment at Rehoboth Church, some fifty miles from Denison near the present site of Wolf City. In driving through, I had overheated the horse and she had broken down while I was yet ten miles or more from the church. I saw a man digging a well near the road and I noticed his horse standing near. I went up to him and asked to borrow his horse to get to that appointment, saying I would leave my horse until the next day. The man happened to know me and readily loaned me his horse. I arrived in good time and preached for them that night. They at once beset me to hold a meeting for them. I replied that I was under promise to preach at Sulphur Bluff on my return from the General Association. They would not be satisfied but urged me to return and hold them a meeting. I went home with Deacon Whatley that night. He told me to go on to bed and that he would get up in the morning and carry the horse I had borrowed back and bring my horse in. It was ten o'clock the next morning before he came and then he was driving his horse to my buggy. I asked him where my horse was and he said, "Your horse is dead." I was distressed at this, for that horse was my sole dependence with which to do my missionary work. I remarked, "I do not see what I have done that the Lord has taken away my horse." "The Lord had nothing to do with it. You simply overheated your horse and drove it to death." "The Lord has something to do with everything," I replied. "Well," said he, "get your things and get in the buggy and go on to the General Association and come back and bring my horse and hold that meeting." I saw at once that this was my only way and I agreed to do it. I returned and began that meeting on the following Wednesday night and continued it three weeks. We baptized, as a result of that meeting, over one hundred persons. Many of the most remarkable conversions I have ever witnessed took place at that meeting. I will mention some of them.

A family of Kellys lived near the church. It consisted of two brothers and two sisters, all grown. The parents had died and the brothers and sisters lived at the old home. They were nice people, but ungodly. All the dances of the community were held at this large home. When the meeting had been going on over a week and about forty people had been converted, the suggestion was made that we undertake the Kellys. I had been invited by Mr. Ed, a very nice man who was kindness itself, to visit them. So we made an agreement to meet at the Kelly house at 3 P.M. that day. I rode up to the gate about half past two. Mr. Ed Kelly saw me and came out to the gate and invited me in. Shortly after we were seated several others rode up and Mr. Ed was the smiling host. About twenty had gathered and I asked Mr. Ed Kelly if we could hold a brief season of prayer. "Certainly," he replied. The other members of the family had come in and we began singing one of our revival hymns. Then I read a few passages of Scripture and we knelt in prayer. I prayed especially for the members of that family. While I was praying, I heard some one weeping. So soon as we arose, I noticed Miss Ellen, the youngest sister, leave the room visibly affected. I motioned one of our young converts to follow her, which she did. Soon I heard them praying in another room. While the others were singing I went to that room and found those young women on their knees praying, but Miss Ellen did not stop but prayed much more. In a short while her prayers changed to praises and she began praising the Lord. That brought the crowd to that room and when Ellen saw her brother John among them she started for him crying: "O, Brother John, I have found the Lord!" John started to escape and had gone but a few steps when he fell prone to the floor of the dining room, and Ellen fell beside him praying for him. I knelt beside them and began praying with them. Soon John arose rejoicing, and Lula fell and began crying for mercy. Soon she was also converted. Then the young converts seemed possessed of the Holy Spirit. A half dozen young women would clasp hands and surround a sinner, man or woman, and bring that one to prayer and begin praying for that one, and in every such instance the one thus prayed for was converted.

Fully twenty people were converted at that prayer meeting that afternoon. The only perfectly sane, self-possessed person on the premises was Mr. Ed Kelly. He was interested and sincere but he did not become excited. There was shouting out in the yard and in every room of the house. The neighbors came running over to see what was the matter. Several of them found the Lord out in the yard. The young converts were the embodiment of radiant, religious enthusiasm. Their countenances shined with light from the excellent glory. Every unconverted one at that meeting found the Lord except Mr. Ed. He was the storm center of activity. His sisters besought him. His neighbors begged him. He replied to each one, "I believe in it all, but I cannot feel as you do and it would be hypocrisy to manifest a feeling I do not possess. I want you to pray for me and I will pray for myself." After perhaps two hours and a half of intense religious activity and excitement, we prepared to go to the church. Mr. Ed came to me and said, "I regret, Parson, that we cannot serve you supper, but the girls seem to be in no condition to think about supper." "We have something to eat that you know not of, Mr. Kelly," I replied. "We do not want supper, we only want you to be as we are to-day." "I wish I could," said he. "I will go to church and try my best to get all right tonight."

It was not a mile to the church. When we arrived at the church yard there were hundreds of wagons and horses and buggies there. A crowd met us and there was much shouting when mothers would find that their children had been converted at that Kelly meeting. We could scarcely get into the house, which was packed to the door. The aisles were completely filled with chairs brought in from the wagons. I asked the members so far as they could to give place to the unconverted that night and they did so. I preached almost as if I were inspired. When I called for those who wanted to seek the Lord, we had no empty benches for them to come to. Fully five hundred, it seemed to me, manifested a deep desire to be saved that night. Mr. Ed Kelly was seated on a wagon seat right in front of me and gave the closest attention to every word I said.

There was just no counting the number of conversions that night. The services were so long extended that I announced that I would extend the privileges of the church the day following. On calling for those who had found the Lord that day and night to stand, hundreds arose. We were too much crowded to give them the hand of welcome. We broke up the meeting about midnight. It was a never-to-be-forgotten day in the history of that church. I think 150 joined the church at that meeting. Many were present from churches in the country surrounding and went to their own neighborhoods to unite with the church. We had two different times to baptize. At one, I baptized about 80. The other time, I recall, I baptized 52. Many had deferred baptism until certain others could be present. Perhaps fifty were just "renewed." Every dead letter in the community was brought out.

When the time came for my departure they made up money and bought me a far better horse than I had lost, and made me a present of over fifty dollars besides. When Brother Whatley harnessed up my new horse, which I had named Rehoboth, he said to me, "Now, I am on your side. The Lord did have something to do with the death of that horse of yours. If that horse had not died you would not have held this meeting, and what would have become of these hundreds of converts?"

We counted up seven Baptist preachers who were converted at this meeting. The influence of this gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit has never departed from my own heart and the effects of it have never been forgotten in that community. They called on me to come to Ladonia, the old town where I had spent many days of my boyhood, and I went to that church to hold a meeting.

I began this meeting one Sunday. I had a great congregation the first day. Some of the Rehoboth converts were there. The house was packed the first night. The next day, Monday, we had only a small congregation, but it was a gracious meeting. I recall this instance: At the close of the service I asked anyone in the house who had an especial object of prayer to tell us about it. A middle-aged woman arose and said: "I want you to pray for my husband. I have been praying for him for twenty-five years and it seems that my heart will break if he is not converted now." We were just about to be dismissed, but I called the congregation to prayer for that one man. I led the prayer and poured out my heart to God in his behalf. After the dismission, I made my way to that sister and found her name to be Mrs. Wills. Her husband was a practicing physician. He had been to church the day before and had become greatly offended at what I had said and declared that he would never hear me preach again. He charged that his wife had told me about his case and that I had preached my whole sermon right at him, and he was not going to be personally singled out in that style. I had never spoken to his wife and did not know there was such a man as Dr. Wills living on the earth. I tried to comfort her heart and promised that I would continue to pray for him until he was converted. That afternoon I was sent for to go to Dr. Wills' residence. The messenger took me to the place which I had not seen before. When we came in sight I saw there was a crowd on the porch and a tall man with a long beard was talking excitedly. When I came in at the gate, he saw me and came to me with outstretched hands, saying: "God bless you, Brother Holt, I have found the Lord!" It was Dr. Wills. His experience was striking. He stated before the crowd that he had left the house that morning with a lie on his lips. That he pretended to his wife that he had a patient across Sulphur that he had to visit when he had no such patient. He was at that very moment struggling under conviction of sin. The further he rode, the worse he felt. At last, away across Sulphur, he felt that he would die and be damned if he did not get relief. He stopped his horse and alighted and falling on his knees, began to pray. He had been professing infidelity. He had lied a thousand times about believing in God. He felt justly condemned and worthy of everlasting hell, but he cried for mercy. He was lying flat on the ground crying for pardon, when the relief came. He sprang to his feet. The sun was shining sweetly and God was everywhere. The very trees clapped their hands and he shouted for joy. When he came to himself, he found that his horse had not been hitched and had left him, but he did not care. He had walked home, rejoicing at every step. His horse had arrived home first and his wife was alarmed for his safety until he put in his appearance, happy as an angel of heaven. Now, he just knew that he had never before known what life was. He was supremely happy and his angel wife was radiant. She could scarcely contain herself. The revival "broke out" from that day and the meeting swept the old town. I do not now recall the number of converts nor of additions, but the church took on new life. I became their pastor and I never enjoyed a more pleasant relation than existed between myself and the Ladonia Church for the two years I remained their pastor.

Every revival meeting in which I took part can not be related, but I will mention the one at Burton Springs. This was in the western part of Jack County, Texas. Several neighborhoods had come together for a camp meeting at Burton Springs. They had built a large brush arbor and the people came and camped until the meeting came to a close. There was deep interest from the opening service. Many people had been converted and before a week had passed, the people from twenty miles around had come to that meeting. No town was west of this place. It was the very frontier then. Two especial conversions deserve mention.

One night about forty people were at the front seat on their knees. I passed from one to another, saying a brief word to each one. I arrived beside one man, who so soon as I began speaking to him said: "Get right down on your knees and pray for me for I am lost and undone forever. I left my reaper standing in the field to come to this meeting. I feel that I shall be lost this very night, without forgiveness." I knelt beside that man and began praying for him. His arms were clinging around my neck and he was continually saying, "Pray, pray, I am a hard, hard case." I can see now that he was just trusting in me, instead of the Lord. I grew agonizingly in earnest and then I did a daring thing—I asked the Lord to roll that man's burden on me. The Lord did it. I was never in my life so burdened as I was then. My own sins were not so vile and heavy on my heart as were the sins of this man. I actually resolved never to arise until that man was saved. I prayed all night. Brethren came about me and said it was time to close the meeting. I told them to close it if they wished, but I was going to remain in prayer for that man. Some one said: "Brother Holt, are you not willing for the Lord to do as he pleases with this man?" "Yes, if the Lord pleases to save him," I replied. All this may seem daring and even impious, but I am relating facts and the reader may draw conclusions. It was just as the sun was rising that that man said, "I see it now, I see it now!" We arose and rejoiced together.

The other remarkable case at this meeting was that of Captain Vines, a wealthy cattle owner. His wife was one of the campers. He had sent her to the meeting with the wagon and tent. He said he did not believe in all that bosh himself, but was willing for his wife to go. After several days, so he stated, he began to feel that he should go to the meeting himself. So he came. It was twenty miles from his ranch. He came in at night while I was preaching. He was deeply moved, but did not go forward. That night, as he was lying in his tent, he said that he seemed to feel that the Lord was in the tent. He sat up, and he stated that he saw as plainly as he ever saw the sun, a blue streak, a gash, right across his pathway, deep as hell, so he stated. It was a blazing line and he seemed to hear or feel that the Lord said to him, "Once across that line and you are forever lost." He awakened his wife and asked her to send for me to come and pray for him. She did so, and I came and prayed for this agonizing lost sinner until the Lord saved him.

The next day he came before the congregation and related his marvelous experience. He contended that he saw that gash in the earth as plainly as he ever saw the face of his wife; that the Lord had without doubt given him warning. He was extremely happy, but he said, "I have been a daring infidel. I have poisoned the minds of hundreds of cowboys. I now want to undo as far as possible what I have done." He gave a burning exhortation to men to repent. He persuaded me to come to his ranch and said he would get every cowboy in his employment to hear me. I agreed and spent the night at his ranch when the meeting had closed. He had sent out word to all his boys and they were crowded into his house that night. He then related again his experience to his boys and told them that he wanted them to forgive him for having taught them so much error. He told them to listen to me, that he had been joyfully converted, and now he wanted them to be as he then was and not as he once was. Several of them professed faith. Another appointment compelled me to go on and I never saw Mr. Vines again, nor have I heard the results of that meeting.

Jacksboro was a frontier town when I held a meeting there. There was not a church house of any denomination in town. I preached in a school house that had a Masonic Lodge overhead. The first day of the meeting, a singular conversion took place. A man had been stricken under conviction and as I passed out he was standing beside a stone wall weeping. I paused by him and said, "What is it, Brother?" "O, I am such a sinner!" said he. "Let us pray about it," said I. And right there on the side-walk we knelt and that man was saved.

The meeting grew in power until we had to go to the court house. That was soon filled. I had been holding so many meetings then that my voice was giving down. A large number had professed and I had constituted a church and baptized many. My voice failed and I brought the meeting to a close. I was stopping at the home of Dr. Gresham and after retiring that night, someone knocked at the door and a note was brought for me. I arose and lighted a lamp and read a note which was, I think, in the following words: "We the undersigned sinners of Jacksboro, earnestly desiring the salvation of our souls, respectfully request Rev. A. J. Holt to preach for us at least one more sermon. We will circulate his acceptance." Then followed what appeared to be a list of every sinner in town. There was the county Judge, the sheriff, the postmaster, the saloon keepers—two of them. Of course, I accepted. I was broken down, but I trusted the Lord to help me out. The next morning, after breakfast, a large circular, the largest that could be printed on the one press of that frontier town, was out announcing that I would preach one time more in the court house. The sinners had that meeting in charge. They got out every buggy and carriage in town; an old stage coach was there and they rigged that up. They scoured the country for miles around and packed that court house to the utmost capacity. I do not recall what sort of a sermon I delivered. I am under impression it was a poor one, I was so utterly broken down. When I closed they came around me asking that I should never forget to pray for them. They handed me an envelope when I went to leave, containing more money than the church members had given me. This same thing occurred one other time when the men of a town took charge of me and gave me more than the church had given me. The memory of these things fills me now with gratitude that the Lord had given me favor with unconverted men who have treated me with marked respect. Many a time on the frontier cowboys almost carried me about and would not allow me to saddle my horse.

One instance more concerning that meeting at Jacksboro. While I was a guest at the home of Dr. Gresham, the doctor was called to the bedside of General Gaines, a Mexican War veteran who lived all alone. The doctor found the general in almost a dying condition and said to him: "General, you are a very sick man. I find an abscess has formed within you and it cannot be reached from without. It is liable at any time to break and when it does you will die. If there is anything you wish attended to, do it at once. I will call another physician if you wish and we can consult, but it is as I have stated." General Gaines accepted the verdict of the doctor and had him to make out his will. He provided for the maintenance of his riding horse and his dogs and made mention of where he should be buried, which was out at the back of his pasture in a spot he had already selected. When his horse died it was to be buried by his side, when his dogs died they were to be buried at his feet. Dr. Gresham told him I was holding a meeting in town and he knew I would be glad to come out to see him, that he himself would bring me if he desired. General Gaines said, "No, I am going straight to hell, I know. I have lived like a dog. I will not insult God now that I am dying. I am not fit to be buried among Christian people, so bury me beside my horse and dogs." In two hours he was dead and his wishes were carried out. That death with the statements of General Gaines made a deep impression on that community.

CHAPTER IX

REMARKABLE INSTANCES IN REVIVAL MEETINGS

This volume would be extended far beyond admissible size if all the meetings which I have held were mentioned in their details. So I shall now record only such instructive and peculiar instances and incidents as may be of interest and importance. Before the period of evangelists, I was making a specialty of holding revival meetings. I am not sure that I had any particular talent in this department of the service, but I really enjoyed it. The financial feature did not one time enter into consideration with me.

During the summer of 1872, I was engaged by Rev. Martin V. Smith, the Corresponding Secretary of Union Association, to hold meetings in destitute places within that association. The most destitute region that I could hear of was Humble's Ferry on the San Jacinto River. There was no church in that section of the country; the nearest was Pleasant Grove, about ten miles away. Parker's Mill was near and numbers of shingle-makers were working on the river getting out cypress shingles to ship down the river to Galveston. As I was going into the swamp, I met a roughly dressed woman walking the road, chewing tobacco. It seems she "spotted" me as a preacher. She met another man soon and asked him if the man she had met was not a preacher. He said I was, and she responded: "Well, he has come to a God-forgotten country now." He told me this afterwards.

Pleas Humble, after whom the town of Humble was named many years later, lived on the bank of the river and kept ferry and a grocery store and sold whiskey to the cypress workers. Saturday was a great day and Saturday night was a great night with these people. They were usually paid off Saturday and they drank, gambled and danced all Saturday night. I put up at Humble's. I cleared a place under a huge magnolia tree, brought in logs for seats, erected scaffolds for pine knots to make a light, put up a board for a book-rest and started my meeting. The people came. Never before had there been such a thing there and they wanted to see what it was like. I did my own preaching, praying and singing. I did get some men to sit near the two scaffolds and feed my pine torches. From the start there was interest. Poor people are always easier to reach with the gospel than the rich, and really bad people are frequently easier to reach than the far more respectable. About the third night of the meeting, while giving an invitation to penitents, I was surprised to have Pleas Humble himself come rushing out of the brush and grasp my hand and wring it and rush back. He had been, and yet was, a bold, bad man. It was said that he had killed his man—that he was a renegade from Louisiana on that account. But the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to everyone that believeth, so Pleas Humble was hopefully converted. Of this he gave the most convincing proof. He rolled out the whiskey barrels from his grocery and poured out the vile stuff. He then scoured and scrubbed out his grocery store, turned a whiskey barrel upside down for a book-rest, placed seats there and had me hold my meeting in there.

Dr. Parker, an infidel physician who owned a mill three miles away, came driving up the next day, and as I stood in the door of my newly improvised church house said: "Well, Parson, I hear you are beating the devil here." "Yes, that is what I am trying to do," I replied. "Well, the man that can convert Pleas Humble and make him pour out his liquor, he beats the devil sure." Dr. Parker gave me the most respectful hearing and invited me to dine with him, which I did. At his house he exhibited hundreds of books, most of them infidel books, so he informed me. Pointing to them he said: "Parson, you cannot answer a single argument of these great writers." "Perhaps I cannot. I shall not even try. I am too busy preaching the gospel to these poor, lost sinners to fool away my time reading the writings of those smart men, and I cannot, of course, answer an argument I know not of." That was all he or I had to say about those infidel books. Later in this chapter I shall tell of the conversion of Dr. Parker.

There was no church near where this meeting was held, so there were no baptisms, but there were numerous professions of faith.

The nearest church to Humble's Ferry was Pleasant Grove. That was in a saw-mill community. The news of my great meeting at Humble's Ferry spread, and they wanted me to hold a meeting at this church. I did so. It was midsummer and I was about worked down when I went. Much interest developed. The most prominent people in the community became interested in the meeting, but I found it hard to reach them. I betook myself much to prayer. I had seven special objects of prayer, all of them prominent people, whom I was deeply anxious to see brought into the kingdom. There was a justice of the peace of the community, then Dr. Parker followed me up to Pleasant Grove and manifested abiding interest. Two prominent saw-mill men of large affairs were deeply interested. A young woman school teacher was tearfully penitent but still stubborn. There was a young lady, the daughter of the wealthiest woman in the country, who had been away to school and who, her mother feared, had been led off into giddy frivolity. Her mother had anxiously requested prayer for her. The night before the special event which I am about to relate, this young woman had come forward for prayers. I had secured a promise from her that she would pray the Lord to make her deeply in earnest and I had promised to pray for her.

The next day I found my voice given out. I was not able to talk above a whisper. The old pastor, Brother Van Houten, had to preach. It was a dry, cold sermon. All seven special objects of my prayers were present, too. I was almost in despair. I prayed for Brother Van Houten to quit. When he called us to prayer I prayed earnestly, first for voice, voice to warn these people. I was in an agony of desire. I again did a daring thing; I prayed the Lord to kill me if he would, only save those seven people that day. When we arose from prayer, I stood up and my voice was as clear as a bell. I poured out an appeal greater than any I had made during all that meeting.

While I was thus appealing to the people to flee from the wrath to come, I began to notice a feeling creeping up my limbs that I did not understand. My lower limbs were becoming benumbed. When this benumbing sensation reached my body, I suddenly seemed to realize that I was actually dying. I had only strength sufficient to ask the brethren to lay me out on a bench, telling them that I was dying. They hastened to do so and I just passed out of consciousness. I was absolutely free from pain. I seemed to realize that my hour had come, and so realizing, I felt to rejoice. I was to meet my Lord in the midst of a gracious revival meeting. I just ceased to breathe. When I became unconscious I had as my last thought that I was going directly into the presence of my Lord and was rapturously happy at the realization. Dr. Parker, as I was afterwards informed, rushed to my assistance. He was noted far and wide as a skilful physician. He began to try to resuscitate me. He told the people that he did not think I was dying, but he was not able to say just what was the matter. I was not breathing. He failed to detect any heart action. But I was limp and the pupils of my eyes denoted that life was yet in me. So they rubbed and fanned me and did all they could to bring me to life. They told me that I remained entirely lifeless for half an hour. By and by, my consciousness gradually returned. I was first puzzled to know where I was; then I wondered why I was not breathing; then I concluded to attempt to get my breath. When I drew my first breath I heard people all around me crying out: "He breathed! He breathed!" That made me want to open my eyes, but I was too weak to attempt it. Meanwhile, I felt that I was being briskly rubbed. By and by I took another breath and gradually opened my eyes.

I saw Dr. Parker bending over and weakly said to him: "There is a glorious reality in the religion of Jesus Christ." "Bless the Lord!" he cried, "I no longer doubt it. I believe in it and in him now." That was one of my seven objects of prayer converted. I looked up, and standing in the pulpit was the young lady for whom I had prayed. Her face was radiant and she was weeping tears of joy. I said to her, "I prayed for you last night as I promised." "Thank the Lord, your prayers were answered. I am supremely happy right now." That was another of the seven. Judge Higgins was standing near me wiping his eyes and I said to him: "Judge, I wish you were as happy as I am." He replied with joy, "I am." The young teacher and the two mill men were likewise converted during that period of coma. So all the seven for whom I would have died, and for whom I seemingly did die, were joyously converted.

For a long time I greatly hesitated to tell of this experience. I have even hesitantly written it for publication. But it is a blessed truth and I honor the Lord who granted me such a signal demonstration of his grace, to make mention of it. I baptized each of these persons at the close of the meeting. Dr. Parker became a most pronounced and enthusiastic Christian. It may also be of interest to the reader to know that in after years that young lady became my wife and abides with me still, full fifty years since her conversion. Neither of us has ever doubted her great change on that glorious day. She has been my wife now for forty-seven years and our children and grandchildren attest to her genuine worth.

Other meetings of great power have been granted me, all of which I cannot mention. The meeting at Weatherford, in which Gen. A. T. Hawthorne was converted and baptized, was greatly enjoyed by the entire church and community.

A revival meeting with the Baptist Church at Atoka, under the pastoral care of the venerable Dr. J. S. Murrow, produced among other conversions that of a Catholic priest called Father Albert, which was quite remarkable. This priest was the officiating clergyman of the local Catholic Church at Atoka. His profession of faith was clear and satisfactory to all who heard it. He was called to ordination by the church and the following presbytery assembled: Dr. J. S. Murrow, Dr. O. C. Pope, Rev. R. J. Hogue (missionary), Rev. Willis

Burns (missionary), Rev. A. J. Holt (missionary). After a searching examination, he was set apart to the full work of the gospel ministry. He prepared at once to go out to endeavor to enlighten those with whom he had so long been associated. Suddenly, and without warning, he disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. It was strongly suspected that the Catholics made away with him, although it was not proven. Many of his members at Atoka had also professed conversion and all services were abandoned, for the time at least, in that Catholic church. As the lock on the front folding doors was broken, I helped Father Albert nail up the door. Among the converts at that meeting was a Brother McBride, who afterwards married Miss Cogee Murrow, the only daughter of Dr. Murrow, who has since made such an excellent worker in the kingdom of our Lord.

More than with any other people on earth have I had to do with the people of the old town of Nacogdoches. I first passed through this town in 1870. There was then but one church, the Catholic, and an Episcopal Mission. Each had only monthly appointments and no resident minister. Some ten years later, I visited the town as the Secretary of Missions of the General Association. There was still no church there, save the two congregations above mentioned. There was not a house in town I could preach in, except a small school house. I found a Sister Brown, a Methodist woman, whose husband was a saloon-keeper. She invited me to stop at her house and said she would help me all she could in a meeting in that schoolhouse. During that meeting the first conversion which had ever taken place in the town occurred. The outcome of that meeting was the organization of a Baptist church there. Our board secured a Brother L. R. Scruggs as the missionary pastor. A year later, he asked me to come and assist in the dedication of a new church house, a small affair located where the present church stands on North Street. Later I held for them several other protracted meetings.

The meeting which I will now describe was held in 1890. The lamented Wm. Gaddy was then the missionary pastor.

There was a membership then of forty people. Infidelity was strong in the town. A large Liberal League was holding meetings every Sunday. The brainiest men of the town were members of this organization. The county judge, the county clerk, every lawyer and every physician in town were members of the Liberal League. I foresaw that I would have a siege to attack this Gibraltar of free thought, so I made careful and prayerful preparation. A fine young man named June Harris was one of the foremost members of this league. He professed openly a disbelief in the immortality of the soul. So I made careful preparation to deliver a sermon on this important subject. In making my preparation I found that I should have to prove the immortality of the soul by the Scriptures. But these people did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. So I laid aside my sermon on immortality and proceeded to get up one on the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. But I had to prove the inspiration of the Scriptures by Jesus Christ. They did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, so I laid aside my sermon on inspiration of the Holy Scriptures and proceeded to get up one on the divinity of Jesus Christ. I found that each of these three subjects were so interwoven and inter-related that they stood or fell together. I was prayerfully, intelligently and studiously intent on making these three sermons absolutely unanswerable.

The first one I delivered was on the inspiration of the Scriptures. I laid broad and deep the foundation of my entire program of that meeting on the fact which I was to prove, that the Scriptures were divinely inspired. I had gotten out a circular and had it delivered in every house in town. They all came. They all gave me most respectful attention. The next day I delivered a sermon on the divinity of Jesus Christ. It was just the very best I could arrange or deliver. The interest increased. Each night I delivered an "evangelical sermon" appealing to sinners. At length I delivered the discourse which was the climax of my serial, on the immortality of the soul. The house was packed. There was no mistaking the impression made by that discourse.

That night June Harris went to his home and sat a long while in silence, thinking. His wife tried to persuade him to go to bed, but he kindly refused. At last he said to her, "Maggie, our baby is not dead, but sleepeth. I am bound to believe in the immortality of the soul. Get up and let us go to the cemetery." Their babe, but a few months dead, was buried there. It was then past midnight and misting rain. But that good wife got up, dressed and put on her raincoat and together they went to the cemetery where, kneeling beside their baby's grave, June Harris gave his heart to God. He was transported with joy and told his wife he was going to wake me up and tell me, but she persuaded him to wait until morning. Early the next morning, while I was at breakfast, Brother Jesse Summers came rushing in, saying, "June Harris is converted." Almost immediately June himself rushed in with beaming countenance and announced his surrender to the Lord. The news flew over town rapidly. In fact, June Harris took the streets and told it himself to everyone. That was the breaking out of the greatest meeting ever held in that old town, before or since. Every barrier was swept away and strong men fell before the power of God. I recall vividly how June Harris told his experience. He arose and faced the congregation and said: "I know you are all surprised to see me here, but I am as much surprised as any of you." He then proceeded to relate the dealings of the Lord with him that resulted in his surrender to Jesus Christ. Many of the most prominent men of the town came in at this meeting. The influence of this meeting was not confined to those of the Baptist faith. It permeated the entire citizenship of the town. As a result a strong Methodist church was formed and a good Presbyterian church was organized. The meeting continued to be conducted by others after I had departed and for six months there was almost one continual revival there.

I must not bring this record of revival meetings to a close without mentioning a meeting I held at Bonham. It seems that there had been a Baptist church at Bonham before the Civil War, but it had gone down and had ceased to meet or exist. I was at this time serving the General Association as general missionary. The board sent me to Bonham with the instruction to hold a meeting at that place and not to close the meeting until the cause at Bonham had been established beyond a peradventure. I did not know a soul at Bonham. I had gone to school there during the war, but had not kept an acquaintance with the place. So I drove up to the courthouse yard fence, hitched my horse and proceeded to try to find out the situation. I asked the first man I saw if he knew of any Baptists in town. He eyed me rather suspiciously and said there were no Baptists there. I went to another man who appeared to be an old citizen and asked if he knew of any Baptists in town. He reflected a moment and then said to me: "Do you see that drug store over there on the corner? Well, go up that stairway beside that drug store and you will see a sign on a door. That is the office of Dr. Kelly. He is a Baptist, I think, and so far as I know, the only one in town." I went as directed and knocked on the door. On being asked to come in, I saw an elderly gentleman and said: "Is this Dr. Kelly?" He replied that he was the man. I then introduced myself. "I am A. J. Holt," I said. "I am glad to see you, Brother Holt; I have heard of you and I am glad you called to see me." "The Board of the General Association has sent me to hold a meeting in Bonham," said I. "There is no place to hold it," said Dr. Kelly. "Have you not an old church house here?" I asked. "Yes, there is a chicken coop here, but it has long been given over to owls and bats." "Show it to me," said I. We went to see the old church house which had not been used in a long time and hogs and cattle were bedding in it. Twenty-seven window lights were broken out, the old stoves had been dismantled and were piled up, pipeless, in a corner. The old chandeliers without lamps were swinging aloft. The floor was covered with filth and mud. It was a forlorn looking prospect. I drew a bow at a venture: "Brother Kelly, I have a proposition to make you. Go out this morning and get a glazier to put in these twenty-seven lights; get a hardware man to bring in stove pipes and set up these stoves; hire half a dozen men to come with hoes and scrub brushes and clean out and scrub this floor; have two loads of wood hauled and chopped; hire a sexton for a month to ring the bell and light up every night and keep fires going through the meeting —and the Lord and I will do the rest. I will hold a month's meeting here and things will come to life." "Why, Brother Holt, that would cost me \$250." "Certainly. I did not expect it to cost less. But is not the cause of Christ in Bonham worth \$250?" His face lighted up and at once he said, "I'll do it. I'll do more. I'll take you to my house and keep you during the meeting." We both went to work. Before two hours had passed a force of men was busily engaged with hoes and barrels of water cleaning out the house; carpenters were repairing the old seats; glaziers were putting in lights; everything was going on merrily. I did not stay to see things done; I left that with Dr. Kelly. I went out and wrote a circular announcing that a protracted meeting would begin in the old Baptist Church that night, to continue a month; that the old church had been renovated thoroughly, made perfectly comfortable, and would be well heated and lighted, and everybody was invited to come. I hired two boys to go all over the residential part of town with these circulars after I had them printed. I had a time getting them printed at once. Other jobs were ahead of me, they said, but I offered double price and got it done instantly. I went all over the business part of town with the circulars, myself. I introduced myself to every merchant and gave each a personal invitation to attend. I found there was one other Baptist in town, a Brother Jack Russell, who was a merchant. But Brother Jack would not listen to me at all. That night we had just six people at church, but I began anyhow. I almost swore in those six. I made them boosters of that meeting. The next morning at service we had nine persons present. That was fifty per cent gain and I resolved to keep it up. That night we had about twenty; the next day about thirty, still gaining. That night we had something over fifty and after that I ceased to count. The congregations grew from that day forward and by Sunday (the meeting started on Monday) we had a house full of people. We then had to go out and hire a hundred chairs from a furniture man. We filled them the first night. I had the crowds and no mistake. The Disciples had that town, as their college was there and their state paper was published there. The editor was a well-known debater. When we had gotten the crowds, this editor, a Mr. Burnett, came out to hear me. He was slightly deaf and used a dentophone. He would sit on the front seat and turn that fan-like dentophone at me. When he heard something he wanted to answer, he would with evident satisfaction, hurry to record it and again turn on me that dentophone.

Well, he wrote up that meeting in the next issue of his paper. He garbled what I had said and offered me space for reply. Dr. Kelly was greatly excited and wanted me to reply. Had I done so my meeting would have degenerated into a religious—or irreligious!—squabble, so I refused to reply. But the people thought I would reply in my sermons, so they came out and packed the house in anticipation. I wholly ignored the man and his paper and preached the gospel of Christ right on. He then sent me a challenge to debate some points that I had stated in my sermons. I put his note in the stove and made no reply. His messenger asked me what word I had to send him. I said I had no reply at all, that I was doing a great work and could not come down. The next thing he did was to seek an introduction to me. He approached Dr. Kelly and asked him to introduce us. Dr. Kelly came to me and asked permission to introduce Brother Burnett. I declined to be introduced. That may appear boorish and discourteous; but that man had misrepresented me, had published things I had never said and had sought by every means he knew to block my meeting, so I resolved to have absolutely nothing to do with him. This got rid of him at last. His people had made it seem ridiculous for anyone to ask for the prayers of God's people and it was hard to induce sinners to take a step in that direction. I had been preaching for three weeks and not a move had been made. Our house was crowded at every service, but no proposition had been heeded.

It was the night of the first day of January that things broke loose. There had been Christmas entertainments, dances, parties and a big snow covered the whole earth, but our meeting moved right along, the crowds never diminishing. That New Year's night I preached on "Repentance." I was agonizingly in earnest. Something moved me to stop right in the middle of my sermon and to point my finger in a big man's face and cry with passion: "Repent, Repent! Repent!" He sprang to his feet and cried, "For God's sake, pray for me." I cried out to the congregation, "Thank God, one sinner has called for prayers. Let us pray."

I prayed as not many times in life I had prayed. That man arose and walking over the benches cried, "Thank God, I have found him!" He was most joyously converted. That "broke the ice." The next night twenty were forward for prayer and the meeting from that hour was a glorious success. The following Saturday morning we reorganized the church and had many additions. I continued the meeting another week and circulated a subscription list for a new church house. Jack Russel had gotten awake and he and his brother, Bill Russell, subscribed $1,000. Dr. Kelly subscribed $500. Before the meeting was over we had a new church house in sight. I recommended them to call Brother T. S. Potts, and they did so. He built the new church and was their loving and beloved pastor for many years. From that day to this, the First Baptist Church of Bonham has been one of the foremost churches of Texas.

This chapter must come to a close and this subject give place to other important matters. I have failed to keep a record of the number of persons converted at my meetings. They run far into the thousands.

CHAPTER X

MY FIRST SIGHT OF A GREAT CONVENTION

The Southern Baptist Convention which met in Jefferson, Texas, in May, 1874, was to me a great meeting. I have already related how I raised the $100 to carry to that convention. It was a long, long trip in those days. Webberville is in Southwest Texas; Jefferson is in extreme Northeast Texas. They were about 500 miles apart. The trains made poor time and no dependable connections. A trip now from Florida to New York would not be so serious.

Once there, I was all eyes. Every minute I saw men whom I had been hearing about all my life. I scarcely dared to press my way into the crowds that flocked around the secretary's table in the basement of the church, to be assigned to a home. There was free entertainment in those days. It seemed to me that 500 people were crowding about one man. That man was J. T. S. Park, whom I afterwards learned to love devotedly. He was writing out cards of entertainment. One man edged his way to the table and modestly pronounced his name, "Sylvanus Landrum"; he was handed a card directly and he passed out. Another immediately said, "J. H. De Votie," and was handed his card. "S. H. Ford," said a small man of whom I had heard from my infancy. I had expected to see a tall, dignified man. Dr. Ford was given his card and he quietly gave place to another. "D. B. Ray." I had to look again to see the man who was creating such a stir on "Baptist Succession." "D. B. Ray is all right," said Brother Park, and gave him his card. Then a pompous man crowded forward. "John Smith and Lady." I have called his name John Smith because that was not his name. I hesitate to call the name of a Baptist preacher who behaved so selfishly and seemed to consider himself the biggest man at the convention. So John Smith and lady were provided for, but at different houses. At that John Smith raised a protest. He was told quietly that they were so crowded that the sisters had to be entertained together, and no man and his wife could be accommodated together. That was particularly hard on Brother John Smith, inasmuch as he had just taken unto himself a new wife. She was about the third one, I afterwards learned. I waited until all had been provided for before asking to be assigned a home. I pronounced my name, "A. J. Holt." I had sent in my name according to requirements. "We have assigned you for entertainment with your uncle, H. F. Buckner," said Brother Park. I was greatly pleased to have it so. I found that at the same house was to be entertained the band of Indians which Dr. Buckner had brought with him. After greeting him and really hugging him, he was pleased to say, "Juddie, you great ox! who would have thought that you would make such a large man?" He was slender. I had not seen him since the war.

Dr. Buckner introduced me at once to John Jumper. I was astonished to see him there in civilized garb. He was dressed in a faultless suit of broadcloth. I had known him as Col. John Jumper, the commander of the Seminole regiment during the war. He could not speak English. I told my uncle that I had known him during the war. That was interpreted to him and explanations followed. I had delivered to him a dispatch from Gen. Sam Bell Maxey and had been his guide to the general's headquarters. This was also interpreted to him and at once his face brightened up with instant recognition. Neither of us was a preacher then; now both were preachers.

This band of about six Indians was frequently referred to at the Convention as the trophy of the work of the Domestic and Indian Mission Board, as the Home Board was then called. When Dr. Buckner was asked to speak in the Convention he introduced Colonel Jumper. That old chieftain stood forward and Dr. Buckner, pointing to him, cried with passion and with pride, "God never gave to Daniel Webster a greater brain than he gave John Jumper!" Jumper was then the chief of the Seminoles and had been ever since they had been removed from Florida, and for years before their removal. He was born in the Florida Everglades and was captured, together with Osceola and other chiefs who had been induced to come in for a parley under a flag of truce. This flag was ruthlessly and shamefully disregarded and the chiefs were seized and imprisoned, as the pages of history disclose. I will reserve other details of this truly great man for my chapter on missionary work among the Seminoles.

The corresponding secretary of the Domestic and Indian Mission Board was at that time Dr. M. T. Sumner. The board was located at Marion, Alabama, and had about eight missionaries under appointment, sustaining them with great difficulty. Some dissatisfaction was made manifest at the small number of missionaries. Dr. Sumner responded that it was a mark of good housekeeping to provide a fairly good meal when there was nothing in the larder or in the smoke-house. The receipts were in the neighborhood of $12,000 that year. The Foreign Board was represented by Dr. Tupper, the corresponding secretary. I think they had gathered the enormous sum of $37,000 for foreign missions that year. The foreign mission fields were then China and Africa. Brazil, Mexico, Japan and other foreign fields had not been opened. Italy had been opened and one missionary had been appointed that year. The Home Mission Society had sent one missionary to Mexico. But this Convention had no missionary in any other foreign field. Behold what the Lord has wrought, for now almost every foreign nation has been supplied, in a measure, and our contributions are over two million and a half dollars annually! Dr. James P. Boyce was the Convention president that year. He was the picture of healthy and vigorous manhood. That was forty-eight years ago, and I have been present at every convention since, save four, when I was a missionary among the Indians.

The most interesting event of this Convention, to me, was the Theological Seminary collection. Dr. John A. Broadus was announced to take that collection and to speak at a specified hour. The fame of this already great man had preceded him. He was then not yet at the meridian of his usefulness, but was known as a great scholar, teacher and orator. When the time came for him to speak the house was packed to its utmost capacity. I had gone early to secure a seat, but no seat could be had, so I sat on the pulpit steps. After some preliminaries, and while the congregation was awaiting the appearance of Dr. Broadus, a small, insignificant looking man managed to secure the floor much to the evident disappointment of everyone. I wondered why Dr. Boyce did not call him down. He looked frightened and abashed, and I did not blame him, for he had pushed himself forward when the crowd had come to hear Dr. Broadus. This fellow was dressed in a common suit of what appeared to be jeans clothes. He did not speak loud and I fail to recall just what he said in the beginning. I was so disappointed, and heartily wished him to take his seat. Presently my attention was called to the surprisingly good English he was using. I was a school teacher and knew good language when I heard it. I was the more surprised because from the appearance of this man, he was an ignorant boob. But he did use good language, and no mistake. After awhile I began to grow interested in what he was saying. His inflection was faultless, his rhetoric admirable. Then he just caught me and flew off with me. He soared and took me with him. I forgot where I was; forgot that I had come to hear Dr. Broadus. How long he kept on this flight I can not say. When we lighted, I mopped my face with my handkerchief and said to a man sitting on the steps with me, "Who was that man?" The man looked on me with surprise and, I thought, contempt, and remarked, "Why, Dr. Broadus, of course." I was surprised and yet satisfied. No man could have surpassed what I had heard. The collection that day was all Dr. Broadus asked for. I gave my note for $100. I had scarcely enough money to carry me home, but I could not refrain from giving after that speech.

That trip to the Southern Baptist Convention got me into trouble. I resolved to try to go to that Seminary. The next session, opening the following October, I matriculated at Greenville, S. C., the first student, but one, from Texas.

CHAPTER XI

GREENVILLE SEMINARY DAYS

When I returned home and announced my intention of attending the Seminary, the announcement was received with surprise, and, on the part of some, with indignation. I had a deacon in the Bethlehem Church at Manor named David Eppright. He had installed himself as my especial guardian. I needed one, no doubt. He had a way of coming to my house and nosing around the kitchen to see what we needed, then he would quietly supply the need. When he heard of my seminary ambitions he rebuked me sharply. He said, "You ain't no business going to any seminary. You've got the best education now of any man in the country. You go off and get better educated and it will give you the big head. I ain't going to help you one bit." I had not intimated that I wanted any one to help me. But I patiently told Brother Eppright that I was a young man and that I did not know how to preach as I ought. He replied with warmth, "You preach jest to suit us now. If you go and git better educated, you will leave us; I don't want you to go." "It is very kind of you, Brother Eppright, to say nice things of my preaching, but I can not preach up to what I heard at the Convention." "Yes, that Convention has spiled you," he replied, with disappointment.

I shall not tell of my trials to get off. I will say something of this later. I will say, however, that my young wife had died, and that my mother had consented to take care of the two children. I left the money in the bank to support them while I was gone and took along enough to carry me through the session.

I was assigned a room in the boarding hall and my roommate was T. P. Bell. He was a much younger man than myself and was just from college. He was very bright and had a well-trained mind. He had every advantage of me in these respects. I made the mistake of taking on a larger ticket than prudence would have dictated. I thought that I could take as many studies as any one else. When Bell agreed to take five schools, I made a similar arrangement. My mind was not carefully and systematically trained. I had never known what systematic, concentrated study meant. I could memorize, but here I had to think. That was hard to do. About the first thing I learned at the seminary was that I did not know one single thing about preaching. I had been preaching for seven years, too, and I had the reputation of being about the best preacher in my association. My members said I was. My churches were the most prosperous. I baptized more people than any other preacher in the association, by far. I suppose I was somewhat "puffed up." Dr. Broadus had his homiletics class to write a paper entitled: "How I Spent My Summer." I thought he just wanted to know. I was willing and anxious to tell him. I did so with a freedom and an abandon that was to him, no doubt, refreshing. I took no pains with my grammar nor with my chirography, nor yet with my spelling. I was completely engrossed in relating what took place. When that paper came back to me it was written in red ink all over every page. That paper was a sight. I do not believe that I had written one single sentence that was not corrected in red ink. That was certainly discouraging. I could not even write. Bell almost died laughing at my paper. He would not let me see his. He spread abroad the news to my fellow students and they guyed me about my "bloody paper." I was surely greatly humiliated.

I was from the frontier of Texas, with little or no culture, and was wholly a child of nature. I used such provincialisms as were in vogue among the people where I lived. I was introduced into another world now. My dress and habits were different from that of these young college boys from the East. There was not a day that I was not humiliated. I was oversensitive and easily teased. The young men learned this and took a delight in teasing me.

Dr. Broadus was unnecessarily severe on me, I thought. One time, when in New Testament he was lecturing on the Star in the East, I became absorbingly interested. I leaned forward and asked: "Dr. Broadus, did that star really move?" Dr. Broadus curtly replied: "I do not know. I was not there." The brethren guyed me about that most unmercifully. "Holt learned something to-day," declared Bell. "He learned that Dr. Broadus did not live in the time of Christ. Holt thought he did." I was so humiliated by this that I became discouraged. I had thought that young preachers, all looking to the great gospel ministry as a life work would be kind and thoughtful and considerate of one another. When I suffered so much at their hands, I came near being disgusted. I also thought that a great teacher like Dr. Broadus should have more sympathy with a young, untrained western student than he manifested. I could not even seclude myself in my room. There was Bell to tease me. I walked out in the woods and had a good cry. I had about concluded to pack my trunk and go back home. I was deeply in earnest in my studies and researches. I was there for no foolishness. If I could not be respected, what was the use for me to stay? This is the way I reasoned. Then I prayed and my indignation gradually passed away. My better self was asserted. I bethought me that this very thing was a part of my necessary training. That I must learn to endure hardness as a good soldier. That I must not allow such frivolous things as these to discourage me. I resolved to show these boys a thing or two. I resolved also to show Dr. Broadus that there was something in me worth while. But I resolved that I would ask him no more questions. I afterwards learned to almost idolize that very man who had discouraged me. But I did not ask him another question that year. I simply studied my lessons, kept my ears open and learned.

If I might now at this distance venture an opinion of this great, good man, now that he has long since passed from the walks of men, and has left a reputation and a record not surpassed by any man living or dead, I would say that, in my opinion, he was unnecessarily severe on some of his untrained students. We were doubtless a trial to him. We were silly and unwise, but we needed what he sometimes failed to extend —sympathy. Later I learned that his heart was filled with kindness, but at that time I concluded that he did not have it in his nature.

As to my fellow students, I learned to appreciate them more, and they learned to appreciate me also. Not long after this, some of them tried to tease me and extracted my watch from its place. A man who afterwards became a great preacher and a D.D. held up my watch and began selling it at auction. I retaliated. I seized him by the nape of his neck and the seat of his pants and holding him aloft cried: "How much am I offered for a first-class donkey? He is harmless, kicks a little (he was kicking wildly), he brays some, too (he was crying to be let down), but I assure you he is harmless. How much am I offered? Well, as no one seems to have any use for a donkey, I shall have to return him to his stable." I set him down amid the roars of my fellow-students and to his humiliation. I had learned something, and so had my fellow-students. They were no match for me in physical strength and after that were afraid to carry things too far with me. The students were simply boys and meant no harm in teasing a raw recruit from Texas, especially when they found he was easily teased.

As for Bell, he soon found out he could go just so far with me, and no farther, for I would throw him down and spank him. One night, after he had learned his lessons (he was much quicker to learn than I), he was poking fun at me while I was trying to study. I said, after awhile, "Bell, if you don't behave I am going to give you a regular beating up." At that he snatched my book from me. I sprang at him, and we raced around the table until at last I caught him and threw him across the bed and down it came with a crash! Then we heard someone knocking at the door, and in walked Dr. Broadus. Bell explained, "Excuse us, doctor, we were just having some fun after getting our lessons." "I did like that when I was a student," said Dr. Broadus. But we were abashed to have him catch us in such confusion, with a broken bed-stead on the floor.

Let no one conclude that Bell was always to blame in these escapades, or that he was by any means anything but a gentleman. I have never in life known a choicer spirit than Theodore Percy Bell. He was as true as steel and as generous as could be. He was deeply pious and a loyal friend. I learned to love him as my own life.

That year I took Old Testament Interpretation under Dr. Crawford H. Toy. Dr. Toy was a wholly different type of man from Dr. Broadus. He was the soul of gentleness and consideration. A most profound scholar, too. His lectures that session were on "The Development of Messianic Thought." He clearly expressed what seemed, to my mind, to be a doubt in the divine authenticity of the Scriptures. I was alarmed at some of his suggestions. At length I ventured to ask him the pointed question if he did not think that the Bible was an inspired book. "Yes, it is inspired like Shakespeare is an inspired book." That further alarmed me. "But, do you not think that it is God's word, without a mistake in it?" "Well, there is always a human element in it," he remarked. "If it be not absolutely reliable, what have we to depend on?" said I. I was not satisfied with his answers. So soon as the class was dismissed the boys gathered around the door of the lecture room and began teasing me about talking back to Dr. Toy. I replied with some warmth, "You boys remind me of a nest of blackbirds. When Dr. Toy speaks to you, open go your mouths and down goes whatever he brings, whether it be a gravel or a grub worm. I tell you right now, I did not come here to learn that the Bible was not the word of God. I believed that it was before I came and if it is not, I have no business here and I have no business preaching." We departed, each to his own room.

I would be more disposed to blame myself for this and similar experiences I had with Dr. Troy, but for the fact that later he was called before the faculty for teaching what he appeared to teach then. He was finally allowed to resign from the faculty because he was out of harmony with the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. But let no one ever imagine that Dr. Toy was anything but a most intelligent and urbane Christian gentleman. He was the soul of honor and of gentleness. I learned to love him most devotedly. He was very far from reproving me for asking him questions or for dissenting from his views.

It will be recalled that when I entered the seminary I had already been preaching for several years. That I had been engaged in holding many successful meetings. That I had baptized hundreds of people into the churches. So I was not wholly without experience in the ministry. It was a relief to me at the beginning of the session to attend the services of the First Baptist Church and hear the delightful singing and sermons in that church. But I yearned for more activity. For years I had never failed to preach twice or more every Sunday. Now I was inactive in the ministry. At length I felt that I could not endure this enforced idleness as a preacher. So one Sunday morning I put my Bible under my arm and started out. "Where are you going today, Holt?" someone asked. "Going to preach somewhere," I replied. The older students had secured all the preaching places available and the new students had nothing to do. But I was going to preach somewhere that day. I breathed a prayer for divine direction and started out, with no defined plan. On crossing Reedy River I noticed a row of houses down the stream used by factory people. There, I thought, I could find my opportunity. On reaching these houses, I accosted the first man I saw and asked him if they ever had any preaching there. He replied in the negative. I told him I was a theological student at the seminary and if I could secure a hearing, I would like to preach for them. "Just stand here on these steps and start up a song," he said, "and you will have a congregation." I did so and in ten minutes I had a fine congregation of people, hastily assembled, bareheaded, barefooted, in unkempt condition, all, but there they were. I preached. I sang again and then asked them if they wanted me to preach for them again. They said "Yes," with a will. I then dismissed them and asked if any was sick among them. I soon found several who were sick. These I prayed with and so spent an hour or two before returning to the seminary.

After this, I never lacked for an opportunity to preach. I soon began to preach, not only on Sundays, but on Wednesday nights. By and by we protracted the meeting, preaching each night, when a genuine revival broke out and many were converted. These night meetings continued for a month and many of my fellow students at the seminary attended. The first sermon T. P. Bell ever delivered was at this factory meeting.

There was, at first, a mild protest on the part of some of my fellow students. One especially nice, cultured brother came to me and said, "Brother Holt, do you know that factory is a disreputable place and you are liable to bring reproach on the seminary by your visits to those people?" "Go to, J. Ad," I replied. "If those people are not good, so much the more is the reason I should carry to them the gospel." This excellent brother was none other than the Rev. J. Adolphus French, D.D., who afterward became the talented pastor of the First Baptist Church at Austin, Texas. He did a great work in the gospel ministry and died some time since, full of honor, and went home to glory. Be it said to his credit that later, when the revival at the factory was manifest, he went down and preached to those people with me. As a result of that work I had the pleasure of carrying some twenty people up to the First Baptist Church to be baptized. The way the splendid women of that aristocratic church took those factory girls and dressed them in baptismal robes and cared for them made my heart warm towards those good women. After that session closed some good people from the First Church carried on the work at the factory and finally a chapel was built for those people.

Before I had a regular appointment at the factory, I had an opportunity to go and preach for the negroes. They had an immense congregation and I enjoyed their enthusiasm greatly. The next day when some washerwomen came to the seminary to gather up our clothes, one old black mammy on seeing me said to another, "Dar is dat man whut preached fur us yistedy; he's a chariot uv fire." The brethren overheard her comment and began calling me "Chariot of fire." I was sent out occasionally by the professors to fill their appointments. Once I preached for Dr. Broadus at a country church named "Standing Springs." Once for Dr. Williams at Welsh Neck and once for Brother Jackson at Ninety Six.

Altogether, when the session had ended and I began to calculate what I had gained, I could not really make a reasonable estimate of the benefit I had received. I failed on three examinations. I record this humiliating fact with regret. I had taken too many schools. I only graduated in three out of the six. I recall how Dr. Broadus called at my room after the examination in Homiletics. I felt sure I had passed. I almost committed to memory our text book, Dr. Broadus' *Preparation and Delivery of Sermons.* With a consideration and a tenderness I shall never forget Dr. Broadus came to my room and said, "Brother Holt, I had greatly desired to put you through in Homiletics." I at once took it from this remark that I had failed. I was so greatly disappointed that I actually broke down and wept. Dr. Broadus was tenderness itself. He stated that I had made greater progress than any other member of the class, but that I had so much to unlearn that he had found it impossible to graduate me. My exact marking was 73 1-2—I lacked just 1 1-4 marks of graduating. I am glad, now, I failed, for I afterwards took Homiletics again and learned more from it than I did the first time. To comfort me Dr. Broadus said, "I suspect that your roommate, Bell, wishes that he could speak as readily as yourself." "Yes," said Bell, "I have often envied Holt his readiness of speech." All that was comforting, but the sting of failure was not extracted. I also failed in Systematic Theology and New Testament. All these I took over again, much to my benefit. Old Testament, Biblical Introduction and Pastoral Theology I made successfully.

I can not begin to estimate the everlasting benefit I derived from this session at the Seminary. I learned more in those eight months than I had in the previous eight years of my ministry. When I returned to Webberville, that old church organizer, Elder N. T. Byars, asked me to preach at the organization of a new church. I did so. Brother Eppright rode twelve miles to be present. He sat right in front of me when I was preaching. He was a great hand to chew tobacco. When he became excited he expectorated with no especial regard to what direction he was spitting. I happened to notice him while I was preaching; he was greatly excited and was spitting promiscuously. When I had finished he came up to me and said, "Go home with me." That meant I had to do so. We rode along in silence for awhile and he was still spitting wild. At last he said, "Brother Holt, your eddication hain't hurt you a bit." He was not yet relieved and by and by added: "When you get ready to go back I'll send you." Remember, this was the very man who was so set against my going to the seminary at all.

That was a splendid lot of students at Greenville that year, despite my early unpleasant experiences with them. With scarcely an exception they have made good. Most of them, alas! have finished their course and have gone to their reward. Some are yet here. Just last week at the Florida Convention I met Dr. Dargan. How splendidly he looked. I had to hug him. Where in all the land is there a man who has done a nobler work than Dr. E. C. Dargan? When we stood together I remarked, "Ed, it has been forty-eight years since we were together at Greenville." "Yes," said he, reflectively, "but it does not seem so long." W. R. L. Smith, D.D., W. S. Landrum, D.D., and just a few others of us are left of that Greenville class. Dr. John P. Green has made such a wonderful career for himself. But Bell and Thames and French and White and so very many others have passed over. I shall cherish to my latest hour the precious memories of those Greenville Seminary days.

CHAPTER XII

MARITAL MATTERS

A record of my life without taking into account my matrimonial experiences would be incomplete and wholly unsatisfactory. I consider also that I am now writing for others. Possibly these lines will be read by some of my young unmarried brethren in the ministry and these certainly need all the advice that an older and more experienced person can give them. Nothing else, save his conversion and call to the ministry, can be of such supreme importance to the minister as that he shall be properly married. In this I am not taking the position that he may never marry at all and yet be a successful minister. I do not recall ever to have seen an unmarried minister of wide usefulness. It may be possible, but certainly not probable. But to be married to one who is not in warm and abiding sympathy with his ministerial work, or to one who is incorrect in life or yet to one who is not congenial is a great handicap to the minister, and it may be that a life of entire celibacy were preferable to such a marriage.

I have known quite a number of ill-assorted ministerial matches. I knew a minister in Texas many years ago whose wife was a slattern. She was not only wholly untidy herself, but paid no manner of attention to the clothing of her husband. Her home was always in confusion. I never recall to have seen their house swept. The window panes were always smeared; her husband's clothes were always out of repairs. He was a minister of exceptional power in the pulpit but was not called to churches because of his wife. Last week I had a letter from a good preacher who desired me to assist him to work in Florida. Not knowing him intimately I wrote to a well-known brother who did know him and asked if I should commend him to ——— church. The brother replied, "Brother Blank is a good man, a good minister; but his wife will make him unpopular wherever he goes." I knew a prominent Baptist minister in Kentucky, a man of national reputation, who was capable of filling any pulpit on earth. He had married an Episcopalian. His wife cared for nothing but society, bridge whist, and such like. I have heard that when he was at family prayers she would deliberately get on his back while he was kneeling and ridicule his prayers. Whew! How on earth could an angel from heaven succeed with such companionship as that? I knew of another minister who is a splendid preacher, but his wife is such a constant tale-bearer that she keeps him and the church in a stew.

On the other hand, I have known many of the very choicest spirits on this earth as preachers' wives. I have known many a preacher who was not half so much loved as was his wife. Many a poor preacher is a great success simply because his splendid wife supplements all his defects with her matchless devotion and wise counsel. So these memoirs were wholly incomplete without a record of my matrimonial experiences.

I married my first wife in Shreveport, La., June 9, 1867. She was Miss Alice Markham. Her father was Elder L. S. Markham. She was only sixteen years of age and I was only nineteen. Too young, say you. Certainly, but it was done. Neither of us knew a thing about the responsibilities of life. We were only children and possibly should have been spanked and sent about better business. But no one told us. My young wife had a step-mother who made life unpleasant for her. I was a waif on the sea of life and needed anchorage. Neither of us was a professor of religion. I entertained an ambition to become a physician. I had concluded that I could never be a preacher, because a preacher must have religion, and there seemed to be no religion for me. I engaged in her father's business in the bookstore until the yellow fever closed up the business in September. Then I went to the country to teach school.

I have already recorded my conversion and call to the ministry at Ebenezer Church, in Jackson Parish, La. My wife was averse to my becoming a minister. She opposed it with all her might. That was my earliest tribulation. I never saw any peace of mind until she was converted. This conversion took place one year after my own. We had a protracted meeting at Ebenezer Church and from the very start I had engaged all the brethren to pray for the conversion of my wife. We then lived one mile from the church house. She did not want to attend at all. Brethren would frequently drive by and give her a seat in a wagon to induce her to go. I invariably carried our child in my arms to give her no excuse for not attending.

Every time Brother McBride gave an invitation to anxious ones, I earnestly prayed that she might go forward. But the entire meeting closed without a movement on her part. The last night of the meeting, she set her mind not to go at all. I begged and pleaded. I offered to carry the child, hold it while there and bring it back, so as to give her no care at all. She gave a reluctant consent at last. While I knew a dozen brethren and sisters were praying for her, still the last invitation closed and she sat unmoved. We walked back home that night and no word was spoken all the way. I took the baby in, laid it on the bed and then passed out into the garden to pray. I was pouring out my woes to the Lord, when I heard a step, and then my wife fell on her knees beside me and cried out, "I am the meanest woman in the world!" "No, you are not," said I. We fell to praying then, and she was joyously converted. The next day at the baptism she was there with her things, ready to unite with the church. I was supremely happy. From that moment she co-operated with me in my ministerial work to the fullest extent.

Her health was never vigorous, so we went to western Texas and her health seemed for a time to improve. I was pastor of country churches for several years and she was left alone with our children while I was away, but she was unmurmuring all the while.

I had started to Greenville to the Seminary in a wagon, thinking to make the trip through in that way. When we arrived in Pennington in east Texas, she was not well and I stopped for rest, while I went out to hold a protracted meeting. When I returned two weeks later, I found that our baby boy, J. R. G. Holt, had died. That was the most serious trouble that I had ever experienced. The physician who had attended him in my absence told me that my principal concern now should be my wife, as she had tuberculosis. I was astonished at this. He told me I must immediately return to west Texas. She could not stand the trip back in the wagon, so I sold my horses and wagon for a song and we went back to Webberville. My wife grew some better but in the early fall took to her bed from which she never rose. She passed away in September. I sat by her bedside constantly. She had grown very dear to me. She was all tenderness and faithfulness. We talked frequently of her approaching end.

I sat up with her all night before she passed away. Some neighbors had come to help me in my trials. Some good sisters had prepared some coffee and asked me to come and take a cup. I left her bedside for that purpose but was immediately summoned to return. She stretched out her thin arms towards me and I took her in my arms and there she fell asleep.

It is impossible for me to express my heart-broken condition at her departure. She left me two small children. I wrote to my mother to come and live with me and take care of them, and she came. I taught one more session of school in Webberville. I had resumed my churches and they were kind to me, but from the month my wife died, I began to experience what I had never before known—an embarrassment as a widower pastor. Despite all I could do, my unmarried young women looked on me as a marriageable possibility. I could do no pastoral work but that my visit was construed to mean I had come courting. I recall one especial case. Judge ——— had a sick wife and I must, of course, go to see her as her pastor. But Judge ——— had also a marriageable daughter. She had gone to school to me for three years. She was a loving child and always thought much of her teacher. What was my surprise to see her, on my appearance, dash into another room. She had been wont to rush out to meet me when I visited them. By and by she appeared diked out "to kill" in new clothes and smiled up to me. It was as clear as daylight then—I did not return to that home again.

In school my bearing towards the young ladies I taught had to be changed. I shall never cease to sympathize with a widower minister. In my other churches where I had to be entertained by the members, I had to change my usual stopping places, if young ladies were there. Even an elderly widow lady where I was wont to stop looked upon me differently, and when she asked me to go home with her, as usual, there was evident embarrassment, and I could not go. I taught through the spring and summer of 1874 and that fall I had arranged with my mother to take care of my children and allow me to attend the seminary. But before leaving for the seminary, I agreed to hold another meeting at Pleasant Grove, Harris County. I was to start from there to Greenville. I had then fully determined in my mind never to marry again. I would get my mother to raise my children and I would devote my life to the ministry, probably to the foreign mission work.

At Pleasant Grove the pastor made the arrangement for me to be entertained at the home of Sister Black, which was the nearest house to the church, and was also near the railroad station. So I betook myself to Sister Black's on my arrival. I was met at the gate by Miss Emma, who, it will be recalled, was converted at my meeting at Pleasant Grove two years previously. Sister Black had gone to her mill and her daughter acted as hostess in her absence. Since my last meeting I had been softened by a great sorrow and was in a good spiritual frame of mind for a great revival. I had no difficulty in bringing the meeting to a high plane of interest and many were converted. I was preaching with all my old-time power. One day I caught myself looking for Miss Emma, who had not arrived. I blushed at my anxiety and faced the fact that I was more anxious to see her than any one else at that meeting. Then and there I resolved to crush such a thought. Straightway I accepted other invitations for entertainment and did not go back to Sister Black's during that meeting.

The pastor had arranged to take dinner at Sister Black's with me on the last day and I was to take the train for Greenville, S. C., that afternoon. I was reproved by Sister Black that I had forsaken her and for a week had not been "home." They had quite a dinner that day but I failed to have an appetite. After dinner I asked Brother Van Houten, the pastor, to take a walk with me. We went out to a grove and had prayers together. After prayers I said to him, "Brother Van Houten, I want to ask you a question. Do you think that Miss Emma would make a suitable wife for a preacher and do you think she would take kindly to such a suggestion from me?" Brother Van Houten said at once, "My wife and I have been praying that you and Miss Emma might take a liking to each other. We both think that you two people were intended of the Lord for each other. I am satisfied that Miss Emma would look with favor on such a proposition." "Let us inquire of the Lord concerning it," said I. We engaged in prayer for that specific purpose. When we returned to the house I asked Miss Emma to take a walk with me. We went out into the orchard and there I made about this speech to her: "Miss Emma, I have a question to ask you and I desire that you shall take your own time in answering me. Do you think you could consent to marry a preacher, to have a really hard life, to go, possibly, to a foreign land and spend your life among a heathen people, all for the love of the Lord and of your husband? If you think kindly of such a life, I shall ask you to share such a life with me. Remember, I have two little children and you would have the responsibility of raising them. I regret that I can not offer you what you deserve, a life of ease and comfort. Without doubt it will be a life of hardships and perhaps of dangers. Just take all the time you want in answering me. I am going away this afternoon to Greenville, S. C., to enter the Theological Seminary to better prepare myself for my life work. I never expect to be anything else but a minister. You can reply by mail if you desire."

Miss Emma looked at me out of her loving, trusting eyes and said at once, "I do not need to take time for my reply. My mind is already made up. In truth, I have considered the possibility that you might make such a proposition to me and have gone over the whole matter in my mind. I am willing to go to the ends of the earth with you, Brother Holt. You are my ideal man. I have never seen one whom I could love and trust as I can your own self." We sealed the compact then and there. We remained a much longer time than was at all necessary.

My time was growing short and time, tide and trains wait for no one. She was to return to her seminary at Bryan while I was to go on to the Theological Seminary at Greenville. We had much of planning and much of just enjoying the bliss of silence during those moments. I left her that afternoon and saw her no more for about one year.

After my term at Greenville, my mother's health not being vigorous enough to allow further care of my children, Miss Emma and I concluded to consummate our vows at once. So on June 16, 1875, we were married in Bryan, Texas, at the home of her sister, Dr. F. M. Law, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Bryan, performing the ceremony.

When I made mention of our approaching marriage to Brother Eppright he looked surprised and said, "You ain't got no business marrying and going to school. If you marry, I jest won't send you back to school." Bless his devoted heart. I never had a better, truer friend. But he went with me to Bryan on my wedding trip and paid my expenses.

CHAPTER XIII

AGENT FOR THE S. B. T. S.

I was married in Bryan, Texas, on Wednesday and the following Friday I left home to attend the Educational Convention at Bremond. My wife is fond of saying that I married her on Wednesday and left her the following Friday and have been gone most of the time ever since. At this Bremond Convention I was employed by Dr. Boyce to represent the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary for several months. The object was to endeavor to enlist every Baptist church in Texas in the Centennial effort to endow the seminary. I was expected to reach, if possible, every church in the state. There were but comparatively few railway lines in the state at that time. The H. & T. C., the S. P., the T. & P., and the I. & G. N. These railways did not nearly reach one-fifth of the churches. So Dr. Boyce furnished me with two horses and a buggy, for my work. In this conveyance I visited every section of this vast Empire State. From Red River to the Gulf, from Sabine River to the furthermost church in the west, I made my way. It was a toilsome labor, but it was a labor of love.

The most serious difficulty I experienced was that it took me away from my wife so constantly. Two things I was expected to accomplish: To place a dollar roll in every church and to secure an agent in each church to work that plan, which was to endeavor to secure one dollar from every member of every church for this endowment. The second duty I was expected to perform was to so represent the Seminary that young preachers would be induced to attend it. Dr. Boyce was pleased to express satisfaction with my work. Frequently I was exposed to hardships and sometimes to dangers, but these things were lightly esteemed by me. I recall an experience which I wrote to Dr. Boyce in order to give him some slight insight into the conditions I had to meet.

I had an appointment to preach at a church in Angelina County at their Saturday meeting. I was anxious to fill that engagement. By meeting with them then I would secure an action of the church endorsing the "Centennial Plan," and secure their election of a local agent to represent it. I arrived at the Angelina River and found it out of its banks and the ferry boat gone. I was within two and a half miles of the church. It was twelve miles to another ferry, so I just had to cross that river then and there. No one lived within call. I saw a bateau on the far side of the river. I stripped and swam across and secured that bateau and paddling back, I unloaded all my belongings from the buggy into that boat and took them across. I swam back and prepared to swim horses and buggy across that swollen river. I had never tried either horse so did not know whether they were trustworthy to swim, but I took the risk. Everything was out of the buggy, even the seat. I stood upright in it. I had lowered the top so as to keep it from being top-heavy. I had prayed the Lord to help me out. The horses began to swim within ten feet of the bank. The water was swift and I soon saw one horse was going to fail me. He reared and plunged. I encouraged him the best I could. The other horse, being on the lower side, swam beautifully, and was dragging his mate as well as the floating buggy with him. The upper horse did not swim at all, but plunged under the water, head and ears, and reared and twisted all sorts of ways. I was dreadfully apprehensive that he would be drowned. We drifted below the crossing on the far side. I could not leap from the buggy and disengage the floundering horse, the buggy would have drifted over and the situation would have been made worse. Finally, after much shouting, we drifted against the far bank, but it was submerged a foot or two and at the foot of a bluff. The dependable horse could not find a footing. The other one was only a peril to us.

Finally, the foolish horse found a deep footing and stopped floundering and the other horse by a desperate effort managed to land himself on the bank on his side. He quickly arose and I managed to catch the other horse, and by almost superhuman effort managed to drag him ashore in water which was not two feet deep. I heaved and strained and finally dragged the buggy out. I then led the disengaged horses to dry ground some one hundred feet away, secured them, and returned and dragged the buggy to where the horses were. I first hugged that dependable horse and then thanked God for allowing us to escape death by drowning.

I mended my harness, wrung out my underclothing, put on dry top clothes and got in the buggy and arrived at church in time to preach for the people. In detailing this experience to Dr. Boyce, he wrote me that I must not do such a foolhardy thing again. That if I had no regard for my life, he did have an abiding interest in the life of his agent. I might not have had such a narrow escape another time, but similar experiences in general were by no means rare. If I did not visit every Baptist church in the state at that time, the exception was so insignificant as not to have been brought to my notice.

CHAPTER XIV

A MISSIONARY TO THE SEMINOLE INDIANS

My earliest environments were missionary in their tendencies. I had received a missionary name. From my earliest remembrance, my honored uncle, Dr. H. F. Buckner, was a misionary to the Creek Indians. The first song I learned to sing was:

"Where now is Uncle Hallie?
Where now is Uncle Hallie?
Where now is Uncle Hallie?
Away in the Indian land."

When I was quite a child in Somerset, Ky., he came to see us. He was his mother's model man, and his mother was my grandmother, and I looked away up to him as next to Jesus. He gave me my first knife and I fairly idolized him. Somehow, the impression was made on my childish mind that one day I should become an Indian missionary. But the way had never been opened for me to go. After my term as agent for the Seminary, I returned to that beloved institution, hoping to be able to complete my course, leaving my wife at her mother's. I had been in Greenville somewhat less than two months, when I was surprised to receive from the Board a commission as Missionary to the Seminole Indians. I also received from my honored uncle, H. F. Buckner, a letter urging me to accept the appointment. He disclosed to me what I had not known before. John Jumper had formed a deep desire for me to become their missionary. The Seminoles had no missionary. They were not a numerous tribe and no one had been commissioned as their special missionary. The Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Cherokees,—all had their special missionaries, but the Seminoles had been neglected.

It will be recalled that I had an acquaintance with John Jumper, who was the principal chief of the Seminoles, dating away back during war times. It seemed from the letter of Dr. Buckner that John Jumper had placed the matter of seeking my appointment before the Seminole Council and they had asked the Board to appoint me. Dr. Buckner urged me to accept this appointment at once, saying the case was urgent, that I need not wait to complete my Seminary course, but to accept and come at once. I took up the matter with my professors at Greenville and Dr. Toy, especially, advised me to accept the appointment and go at once. He talked with me privately about it and said if I was to become an Indian missionary I did not really need to complete my seminary course. He stated that he would gladly divide his living with me should I go. He was much impressed with Dr. Buckner's letter to me.

Finally, after much consultation and prayer, I concluded to accept the appointment and start at once. I announced my decision to the Seminary students one night at supper. I told them something of my convictions and my acquaintance with Indian matters and John Jumper especially, and told how in some manner I would be associated with my honored uncle, H. F. Buckner, whose name was a household word among Southern Baptists. Then John P. Green, one of my fellow students, arose and moved that I be made the especial missionary of the Seminary to the Indians. It was carried. I was also engaged to write a monthly letter to the Seminary Missionary Society. We had a really tearful and prayerful parting. I left the following morning to go to Eufaula, I. T. I went by to see my good wife at Houston, Texas, and after two days went directly to the Indian Territory. My wife was to come later, after I should have gotten somewhat settled.

I arrived at Eufaula, the home of my uncle, the latter part of October. He was rejoiced to actually see a recruit on his mission field. Owing to the lateness of the fall, he proposed that we at once leave for Wewoka, Seminole Nation, which was to be my future field of labor. We were to go through on horseback. It was more than eighty miles west. My uncle rode his trusty old missionary horse, while I rode Aunt Molly's pony. Aunt Molly was the wife of my uncle and was my staunch friend ever.

We rode due westward all the day long. My uncle rode erect and unmoved. I rode a pacing pony, and while that was pleasant for a short ride, it was wearisome for a long journey. Long before noon I was wearied with my journey. We stopped never an hour but rode right along. I was utterly worn out before nightfall. Finally, my uncle, to my great relief said. "Juddie, it is about time to camp." We had absolutely no camping equipage and how we were to camp I could not determine. We stopped and dismounted. I took my uncle's horse and lariated it out, as I did my own. My uncle was not half so tired as I, but I did not say one word about that. I forced myself to wait on him. He spread his saddle blanket down and with his saddle for a pillow, he stretched himself for a sleep. After half an hour of rest, my uncle arose and said, "Juddie, I think we had better see about some supper." That was good news to me, although I was puzzled to know where said supper was coming from. We arose and my uncle led the way to a distant clump of trees and presently I perceived that an Indian hut was located in that clump of trees. Some dogs met us, barking furiously. But my uncle moved sedately on, speaking something in the Seminole tongue to the dogs which they evidently understood, for they went back to crouch under a table in the yard. An Indian family lived in that hut and they manifested neither pleasure nor surprise at our coming. They moved along in their calm, unruffled way as if nothing unusual was occurring. A black wash-pot was out in the yard and something was boiling in it. That was the only preparation I could discover in progress for supper. The small cabin had no fireplace in it, and of course no stove. The rough pine table was out in the yard and a rude bench was on each side of this table.

After a while the Indian woman lifted that huge pot off the fire and placed it on the table. A large horn spoon was placed in the pot. Then our Indian host said to my uncle, "Hum bucks cha," which means, "Come and eat." We sat down on one of those rough benches, my uncle and I on one side, the two Indian children on the other, the Indian man and woman at the ends, each on a crude wooden stool. The man said to my uncle, "Micka sapa, Ilskinnucka," which being interpreted means, "Ask a blessing, preacher." My uncle complied in the Indian tongue. Then he took hold of that huge horn spoon, dipped it down into the pot, and scooping up a spoonful of the contents, opened wide his capacious mouth and took the entire spoonful in one mouthful. He then handed the same spoon to me, indicating that I should do likewise. I followed his illustrious example, even to taking the whole spoonful, which was not less than a small teacup full, all at one fell swoop! So soon as I had time to taste the food, which I afterwards learned to be "sofka," I apprehended that it was spoiled. My uncle seemed not to have discovered it. I would have allowed the whole spoonful to have been deposited on the ground, but felt that I must be polite, even at the expense of my stomach. I managed to swallow that mouthful, but it was my last. I could not bring myself to the point of eating another mouthful. My uncle twitted me on my lack of appetite and said I could never make a missionary unless I learned to eat sofka. I learned that this was the national dish and was made of boiled corn which was allowed to spoil slightly before it was ready to be served. It was eaten without any accompaniment and with no seasoning. Later I learned to eat this dish with great relish. I could live on it now, for it is very wholesome and strengthening.

Nothing else was served to us, and after eating what seemed to me an enormous meal of sofka, my uncle declared himself satisfied, and bidding adieu to our host, we returned to our camp.

I occupied no bed of roses that night. My bed consisted of my saddle blanket, with my saddle for a pillow. My uncle had a similar couch. He fell to sleep at once. I could not find a soft, easy place. Rocks, gravels, tufts or something else were under me and rendered uneasy my resting-place. Despite the fact that I was very, very tired, I slept but little that night.

The next morning after going to a nearby branch, where we washed our face and hands and dried them on our handkerchiefs, we repaired to the Indian hut for breakfast. This was a more palatable meal than the supper. They had cornbread and coffee and I made a hearty meal on it. The cornbread was only meal mixed with water and baked in an oven. The coffee was black and without sugar or cream and was served in a tin cup which my uncle and I shared. The corn pone was served without plate or knife. It was placed on the bare boards of the table, which was without any covering. But it did satisfy hunger.

That day we had to cross the North Canadian River. A norther had risen and the river was rising rapidly. My uncle plunged boldly into the stream and I followed. My small horse swam from the jump. He swam deep and I was submerged to my shoulders. It was cold, too. On emerging from the water on the far side, my uncle proceeded to take off his clothes and wring them out and I followed his example. He then told me to see if I could gather something dry so we could make a fire. I did this and as he had some matches in his hat, we soon had a fire and managed to dry our clothes. The second day's experience was much like that of the first. We traveled all day without food, but that night we stopped at a well-to-do Indian's house and were furnished supper, a bed and breakfast, all of which were more civilized than we had the night before. The third night we slept in James Factor's Church house in Wewoka. The following day we arrived at the home of John Jumper. We were made welcome by Jumper and Factor. A log hut was furnished me and I was to daub it, repair it and occupy it as my home. I was not enamored of the prospects. I clearly saw that we were in for a hard time. I could get along myself, but I trembled for my young sweet wife. I had told her that a life of hardships awaited us, so she would not be surprised. Nor did she one time complain.

We returned to Eufaula and I wrote at once for my wife. She had our household effects shipped and came herself on an earlier train. When she arrived, my uncle, fearing bad weather if we delayed our journey, started us out with only our trunks and baggage the very next day. James Factor took care of myself and wife until the arrival of our household effects later.

That winter was unusually severe. The snow sifted through the roof of our cabin and was thick on our beds, many a time. I at once employed an interpreter named John Powell, a lineal descendant of Osceola, whose name was Powell. The Indian name of my interpreter was Nokus Hutke, meaning White Bear. I bought a good pony and a cow and we started to housekeeping.

I intended to preach the gospel in every nook of the Seminole Nation and I did so. I applied myself to learning the Seminole tongue at once. While riding along with my interpreter I was always learning. I began to talk just as soon as I had learned a sentence and used what I learned right along. I recall that before my wife came, in one day I learned John Jumper's song. I learned it from James Factor who was the first Seminole ever converted to Christianity. That occurred in this way.

The Negroes among the Seminoles were the first to accept religion. The Seminoles had owned slaves in Florida, which was one cause of the Seminole War. Some Negroes had gone down to the Creek nation, heard Dr. Buckner preach and become converted. They returned and taught it to their fellows among the Seminoles. Like Negroes, generally, they had carried this matter to an extreme and there was much shouting among them. This, the Seminoles said, was bewitchment, and paid little attention to the religion of the Negroes. By and by, James Factor went down to the Negro meeting to witness this bewitchment, and lo! he became bewitched himself. That occasioned great alarm among the Seminoles, for James Factor was a leading chief among them. He was one of not over a dozen Seminoles who could speak English. The Seminole council met and debated the case of James Factor for some time. Finally, they expelled him from the council. This in no way disturbed Factor. He told them they did it ignorantly and knew no better; that he most heartily wished each of them to become bewitched if he was bewitched.

John Jumper, telling me of this later, said he was sure James Factor was a better man than he. John Jumper was dissatisfied with what the council had done and resolved that he would investigate for himself concerning this bewitchment. The result, as may be imagined, was that he himself in turn became bewitched. When Jumper professed conversion, he boldly avowed his belief in Jesus as his Savior and began at once to proclaim him. The council had not the temerity to proceed against Jumper. He had been the hereditary chief of the Seminoles ever since their migration from Florida. John Jumper was born in Florida about the year 1810. His father was the principal chief before him. He was associated with Osceola in the Seminole wars and was a full blood Seminole. Osceola was a half-breed, his father, a man named Powell, was a Scottish trader. Osceola early imbibed an intense hatred for the white people. This was all the more strange inasmuch as he himself was a half-breed white man. John Jumper did not share this intense hatred towards the whites until later events compelled him. He and Osceola and Billy Bowlegs were induced to come in under a flag of truce, when they were seized and imprisoned. That act did more to embitter the life of John Jumper than anything that ever occurred in his history. He told me that he burned with hatred towards every white man after that. He only bided his time until he would raise his boys and wipe out this indignity with his life blood. But when he was converted, all this malice departed. Up to that time, he had opposed a missionary being introduced among the Seminoles, but after that he sought to have a missionary sent to them, and finally succeeded when I was commissioned.

The winter of 1876 was a very severe one in the Seminole nation. We had a watch-night the thirty-first of December. I had preached one sermon, and after about eleven o'clock I had returned home, about six miles away. The next morning

I was informed by messenger that they had held meeting all night. Three women had been converted and I was sent for to baptize them. I took a suit of clothes and went. I found them singing away with heartiness. We formed a line and marched two and two through the snow, which was several inches deep, to the creek. There the ice had been cut. It was about two feet thick—perhaps more. The congregation stood on the ice. As we marched we sang:

"Jesus ninny wakeechana,
Unue iates,
Jesus ninny wakeechana,
Unue iates."

Being roughly interpreted, this meant, "Jesus has walked this way, and I'll walk this way, too."

Those three women were duly baptized. They were taken in hands on the ice by the women, while I went down a bend of the stream and brushed the snow from a log where I changed my clothes, which were frozen stiff when I went to tie them on my horse. I was inexpressibly cold for awhile, but reaction set in and when I put on dry clothing I was all in a glow. I suffered no inconvenience from this baptism and the women were likewise wholly uninjured. The opinion seemed to prevail that the greater the cross in following the Lord, the brighter would be the crown.

I visited "Hitchita Tolofa" that winter. That was about the northernmost town in the Seminole country. It was not far from where Shawnee is now located. That was a terribly cold experience. The town consisted of about a dozen log cabins. The one I preached in was about the largest and it was not more than sixteen or eighteen feet square. They had a huge fireplace and only one bed. We held meeting until about midnight. Many were converted. When we arranged to retire, one man was appointed to keep up the fire. The others wrapped themselves in blankets and rolled up against their next neighbor, until the entire floor was covered with sleeping Indians. They reserved the only bed for their missionary. On looking down from my "setfast," I could not discover one particle of the floor that was not covered by a sleeping Indian.

At this meeting a noted character, Shawnee Bill, appeared and was converted. The meeting lasted several days. John Jumper had gone with me on this trip and during the long ride back home, as we had Nokus Hutke with us, John Jumper talked long and freely with me about himself. We took dinner on our way back home with a Seminole who had gone to the meeting. Our entire dinner that day consisted of buffalo meat. It was dried and pounded in a mortar and then cooked. It was exceedingly fine. Although we had no bread nor anything else, I enjoyed that meal amazingly.

On my arrival home, I found that my good wife had been ill and almost frozen. The snow had covered up the wood pile and was several feet deep around the house. I felt reproached that I had left her. That was a most severe winter with us. I had to send my wagon to market, so I hired an Indian to drive it. He insisted on carrying my gun to kill his food. We thought he would be gone about ten days, at most, but he was gone almost three weeks. We were entirely without food after the first week. We had neither bread nor meat. My wife took an aversion to sofka. It made her sick. There were positively no delicacies to be had. Had I retained my gun I could have killed meat. I had sent for a steel mill and after it came we always had meal, although it was hard work to grind it on that mill by hand. None of our Indian neighbors had anything but sofka. I tried hunting rabbits in the snow, trying to chase them to their burrows and then catching them, but in this I was not successful. I then tried gathering hickory nuts and picking out the kernels for her. The children and I could and did eat sofka. I tried hunting persimmons. I recall that one day I had hunted all day to find only one persimmon tree and that had only seven persimmons on it. I climbed that tree and gathered those persimmons and religiously put every one of them away for my wife, although I was hungry for them myself.

When my wagon finally came in, we had plenty of provisions to last us the rest of the winter. In the spring I became very tired of grinding on my steel mill the meal for breakfast and decided to go to mill. The nearest mill was at Stonewall, Chickasaw Nation, sixty miles away. I took my interpreter and gun and started out to be gone a week. We had to cross the South Canadian. I stopped on the home side and was to kill meat until my interpreter should return from mill. The river rose the following day and I was surrounded by water. Powell was water bound and I was not able to do more than kill some squirrels and cook some wild onions in the frying pan.

When we were safely home, I learned my wife had been quite uneasy about me, not knowing that high water had prevented our earlier return. Let not the reader imagine that we were just having a hard time and accomplishing no good work. I was constantly busy. I preached somewhere every Sunday. The Seminoles everywhere received me gladly, and it was one great revival wherever we went. Preaching through an interpreter was an advantage to me in some ways. It gave me time to select my words. We proceeded about this way: The preacher and interpreter stood side by side. The preacher announced his text. Each sentence was read all at one time, then the preacher would pause until the interpreter repeated that text. The sermon proceeded in the same way. If the preacher arose in interest, the interpreter did the same thing.

One time I used Thomas Cloud as interpreter. He was truly an eloquent man and was also well educated. He entered into my very thought and would scarcely wait for me to complete a sentence before he would begin its interpretation. When I reached my climax, he was with me. When I completed, he sat down beside me, weeping. Nokus Hutke was not an excellent interpreter, but he was the best I could get. James Factor was better, but Factor was getting old and was not able to stand the hardships that we had to undergo. John McIntosh, a Creek, was a fine interpreter, but he lived in the Creek country. Several times Brother John interpreted for me and always with marked effect. The last night of the meeting, the Indians always held all night. The enthusiasm and sincerity of these Indians cannot be overestimated.

CHAPTER XV

MISSIONARY TO THE SEMINOLES

(CONCLUDED)

It was while on a visit to my uncle, Dr. H. F. Buckner, in 1876, that I first learned of the conditions of the Wild Indians. The occasion was the funeral of the Rev. Chilly McIntosh. Major I. G. Vore, an ex-Indian agent, was present. He detailed the deplorable condition of the Plains Indians as absolutely without any gospel privileges. Later during the following winter, an Indian from the Wichita Agency, Sodiarko by name, a chief of the Wichitas, came on a trading expedition to the Seminole country, and I had a long talk with him concerning the condition of his people. I asked him if there had ever been any missionary work done among them. He did not know what "missionary work" meant. I asked him if anyone had ever been among them to teach them of the great Father. He said no one had been to them on that business. I asked him if I should go out with a lot of Christian Seminoles, would his people kindly receive us. He assured me they would. He then gave me a warm invitation to come out, assuring me that he himself would see that his people gave us a fair hearing, and he himself would guarantee us protection. Then I promised him that the next spring when the grass should be sufficiently high to afford pasturage for our horses, we would organize a band of workers and visit them.

It was after the middle of the month of the following June that I organized the expedition. It consisted of the following: John Jumper, chief of Seminoles, Rev, John McIntosh, missionary and interpreter of the Creek tribe, who was interested in this work, (It has been said that Brother John, as he was familiarly called, visited some parts of the Wild Indian country, what part I am unable to say; it may have been the

Cheyennes about Fort Reno, as that was somewhat nearer than the Wichita Agency); Tusa Micco, also a Creek Indian, who was afterwards employed by the W.M.U., of Chicago; and Hulbutta Harjo and myself. I had asked the others to carry sufficient provisions to last us five days, as I was told it would take that long to make the trip. My good wife cooked a pillow slip full of biscuits and fried two chickens, all of which made quite a bundle for me to carry.

The first night out, I took my sack of chicken and biscuit and spread it out, expecting my fellow travelers to do the same, but they did not do so. I concluded they saw there was enough out already to supply all and they would save theirs until later. I was not averse to this as I would have a lighter load to carry. They quickly cleaned out my stock of provisions all at that one meal. The following morning, John Jumper set before us quite a sack full of "cul flour." That was a most luscious preparation of green corn which was dried, then parched, then pounded into flour. It was fine and strengthening and we ate it all. From that day forward we had absolutely nothing to eat. I ascertained that it was not the custom for Indians to take anything to eat with them on a journey. They trusted to what they could kill or find to supply them.

We rode due west for five days, without seeing the sign of a house or of a living human being. There was not even a path nor a track of civilization. It was just one vast, treeless stretch of broad prairie. The grass was sometimes as high as our horses' heads. Occasionally we crossed a small stream, but we crossed only one stream of any size, and that was the South Canadian. After three days without food I grew desperately hungry. I had chewed my bridle reins as far down as it was safe. I had chewed weeds and bark, but nothing gave me relief from the gnawings of hunger. I had some degree of pride and fought against allowing my companions to see that I was actually suffering from lack of food. They seemed not to notice their unusual fast.

The morning of the fourth day I was so weak that I had to make two efforts before I could mount my horse. Our horses seemed to be faring finely. The grass was abundant and they were filled every night and we paused every noon to give them a chance to pick their dinner. About ten o'clock I approached Brother John and said, "Brother John, I am no Indian. I am not accustomed to fasting so long and I am so weak that I can scarcely sit on my horse. You brethren ate all my food, which was sufficient to have lasted me through, and now you must make some effort to get me something to eat." He seemed amused, even gratified, that I had acknowledged my inferiority to the Indians in some respect. "All ite, " said he, "git 'm some." At noon we stopped for our horses to graze. There was a quantity of last year's weeds, long and dry, higher than our heads on horseback. Brother John proceeded to gather some of these weeds and piled them high. Then kicking around in the grass, he found a terrapin. He came bringing that in saying, "Him good." I produced a match, Brother John lighted off that hay-mow of weeds and it flared up at once. I bethought me that he would kill and clean that terrapin. But no. He just pitched the beast headlong into the flames. I was astonished, but said nothing. I had learned something of Indian taciturnity. He brought more weeds. These he piled over the roasting terrapin. By and by he turned him over, then piled on more weeds. Then he dragged him forth and brushed off the ashes with his hunting shirt, and turning him on his back took his hunting knife and neatly shaved off his under shell. Then he presented him to my olfactories and said, "Smell um." I did so and it smelled just like stewed chicken. I offered to divide with my companions, but they generously declined to share it with me. I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that I was glad they did not. I ate the whole of that terrapin, save only his shell and a few small bones. I think I could have eaten half a dozen, for I was as hungry when I had finished as I was at the beginning of the feast. But it gave me strength immediately. Of course, I had neither salt nor bread, just plain terrapin.

We soon mounted and rode until late, when we happened on a deep canyon and made our way down and prepared to camp. There was a small stream running through this canyon and so soon as the Indians saw this, they said, "Thla thlo! Thla thlo!" Fish, fish. Brother John said if we just had some hooks, we would have a royal feast. I remembered that I had two small fish hooks in the lapel of my coat. I so told Brother John. "But we have no lines," said I. "All ite," said he, "white man know nothing." He went behind our horses and began selecting the longest hairs from their tails and proceeded so to twist them together that in a short while he had rigged up two long lines and prepared to begin fishing. He asked me to catch grasshoppers, which I did, and then without a pole or cork or sinker, but just horse hair lines, he flung in the hook with the grasshopper attached. No sooner had it lighted on the water than it was seized by a good-sized bass and Brother John hauled him, floundering, ashore. It kept me busy finding grasshoppers for two fishermen who were enthusiastically hauling big bass from the stream.

We had caught several buckets full of fish, when I said, "Brother John, I'll begin to clean." "No! White man don't know," said he. Meanwhile the other Indians had gathered a huge log heap and had kindled a fine fire, which was burning brightly. A place was cleared around the fire. A huge log lying near had been brushed off. They brought a blanket and spread before that pile of floundering fishes and then began raking them on the blanket. It took two men, one at each end of the blanket, to carry those fish. A bed had been prepared in the coals and they brought that two bushels of fish and heaved them into the fire. They spread them out and raked coals over them and kept on turning them with sticks until they were done. They had neither scaled nor cleaned them, to my surprise, and I questioned in my mind just how we were to proceed. They were dragged from the fire by and by, the ashes brushed from them, and then as many as could lie there were spread on that log. Then John Jumper said, "Mika Sapa, Illskinucka,"—"Ask a blessing, preacher."

That was a real season of thankfulness. Every head was bowed, every heart responded to the thanksgiving. Then we "fell to." The manner of procedure, I noted, was this: They took a fish, laid him flat on the log, with a knife loosened the skin at the tail of the fish, then the skin and scales came off nicely and easily. The fish was then turned over and treated similarly on the other side. The flesh, pure, clean and white and done perfectly, was easily taken off the skeleton of bones and eaten. The bones with the entire entrails were then cast aside. The flesh was sweet and perfect. Certainly without salt or bread, yet it was delicious. Each of us ate to satiety. I am constrained to acknowledge that I ate like an Indian then. An Indian can eat enough at one meal to last him several days without serious inconvenience, as I had already discovered, so I ate like an Indian. I cannot estimate how many fish I ate. The five of us ate the entire catch of about two bushels. No one was injured by the enormous amount eaten.

Certainly the next morning we had no breakfast. We arose quite early and proceeded on our journey. That day we expected to arrive at the Wichita Agency. About two o'clock we discovered a wild Indian chasing a drove of wild horses. The horse the Indian rode had neither bridle nor saddle. The Indian appeared to be entirely naked. His movements and those of the horse he bestrode were synchronous; one could not tell but that they were one, like the fabled Centaur of old.

We were met by an Indian who seemed to be expecting us and who conducted us to his camp of grass-houses—my first view of these remarkable structures. There he fed us with wild honey. We did not even have the complement of "locusts" to go with it. A little wild honey goes a long way with me, so I ate gingerly of it; I had had enough of wild fish, without supplementing it with wild honey. About four o'clock we went on to the Agency, before dark. I rode up to the Agency building and to my great relief, I found a white man. That was Agent Andrew Williams, whom I afterwards learned to love very devotedly. He was a Quaker and a genuine Christian. He was glad to see me. He directed my companions to where they could be entertained by Indians, and he himself took me in hands.

I sat at a table that night for supper and for the first time in five days had a civilized meal. After sitting for some moments, Agent Williams said, "If thee feels inclined, thee can ask a blessing." I did feel so inclined, and forthwith proceeded to return thanks. After that I did not wait to be requested. Agent Williams seemed delighted to see a white man. He said that no missionary had ever before come to that country. He had twelve "Affiliated Bands" of Indians under his supervision. These were the following: Wichita, Wacoes, Tehuacanas, Caddoes, Arapahoes, Kioways, Comanches, Delawares, Apaches, Anadarkoes, Ionies and Kaechies. The three first named spoke the same language. The others all spoke different tongues and one could not understand the other. The most numerous tribe was the Comanche and that language was the most generally spoken tongue among them.

It was noised abroad that a band of Indians with their white "Father Talker" had arrived, and among them was the famous John Jumper, perhaps the largest and certainly the most famous Indian in the entire Indian Territory, and they would give a big talk two days later. We selected a spot between Sugar Creek and the Washita River on a broad, beautiful prairie on which to erect a brush arbor. We had all the help necessary, although they did not know much about building brush arbors. The women gave us best assistance as they were deft and diligent. We erected a rude framework, covered it over roughly with sticks, and gathered prairie grass and completely covered it. I recall that while I was on top of the frame, an Indian woman on handing me a stick had slightly wounded my hand so that blood came. Great regret was expressed by the woman and much more was made of the incident than I thought was necessary. Not until afterwards did I learn the significance of this slight accident. If a woman sheds the blood of a man, she is reprehensible. If a man sheds the blood of a woman, he is most severely punished, as the blood of a woman is considered a sacred thing, as a woman is the mother of the race.

I ascertained that many foolish traditions were in the way of the spread of the gospel. Several years after this, when I tried to get to the Kioways to preach, I learned that they "made medicine" against me, and it happened to rain, and they at once attributed this to their magic power, saying that their "medicine" was stronger than mine.

When Sunday arrived, I was on the ground early, but not before hundreds of Indians had assembled. By and by, I saw them coming from every direction. In great droves they came. The face of the earth was literally covered with Indians. The little brush arbor could hold scarcely fifty, and there were at least a thousand Indians gathered by 9 o'clock. First, John Jumper arose to speak. He had to speak in the Seminole tongue. There was one man, Kaechi Joe, who could understand Seminole and who could speak Wichita, and Buffalo Good could interpret this into Comanche. There were at least five interpreters who had their tribes off to themselves, and these interpreters would catch the words and translate them into the language of the people around them. John Jumper said to them:

"I am glad to come to see you, my brethren. I have for a long time wanted to come to see you. At last I have come and have brought with me our missionary, who is the Indian's friend. He is our white Father-talker, and he will speak to you to-day. But before he begins, I want that we shall sing some Seminole songs, and Brother John McIntosh, an Indian Father-talker, will lead us in prayer to the Great Father."

So our band of Seminoles sang a lovely Seminole hymn, in which I joined most heartily. Brother John McIntosh then led us in a truly spiritual prayer. They sang another Seminole hymn, and then I arose to speak. It was about 9:30 when I began. The Indians were seated on the grass. I had one main interpreter, a Negro, who was at that time official interpreter for the government, who had been captured by the Comanches many years before and who had not forgotten his mother tongue. There were various others, but I waited only on my Negro interpreter.

I began at the creation of man and went briefly over God's dealings with man as written in Genesis, detailing the flood, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the dispersion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, the Egyptian slavery and the freedom from slavery, the crossing of the Red Sea, the journeying in the wilderness, the entrance into Canaan, the fall of Jericho, the occupation of Canaan, the reigns of David and Solomon, the development of the Messianic thought, the coming of Christ, and then in detail the life, miracles and death of Jesus, his resurrection and ascension, and the gospel of the Kingdom. As may be imagined, all this took quite awhile. I was all day at it. We had no pause at noon. The Indians were rapt in their attention. Finally, when I was telling about the crucifixion, one old Indian brave exclaimed, "Wah!" They were clearly indignant at the treatment Jesus had received.

I explained, clearly and simply as I could, the plan of salvation and how it was of universal application. When I had completed my discourse, something moved me to make a proposition. I asked anyone who wanted to walk this way to give me the hand. At once a tall, savage-looking Indian arose and came forward. He was clothed in primeval garments and had paint on his face and feathers in his hair. He looked as, I imagine, the Indians looked whom Columbus found. He grasped my hand and began talking excitedly. His act produced a profound sensation. They came crowding around me. My Negro interpreter became confused as they were constantly asking him this and that, while I was asking him what they said. I cut the confusion short by calling them to prayer. When this was explained to them, to a man they fell on their faces for prayer. They were so crowded around me that I could scarcely find a place to kneel. Finally, I knelt right beside the man who had presented himself. If ever I prayed, I did then. God needed no interpreter, and I went directly to his throne. Surely the Holy Spirit was with us then. The Seminoles sobbed; I was tearfully in earnest. When we arose, that Indian who had come forward took me in his arms and walked around with me as if I had been a baby. There was great excitement. John Jumper had some words to say and we had another prayer by John McIntosh. We then had another song and the Seminoles came around and gave the new convert the hand of fellowship. Meeting was announced for the following day. We continued the meeting all the next week and many professed faith. On the second Sunday, we had a great baptizing in Sugar Creek. I recall the baptism of the following: Black Beaver, chief of the Delawares; Sodiako, chief of the Wichitas; Kin Chess, Medicine Man of the Wichitas; Tehuacana Dave, chief of the Tehuacanas; Kisti, son of Buffalo Good, chief of the Wacoes and several others. It was a great meeting and the first one ever held in what was afterwards Oklahoma Territory. That was the first sermon ever delivered to the Wild Indians of these twelve affiliated bands.

CHAPTER XVI

TO THE WILD INDIANS

My visit to the Indians around the Wichita Agency made a profound impression on my mind. I ascertained there were about sixteen thousand Indians under the supervision of the Indian Agent at the Wichita Agency. Until our arrival there had never been any distinctly missionary effort among them. The Quakers were in charge of governmental affairs there. The government had built a school house and quite a number of the children from the near-by tribes had been induced to attend. The teachers were Quakers and taught the children who attended the government school many beautiful Christian hymns, the Lord's prayer and many other useful things, but they were not missionaries. They were employed and paid by the government. I understood that one Methodist brother, who was in some way connected with these schools, had been quite enthusiastic about trying to teach some essential Christian principles to the children and perhaps to some others. That was quite natural and quite right. But no missionary board had taken the evangelization of the wild tribes into consideration. I asked Agent Williams if he thought I would be justifiable in placing the destitution of these Indians before our Home Mission Board, as the Domestic and Indian Mission Board is now called. He told me he would be pleased to have a missionary sent among these people. I wrote a detailed account of my trip and my experiences to Dr. W. H. McIntosh, corresponding secretary. I went so far as to say that if the Board should see proper to send me, I would be pleased to go as the Board's missionary.

I suppose I made a mistake in failing to consult with my honored uncle, Dr. H. F. Buckner, concerning this matter. At that time, I did not know his mind as I afterwards learned to know it. He had been largely instrumental in securing my appointment as missionary to the Seminoles from two considerations. He himself was growing old and desired to train his successor in the practical details of the work among the Indians. The Seminoles among whom I was sent, spoke the same language as the Creeks, among whom my uncle labored. So in reality I was in training to become his successor without knowing it. Then, I afterwards learned, it was his idea and also that of Major I. G. Vore, that a converted Indian should be sent to the Wild tribes, rather than a white man, as they had a grudge against the whites. On the other hand, it was entirely natural that a young enthusiastic missionary on beholding the great need of missionary work among these people, and being enamored of that very work, should desire to be the messenger to carry the word of Life to them.

It will be recalled that there were only 2,500 Seminoles in all in the I. T. I had reached almost every Seminole in that nation. I really felt that the opportunity of larger service was of divine direction. It was true that I would be still further from civilization, still further from my beloved uncle, and many more hardships might have to be endured. But none of these things moved me. I was really anxious to thrust the sickle into this virgin field. My statements to the Board produced a profound impression on them and I was forthwith commissioned as the missionary of the Domestic and Indian Mission Board, located at that time in Marion, Ala. I did not know of my appointment, however, for quite awhile.

Our return to the Seminoles was not fraught with the embarrassments that had attended our outward trip. The agent kindly furnished us with plenty of beef and bread for our return. Then, we knew the way better. Our horses seemed to understand that they were going home and traveled faster. The return trip was made in one day's less time than it took to make the outward trip. After the morning of the last day, we no longer kept together. The distance, as well as we could calculate, was about seventy miles. I felt an impression which I was not able to shake off that I must return that night.

I got home about 9 P. M. and found my sweet wife sitting on the little porch nursing our Willie boy. He was quite well when I left, but had developed something the matter with his throat almost immediately after my departure. He put up his little emaciated arms for me to take him when I came in. I was surprised and grieved to find that he had lost so much flesh and was a mere skeleton. He clung around my neck and was comforted at my arrival. I was utterly worn out by my long ride of seventy miles that day, so said to my wife that I would make a careful study of his case the next morning.

We lived in a single room cabin, with a loft of rough boards overhead. I had fitted out this loft as a sleeping place for Annie and Willie and had placed a really comfortable bed there. During my absence my wife had kept them in the room with herself. In fact, Willie was so weak that she kept him in the bed with her. But as I was back, there was not room enough for all in that bed, so I took the blessed child up in my arms and placing him on the little bed, I knelt beside him and asked God to take care of him during the night. I had made a pallet beside the bed for his sister, as I feared she might overlay him in her sleep. He wanted to sleep with his sister, but was perfectly biddable, as he had ever been.

After I left him, I heard him moving and asked him from below what he wanted. He said he was thirsty. I arose and took a cup of water and gave him to drink and placed the cup beside his bed on a chair. After I had gone down the second time, he turned over the cup, as I thought, in the effort to get some more water. I went up and took more water and he said he wished I would allow him to sleep with his sister. I told him again that his sister might roll over on him and he had better sleep alone. He said he was lonesome. I got my hurricane lamp, lighted it, placed it beside the bed on a chair, kissed him goodnight, and he seemed satisfied.

Shortly after going down I heard a noise that I did not understand and went up again to see about it. Then I saw at a glance that my darling boy was dying. I rushed to the little bed, took the little form in my arms and tried to breathe my breath into his mouth and keep his life in him. But O, my soul! My darling boy was already gone to be with God. I called to my wife that Willie was dying and took him down in my arms and laid him on our bed and tried vainly to resuscitate him. But he was gone. Our hearts were broken. All night we sat by the bed over the little form. He was my first born, being nine years old, the child of my first wife.

My darling wife loved him as well as she did her own. The whole world was dark to me then. I cried unto the Lord; I said to him, "Father, have I not left all to do thy will? Have I not given up all the comforts of life for thee? Why, then, O Father, hast thou taken my darling boy?" I was in no condition to reason out the case. I was prostrated by the blow. My wife was somewhat prepared for she had nursed him on her lap for two weeks. There was no doctor anywhere in that whole country. Her husband had been away, having gone through a trackless wilderness to carry the gospel to the heathen. She had not one neighbor to whom to go! If there had been even one person who could have entered into sympathy with us, it would have been a relief.

In the morning I took down some shelves that had been made of a goods box that I had brought with me and from these shelves I fashioned a rude coffin for my darling child with my own hands. One white man who had an Indian wife lived some miles away. By some means he heard of our situation and came and had a grave digged for our child. Blessed John Jumper had arrived the morning following my arrival, and when we went to bury the darling body, he came, as did a number of Seminoles, to the burial. John Jumper said some comforting words at the funeral. Through my interpreter he said: "We do not know where this child was born. But we do know that it has died among us and that its body is to rest among our dead. We do know that the Father of us all has so decreed. We yield to his will and commend the heart-broken parents to him who doeth all things well."

It is wholly impossible to tell of the utter desolation of my soul. Certainly I should have been resigned. Certainly

I should not have allowed a single thought to enter my mind that was not in sweet submission to his will. But under conditions such as these, I could not reason. I just received the full force of the blow in my heart. The Seminoles were beautifully sympathetic. One small ceremony they performed impressed me sweetly. Each Indian present helped to cover up my dead. Even small children came and threw in a handful of dirt. One mother who held in her arms a babe, took up some dirt and clasped the baby's hand on it and then shook its hand over the grave to let that dirt drop in.

I confess I was very human and very weak. I became spiritless in my work. The same day of the funeral a letter was delivered to me from John P. Green of the seminary. It breathed the spirit of sweetest sympathy, although he knew nothing of my bitter trial at that time. My cabin home was inexpressibly lonely. Willie had been its life. There were the forget-me-nots planted by his own busy hands. There was his little hat hanging on the wall. Everything I saw reminded me of the little body out in that Indian graveyard.

About two weeks went by and I was yet in a dazed condition. Then I received the appointment of the Board to be their missionary to the Wild Indians. I had almost lost interest in everything. But I reasoned that I must pull myself together and take up again the broken threads of life.

I had conceived a plan that I would get the Seminoles to send me as their missionary to their wild brethren. When I first mentioned this matter I was astonished to perceive the absolute opposition which the Seminoles made to my leaving them. I called a council and submitted it to them. The reply of James Factor was characteristic of the opinion of the entire tribe. "What, me take the bread out of my mouth and give it to some one else and me starving!" John Jumper became actually offended at me for entertaining the thought. He seemed to think that I was leaving the Seminoles because I was not satisfied with their treatment of me; and that I did not love them or would not want to leave them.

The Seminole Camp Meeting came on apace. That was a great affair. It was the annual meeting of all the Christian people of the whole Seminole Nation. An immense arbor was built for the purpose. It was a gigantic frame-work capable of sheltering three thousand people and was covered over with prairie grass. Rude seats were arranged along the aisles. Then the arrangements for feeding the people were ample. Huts on either side a hundred feet away had scaffolds near by on which were spread quantities of food, consisting mostly of sofka, but with much of bread and meat, mostly beef. There was also coffee. The meeting was held over a week, many visitors being present. Dr. J. S. Murrow was present from the Chickasaws. Many Creeks were also there. Brother John McIntosh was there. Strange to say, my beloved uncle, Dr. Buckner, was not present. He may have heard by this time that I was going to leave the Seminoles and go to the Wild Indians. I afterwards learned that he was strongly opposed to my leaving the Seminoles, which may have occasioned his absence.

I preached almost every day. There were as many as five sermons a day every day. It was there that I delivered the sermon which was interpreted by Thomas Cloud, which I learned was the occasion of his leaving the Presbyterians and joining the Baptists. The last night of the meeting they sang and prayed all night. I had already preached once in the morning and once that night. About eleven o'clock wife and I retired to our wagon for some rest. About four o'clock I was awakened by a fresh outburst of song and I said to my wife, "I can not afford to allow these people to be more enthusiastic in religion than I." So I arose and dressed and went out and joined their worship. Again, and really for the last time, I addressed them at their request. They began to make arrangements to break up the meeting when daylight appeared. Two lines were formed, one on the east and one on the west side of the arbor. The Indians were lined up, one right behind the other, the lines reaching far away into the prairie. James Factor was leading one line, and I was directly behind him. John Jumper on the other side was leading the other line. Just as the sun began to rise they started to march, singing: "Jesus Ninny Wakechana, Unuia-tes,"—"Jesus has walked this way before and

I am following on." They marched and sang going towards the north side of the arbor. The two lines met exactly at the north end. When they met, James Factor addressing John Jumper said: "We have been meeting and parting many years. We now meet and part perhaps for the last time." They then clasped hands. The lines lapped, each one shaking the hand of the other as he passed. Both lines were marching and singing at the same time. They turned at the north end of the arbor and marched down the sides of the arbor, one on the east, the other on the west, all singing as they marched. Arriving at the south end, they turned towards each other and entered side by side and crowded in order under the arbor. When all were under the arbor I pronounced the benediction and they all dispersed. That was my last meeting with the Seminoles.

My arrangements were being rapidly made now to depart to the Wild Indians. My wagon was loaded and we had started, when a letter from my beloved uncle, Dr. Buckner, was handed to me. The letter protested against my leaving the Seminoles. He stated that the Wild Indians would not hear me. That the Seminoles wanted me. He used every argument against my going. But the die was cast. I had already bidden the Seminoles farewell. I had already notified Agent Williams of my coming and authorized him to make some arrangements for a cabin. I had already ordered all my mail forwarded to the Witchita Agency. I knew the Wild Indians would receive me, for they had already done so, and had asked me to come and live with them and be their missionary. I stopped long enough to reply to that letter. It was a deep disappointment to me that in my going I was displeasing both my uncle and my good friend, John Jumper. I may have made a mistake; I was not beyond such human frailty.

My trip out was fully as perilous as my first trip, as I was going out in a wagon where no wagon had ever before gone. We had only the sun to guide us. Tulse Micco went with us, as also did John Powell, my interpreter, who wanted to go just to see the Wild Indians. It took us fully a week to make the trip. We crossed the canyon where I had had my experience with the fishes, higher up. We could not cross with a wagon where we crossed before, so I headed the canyon where we were to camp. But we needed water and our stock needed water. So leaving Nokus Hutke, my interpreter, to make a fire and arrange to cook supper, I went down the canyon with a tin cup to find water and Tulse took the horses around the edge of the canyon to come to me when I found water. The bed of the branch was moist, showing where water had recently stood. I went directly down the bed of the branch or gully and signs of water grew more frequent. I came to a place where water had stood in a hole for quite a while and where some water was yet standing, but it was not good. A tree leaned over this place, and on stooping to go under this leaning tree, a catamount or panther of mammoth proportions sprang at me from the leaning tree uttering a blood-curdling scream. My stooping just when I did caused him to barely miss lightning on my back. He alighted five feet from me, growling. I had not a single thing to defend myself with; I had only that tin cup in my hand. Something must be done instantly, so I sprang at that panther, striking the tin cup with my fist, and uttering a scream as loud as his own. That decided the monster and he leaped away, much to my relief. I cried to Tulse Micco, "Brother Tulse, come here! Here is a big panther!" Now, Tulse could not understand English at all. I for the time forgot all my Seminole. Tulse came rushing down the side of the canyon, knowing something was the matter. He ran full tilt on that panther, which, fearing that he was being attacked in that direction also, took off down the canyon. His track was as large as that of a bear. I was too badly frightened to pursue or to know whether it was a catamount or a panther. I cried to Nokus Hutke to bring my gun, and with my gun ready for action, I proceeded on my search for water which I presently found in abundance. I shall not soon forget my narrow escape from that wild beast. He was evidently lying in wait for some animal to come for water at that place. I doubt if he had ever seen a human being before and was not sure of his aim when he leaped.

That was the only real danger that we met on that trip. We saw plenty of game and had wild turkey almost all the way. Our crossing of South Canadian was perilous. That is a treacherous stream. Where we crossed there seemed never to have been a crossing of any sort. I took my largest horse out of harness and tried several crossings before risking the wagon anywhere. At last I found a place where the banks could be easily negotiated and I put my horse through. I noticed that there was quicksand, but I thought we could make it. I watered the horses out of a bucket before driving in, knowing the inclination of horses to stop to drink on entering any stream, especially one unknown to them. Still, on driving in, the horses wanted to drink. The quicksand was already sucking at my wagon wheels and I put my horses to the whip and rushed them as rapidly as I could drive them through the river. It was not so deep nor so swift, but it was treacherous and had we paused so long as one minute we would never have gotten across.

Our arrival at the Wichita Agency was welcomed by Agent Williams and by our little Wild Indian church as well. I was granted a log cabin in which to live. I added to it and made a cistern and there I lived for the next three years. My memorable experiences of this time will be told in succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER XVII

A MISSIONARY TO THE WILD INDIANS

After settling down in my log cabin, and after digging a cistern, for the water of the Washita River was very brackish and did not agree with my wife, and after laying in enough wood for all emergencies, I began to learn the Comanche language. I did this in the following way: I secured the services of a Negro interpreter who had been captured by the Comanches while he was a boy and had been living among them until he had learned their language though he had not forgotten English. This man I placed beside me for several hours each day. I took Webster's Dictionary and beginning at "a" I went over every English word that had a Comanche equivalent. This English word I entered in a book, giving its Comanche meaning right beside it. I went through the entire dictionary in this way. It took me over a month of close application. I paid the interpreter well for his services. Not one word from the dictionary, in every dozen, had any equivalent in Comanche, but such as had, I wrote down. After completing my dictionary I took it to William Shirley, the old Comanche interpreter who had lived among them from time immemorial and who was for many years the government interpreter. He was a splendid interpreter of written documents. His revision of my dictionary was therefore very valuable.

I proceeded to memorize that dictionary word by word, much the same as a school boy. In three months I had thus memorized every word in the Comanche dialect, but when I attempted to put these words into sentences I met my Waterloo. I tried in vain to formulate some rule for sentence making. There was none. Each sentence was formed arbitrarily. I made all sorts of blunders when I attempted to talk. This was very amusing to the Indians, but I was not deterred by their amusement at my mistakes. I learned to talk by talking. Each Indian became my teacher and I made progress. What aided me more than anything else was my discovery that the Sign Language was most complete and was universally used by all the tribes. Furthermore, the signs were such as would be suggested by the condition and circumstances. They were naturally such signs as one would find necessary in conveying thoughts. I learned this language before I learned to speak. This same sign language is a most remarkable means of expressing one's ideas. One can learn the sign language and can travel among any of these Wild Indians and make his wants and wishes known thereby.

I suppose I may claim to have become expert in the use of this language. By some means Dr. Otis Mason, who was connected with Major Powell's department of Ethnology at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., gained information about my knowledge of the sign language and had me to give him charts and figures explaining it. He incorporated some remarkable speeches I had reduced to the sign language and then published the entire book in a study of Ethnology for the Smithsonian Institute. That was published, I think, in 1879.

Just so soon as I could in any way make myself understood among these Indians, I began to speak without an interpreter. I made rapid progress. The government had had no little trouble in securing good interpreters. Since William Shirley had become deaf there was no interpreter who was dependable. The colored man who had helped me was quite good in reducing English to Comanche, but to translate well Comanche into English, his limited knowledge of English hindered him. So the government officers sent for me occasionally to assist in understanding what the Indians wished to convey to them. The Comanche was by far the most widely spoken language in use among them. Almost all the other tribes could understand enough Comanche to get along. So I had a fairly good advantage because of my knowledge of this tongue.

I soon found that a church house would be of decided advantage in my work. Much of the year the weather conditions were such as to prevent outdoor services. So I appealed to my white brethren in the states to give assistance in building the first church among the Wild Indians. Brother W. N. Chaudoin, called lovingly "Uncle Shad," who afterwards became the corresponding secretary of missions in Florida, but who at that time lived in Georgia, and was an agent for the Home Board, took up the matter of our church building and secured sufficient funds to enable me to employ a boss carpenter who took the oversight of erecting our church house. I also received sufficient funds from Brother Chaudoin to enable me to purchase the windows, doors, shingles and nails for the building. The lumber I secured locally. My Indian friends went with me to the Washita River bottom where we selected Cottonwood trees, cut them down and hauled them on my wagon to the government mill. Here they were sawed for us and then we hauled the lumber to the site for the erection of our house. The location of the house was selected so as to be as nearly accessible to all as possible. It was situated about ten miles up Sugar Creek, midway between the Wichitas, Caddoes and Tehuacanas and not so far from the Comanches and Kioways.

Before the house was completed I had bought the material and my wife made us a tent in which we held our services, taking the tent on my wagon from one tribe to another. The windows and doors were almost a year in getting to us as they had to be purchased in Witchita, Kansas, and hauled overland some two hundred miles.

The most promising tribe in receiving the gospel was the Wacoes. The chief of this tribe was Buffalo Good. This really great man was noble and spirited and an Indian of giant mould. He was born in Waco Village, before Texas became a republic. The city of Waco, Texas, was so named because of the Indian name that attached to it and that was called from the tribe of Indians who lived there. The manner of the pronunciation of this name sounded more like "Maidaco" than Waco, but in adapting the name to the English tongue it became simply Waco.

The father of Buffalo Good was the principal chief of this tribe when Texas gained her independence. His name was "Red Tail." I have now in my possession the traditions of the Waco Indians as to their origin. I doubt if this tradition is in the hands of any other being. I took it down directly from the lips of Buffalo Good after I had learned Comanche sufficiently well to understand him. Buffalo Good is a Comanche name, called in Comanche, Cothcho Tchat. The chief himself was a Waco. He was a good interpreter and many a time has taken my Comanche talks and interpreted them into the language of his people. I recall now a great day we had in the Waco camp when I had preached to them in Comanche and Buffalo Good had interpreted my sermon to his people. After my sermon had closed, Buffalo Good himself gave an exhortation to his people. I will give from memory what he said on that occasion, although it has been forty-four years since I heard it. He spoke about as follows:

"My people; I am glad to have heard what has been told us to-day by the Father-talker. Our fathers have long been telling us that some day a white Father-talker would bring to us this talk. My own father told me when I was a young brave that some day a white Father-talker would come to our people and tell us of the Great Father. He told me how the first white man who ever came among the red man was a worshiper of a cross; his name was Corlez(Cortez). He had a cross and was afraid of it. He wanted us all to be afraid of it. That was when we lived away south in the land of Mehico (Mexico). Now that his prophecy has come to pass, I am glad that I have lived to see it. Not all the white men are good, neither are all the red men good. But this good white man has come and he brings us the word of our Great Father. Now I want you all to hear it and to believe it. I want all my children to believe it and be baptized, as I expect to be myself."

A delicate situation was thrust on me by this talk. Our religion became so popular that I had no small difficulty in restraining the people from being baptized. I really held Buffalo Good back longer than I desired, because so soon as I baptized him, I would be crowded with applicants who would not be prepared to receive the ordinance. One practice among them was greatly in my way. They were polygamists. While Buffalo Good had only one wife that I knew of, yet I did know several who had more than one. Quite an embarrassing situation was developed along this line. Kin Chess, the first Wild Indian to be converted, had two wives. I did not know it at the time of his baptism. I began carefully to teach that only one woman could be had as a wife by each man. That this one man and one woman should be absolutely true each to the other. Shortly after I had delivered this message, Kin Chess came to me for consultation. He asked me if he understood me correctly. I told him just what the Bible taught.

Then he stated his case. He told me of his old wife with whom he had lived for forty years. She was the mother of all his children. When she grew old and unable to do the work he had gotten a young wife who was doing the work and helping out his old wife. I asked the Lord to guide me and after some thought, I replied that the old wife was his real wife and the young one was only his concubine. That seemed to relieve him greatly and it made his old wife, who had come with him, absolutely happy. He said, "I thought it must be that way. I will send the young woman with a present back to her father. She will have no trouble in getting a young brave for a husband." It worked out just that way, and the situation was relieved.

Old Toshua, the principal chief of the Comanches, had twelve wives. He came to see me once and brought his youngest wife to wait on him. She appeared to be about sixteen, or less, and he was fully eighty. She was mortally afraid of him and obeyed his slightest wish. She took his horse, unsaddled it and lariated it out. She sat on the floor, waiting constantly his orders, as if she were his most abject slave. On sitting down to the table to eat, he said to her in Comanche, "Now, behave yourself. I'll never take you with me anywhere again if you act the fool." She had evidently never sat at a table before. She did not know how to eat with a knife and fork. She took a hunk of meat in her hands and ate it like a monkey. A glass of clabber milk was sitting at each place. She asked him what it was. He said to her that he did not know, but that it was no good and that she must not touch it! She gave it a wide berth then. By and by her awkwardness caused her to knock it over. Her lord reproved her fiercely. "There now! I told you not to act the fool!" My good wife took up the glass and cleaned the milk from the table cloth and said it made no difference. Toshua tried to talk to me in English, forgetting that I knew Comanche better than he knew English, so I understood all that he had said to his wife. I was never able to enter the Comanche tribe effectively because of this very polygamous tendency. But Toshua was ever after this my good friend and on more than one occasion saved me from embarrassment.

The introduction of the gospel among the Tehuacanas was after this wise: I was riding through the prairie one day, having been to the Caddo camp. I heard a "death cry," a peculiar wail that came from some woman who had lost a loved one. I proceeded to investigate and on going over a hill in the prairie, I found an Indian woman digging a grave. She was wailing out her woe as I rode up. I alighted and told her in Comanche that I would dig her grave. Most of what I said she did not comprehend, but my actions she did understand. She was a Tehuacana woman and close by was a pathetic little bundle which was the body of her child. She betook herself to that little bundle and wailed out her grief. As I hollowed out its narrow bed, I was thinking. It had been only a year since I laid my own boy among the Indian dead. I entered into sympathy with this bereaved mother. I had at least a blessed hope of meeting again my sweet child but this mother had no such comforting hope. When I had hollowed out its narrow bed, the mother of the child indicated to me that it was deep enough and motioned that the body should be deposited. I signed to her to kneel and we would pray. She wonderingly complied. Then I asked the God of us both, who made her an Indian and me a white man, who had taken to himself a child of each of us, to use this strange dispensation of his grace to lead this heathen woman into the light of his kingdom; to comfort her heart, and to use that to lead her people into the light.

About a month after this, a woman came to my cabin, and sitting on the floor, asked me by signs if I remembered her. She said she was the one whose baby I had buried. I told her I recalled that circumstance. She said she had come to ask me whom I was speaking to when I knelt beside her baby's grave. I told her I was talking to God. She asked me where he was then. I told her that he was listening to what I said. She asked me many questions concerning the Lord. Her mind appeared to be entirely open to receive any statement I might make. At last she said she would return again in four days, and would bring with her an interpreter who would be able to talk to her better.

She returned according to promise and brought with her Tehuacana Jim, who understood Comanche well. I had no difficulty in talking to Jim, who not only understood Comanche but also had a smattering of English. Between the two, I was able to talk intelligently to the woman. Never in my life have I talked on a religious subject to any one who more readily received what I had to say than that woman. Before that three-hour interview was over, that woman had accepted Jesus Christ as her Savior. Tearfully and joyfully, she said that her people had no idea of this blessed religion and she wanted me to come and tell them.

We arranged for me to go to the Tehuacana camp in about two weeks. I asked the agent, Andrew Williams, if he would like to go. He agreed and made arrangements to have a beef killed and for us to have a dinner after the service. His wife entered heartily into the plan. When we arrived the entire village turned out to welcome us. They had taken down every buffalo tent in the village and had made a vast tabernacle of them all, as it was raining, and the whole tribe was gathered under that tabernacle. I preached pretty much all day to them—the first time that tribe, as such, had ever heard the gospel. Their chief, Tehuacana Jim, and the second chief, Tehuacana Dave, were both present, and both tried to be interpreter. That was a glorious day. It gave that tribe the gospel and they all heard it and received it. That resulted, in time, in the tribe becoming Christian. That woman was the religious mother of that tribe. Afterwards I took to the General Association down in Texas the daughter of that chief and she was converted and baptized. Of this I shall speak later. Tehuacana Dave I had baptized when I first visited the Agency, but he did not live among his people as he had married a Wichita.

Black Beaver was quite a noted man and was about seventy years old when I went to this country. He was a stalwart, well-kept man. I had heard of him before going west. He was a noted Rocky Mountain guide, having guided General Marcy over the mountains. He had also been a guide to the great naturalist, Audubon, in search for the fauna of the Rocky Mountains. He had professed Christianity during some of his previous experiences and was the only Christian belonging to these bands when I arrived. He could talk English quite well, but could talk no other language save his own native Delaware tongue. There were not one hundred Delawares in all, so he was of no great value as an interpreter. He had settled in the rich Washita valley on the east side of that river. The Agency was on the west side. It seemed that he had lived there many years, even before the Agency was established.

This man was of great value to me in many ways. He was wise and aged and highly respected by all the Indians. He was proud of the history of his tribe, as having been the tribe with which William Penn had made his famous treaty when this country was all new. It was his boast that his tribe was the only tribe of Indians that had never fought the white man. Black Beaver told me the history of the Tonkaways.

The Tonkaways were once numbered with the other Indian tribes in that country but they were cannibals. Their companion tribes often expostulated with them that they should not eat the flesh of human beings. But the Tonkaways persisted in eating the flesh of their enemies, saying that human flesh was the finest in the world and contending that if they were justified in slaying their enemies, they were just as much justified in eating their flesh. All Indians agreed that they were justified in slaying their enemies in warfare, but would not eat their flesh. After years of effort to dissuade the Tonkaways from this revolting habit, the other tribes resolved on exterminating the Tonkaways. Selecting a time when most of their men had gone to chase the buffalo, the other tribes came upon the then defenceless Tonkaways and slew them all, men, women and children, not sparing a single one. Black Beaver said he took no part in the slaughter, but there was a Tonkaway girl helping his wife and they secreted her and she was not slain. They piled up all the bodies of the Tonks, as they were called, and piled prairie straw on them until the heap of the slain and the straw was mountain high, and then set fire to the pile. He told me how sickening the smell of these bodies was to him. That occurred on the very site where the city of Anadarko, Oklahoma, is now builded. He showed me some of their bones. When the returning Tonkaway men heard of the extermination of their tribe, they turned aside and went down into Texas, where they have ever since lived. They must have had some women with them for the remnants of that tribe are still in existence.

I rented from Black Beaver about fifty acres of land, which was also on the present site of Anadarko, Okla. I planted this in corn and cultivated it. The crops I raised were abundant. I recall to have hauled to Black Beaver as his share of my rent five wagon loads of corn, the last crop I made. Raising corn was the only way I could get bread.

Scott Conley was a Negro. He had been in the service of the U. S. government and had been honorably discharged at Ft. Sill. He came to me after my first year at the Wichita agency and told me the following remarkable experience:

When he was a slave he was practically a heathen. His master had not encouraged his Negroes to be religious as had many other slave owners in the South. When freedom came he enlisted in the U. S. army and for many years had been stationed at Ft. Sill. They had no chaplain, so there was no opportunity for the Ft. Sill soldiers to gain religious information. At last some kind person sent some New Testaments down to Ft. Sill for free distribution. Thus the Word of God fell into the hands of Scott Conley. He did not know how to read but he persuaded some one to teach him his letters. That book was the only one he had ever possessed. He learned to read it and became deeply interested in it. He read it through and through. That book led him to accept Jesus Christ as his Savior. He spent every possible moment that could be spared from his military duties reading that New Testament. He had about worn it out when he came to me. He heard that there was a missionary at the Wichita agency, so he came to see me and told me his history.

After much reading and much prayer—for that book had taught him that he must pray—he saw that he ought to be baptized. No one had ever told him anything about baptism. All that he knew about it was revealed in this New Testament. He clearly saw in that book that he must be baptized, but how to obtain this ordinance was a great problem to him. At last his conclusion was formed. He obtained a leave of absence one Sunday and went out in the woods on Casch Creek to read and pray. After reading and prayer, he laid the book on a stump, and waded into the water in Casch Creek and said: "O Lord, I see from thy book that I ought to be baptized and there is no one here to baptize me. So I baptize myself in the name of the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost."

He then plunged himself under the water. When he came to me and told me about his se-baptism, I debated much just what I had better do. At last I said, "Brother Scott, I believe that you have done the very best that you knew how to do. I think, that in order that no after confusion shall result from your baptism it would be best for you to go down to Bedi Hill, where, I understand, there is a colored Baptist church, and let them baptize you. Then, if you desire to do so, return to me and I will use you in some way here." He gladly took my advice and went to Bedi Hill, twenty miles away, and received baptism, then returned to me. He remained with me the balance of the time I was a missionary. I paid him wages to do work about the place and he went with me when I left that agency and lived at my house for several years in Texas.

He was a good, clean, correct, Christian man, deeply pious and consecrated. Even when I went, twenty years afterwards, to Nacogdoches, Texas, Scott Conley came to me. There he passed to his reward, a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XVIII

A MISSIONARY TO THE WILD INDIANS—BANISHED

Hannah, the daughter of Tehuacana Jim, wanted to be baptized. She had heard the gospel frequently at the camps and also at the school, where I had often preached at the request of Agent Williams. The school was taught by Henry Daws and his sister, who were Quakers. When Hannah desired to be baptized she did not come to me, but went to her teacher, Henry Daws. Henry was strongly opposed to baptism, as are Quakers generally, so he denied her the privilege. He went to Agent Williams about it.

"Hannah wants to be baptized," he said to Agent Williams.

"If Hannah wants to be baptized, let her be baptized," said Agent Williams.

"I'll lock her up rather than have her baptized. She is our pupil; we have taught her and it is all foolishness that this confusion has come," said Henry Daws.

"If thou lock her up, I will lock thee up," said the Agent. So there was a parting of the ways between Henry Daws and Agent Williams.

It ended in the dismission of Henry Daws and his sister. I knew not one word about it at the time. Then Agent Williams came to me and said:

"Friend Holt, I want thee and thy wife to come and teach the school until I can obtain teachers from the States. I have dismissed Henry Daws and his sister."

I replied to my friend, Agent Williams, that I preferred to have nothing to do with the affairs of the Agency, as I was there to be a missionary to the Indians. He urged me to come, if only temporarily, and teach until he could get other teachers, saying that if I did not he would have to dismiss the school. He argued that it would give me some influence with the children and would not deter my missionary work but would aid it. Finally, I consented, so we went down the day following and took charge of the government school.

Things moved along all right for a month. Then, like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, came the following order from Washington City:

"Dismiss Holt. Reinstate Henry Daws. Order Holt to leave the Reservation."

This message was directed to Agent Williams and was signed, "Campbell, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs." I was utterly dumbfounded, knowing that I had done absolutely nothing to warrant such drastic action on the part of the government; I was utterly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the message. Agent Williams was as much in the dark as myself and wept when he presented to me the order. I took time to think and pray and the day following I gave to Agent Williams my reply which read as follows:

"Agent Williams, Wichita Agency, I. T. I have received the order for my removal and banishment from this reservation, as issued by the department at Washington City. Being a citizen of the U. S., I have no recourse but to obey its mandates. I do so, however, under protest. The United States Government transcends her prerogative when she uses her power to throttle missionary enterprise. A. J. Holt, Missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention to the Indians around the Wichita Agency."

I prepared to obey at once. My wife was not included in this drastic order, and it was well she was not, as she was too ill to undertake such a journey as now awaited me. I left two persons to care for my family, Scott Conley and Kin Chess. I would not embarrass Agent Williams by asking anything at his hands. That night I held services at the home of Black Beaver, across the Washita River, as that was not in the Agency. Agent Williams and family went to hear me and he expressed himself in deep sympathy with me. He had replied to my note as follows:

"I was ordered to deliver to you the note, which was as disappointing to me as to you. Being an officer of the government, I had no recourse but to obey her mandates. But my confidence in your Christian integrity is unimpaired. Andrew Williams."

My little Wild Indian church, to a man and to a woman, went that night across the river to hear me preach. There was no small lamentation over my departure. I assured them that I should return, which I fully believed I could do, with the authority of the government, to pursue my work. That night I wrote a careful statement of the whole affair and mailed it to Dr. W. H. McIntosh, corresponding secretary, Washington City, D. C. I left the following morning. Kin Chess took me aside and said to me by signs and such language as he could command: "You go; I between your wife and harm. She no suffer. God take care of you. The dogs are chained." This latter figure did not dawn on me at once. I had an illustrated copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress and in it was a picture of the lions that barred the way of the Pilgrim as he went forward. But they were chained. I had explained that to Kin Chess, and not knowing the lions, he thought they were large dogs and he made the application in that way. My wife told me afterwards that Kin Chess never came into my house during the month that I was absent, but that he seemed always to be in sight. Once, when she was without meat, and when it seemed impossible to obtain it, as no Indian was allowed to sell it to us, she found one morning a venison ham hanging on a tree beside the kitchen door. Kin Chess had discovered her condition without having spoken to her, and had brought relief in the way indicated.

I started the following morning on my long, long journey to Dallas, Texas. The distance was about three hundred miles. This I must make on horseback. My Comanche horse was not in good condition and he must live entirely off the grass, but he was my only means of travel. I had written out a telegram to send from Ft. Sill, as there was a military line from that point to civilization. I sent this message to Dr. W. H. McIntosh, corresponding secretary, Marion, Alabama: "I am banished; go to Washington City at once, where full particulars will arrive by mail; I mailed them yesterday. I go to Dallas, Texas. Wife remains at the Wichita Agency. A. J. Holt."

From Ft. Sill I went directly to the new town of Henrietta, Texas. It was one hundred and twenty miles from Ft. Sill to Henrietta. I crossed Red River twenty miles north of Henrietta. The entire prairie from Ft. Sill to Red River had been lately burned off and no pasturage was to be had for my horse. I made but slow progress. I slept on the bare, burnt ground. I became as black as soot could make me. I had some food in my little grip and my hurricane lantern was tied behind my saddle. The second night out I was surrounded by wild wolves. My horse was frightened and crouched up close to me and awakened me by his snorting. I was unarmed, but I lighted that small lamp and set it on the horn of my saddle and it kept at bay those hungry wolves.

The night following, I slept on the bank of Red River. My horse ate wild cane for his supper and I ate nothing, as my provisions had given out. That night wild animals of some nature came prowling around and my faithful horse warned me of their approach. They were larger than wolves and I could see dimly the dark forms moving about. Early, I negotiated that river. It was past fording and we had to swim. I urged that horse into the stream. He was a sensible horse, as about all horses are. When he took the water, I fell in behind him and caught him by the tail and was thus helped to make good progress. The stream was perhaps a quarter of a mile across. I had tied my clothing on the horn of my saddle, so did not get it wet to hurt. I had had no breakfast nor supper, but I did not mind that much. I bear record now and here, I did not count these experiences as hardships. I felt then and feel now, that I was being persecuted for righteousness' sake and I was positively happy in the thought that I was actually permitted to suffer for Christ.

I arrived at Henrietta late that afternoon, as my horse was weak and had to take the journey temperately.

Henrietta was then the new county seat of Clay County, Texas. It was but three months old. The old county seat was Cambridge, some miles away, and Henrietta had been but recently selected. As yet there were but few substantial buildings in the new town. It was a city of tents. The streets had been laid out, but not graded. They were just staked off and had on them the original prairie grass.

I rode up to a barber shop tent and asked the barber if there was any chance for a man to get a bath and a hair cut. He told me that he had a wash tub and the rest was easily provided. I was in a distressing plight. My clothing was black from soot, my face and hands black from the same cause. My hair was long and unkempt. Altogether, I was a tough looking specimen. I asked the barber if he supposed that I could buy a clean shirt in town and was directed to a near-by tent dry goods store, where I supplied myself.

When I was seated in the barber chair, the tonsorial artist proceeded after the manner of the men of his trade to ask me questions. On learning that I was from the Wichita Agency, he asked me at once if I knew A. J. Holt. I told him that I knew Holt quite well.

"He is a fine fellow, we think out here," said he.

"Well, he has not the best reputation out at the Agency," said I.

"Well, you will not be able to persuade the Baptists of Texas but that he is all right," responded my unknown friend. Something in my response aroused the suspicion of the barber and he paused with uplifted scissors and said, "Are you A. J. Holt?" I acknowledged that I was. Immediately that man fell on my neck and actually hugged me. I was astonished at this mark of esteem. He explained that he took the "Texas Baptist," published at Dallas, Texas, and had kept up with me through my articles. Furthermore, he avowed that the frontier people regarded that I had kept them from being raided by the Comanches, as since I had been at the Agency there had not been a single raid, whereas, before I went there they occurred often and caused constant uneasiness.

That man's name was E. R. Logan and I shall ever have occasion to remember him. He said at once, "You must preach for us tonight. There never has been a sermon preached in this new town." So it was arranged that I should preach on the street. There was not even a school house in the new town. I went home with Brother Logan and found his wife to be a nice, good Christian woman. At the supper table she said, "Will you have coffee, Brother Holt?" Her tone was so gentle and considerate and I had become so accustomed to abuse and roughness that I actually wept at her kind treatment.

Everybody was out to church that night. I really enjoyed preaching in English without having to make signs to make myself understood. That night the boys of the town serenaded me. The next morning they made up a purse and sent me on the stage to Ft. Worth, as my horse was scarcely fit to make the trip. They put my horse in a pasture to await my return.

I arrived in Dallas in due time, having made the trip from Henrietta in two days. My beloved uncle, Dr. Buckner, was rejoiced to see me. He arranged a preaching trip for me, while I was waiting word from Washington City. I was gone about a week on this preaching trip, telling of the work among the Wild Indians.

When I returned my uncle met me with a telegram from Dr. McIntosh which read:

"Order revoked. Will write."

The same day I had a telegram from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs which read:

"The order for your removal was issued under a misapprehension of facts. You are permitted to return and resume your labors and your position in the school, if you wish, with the assurance of the protection of this department. I regret to have caused you inconvenience. S. A. Hayt, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington City."

Now I will detail from the letter I received in due course of mail from Dr. McIntosh. He went directly to Washington as I had requested and received my letter telling of my difficulties. Then he went to see Mr. Hayt, the Commissioner. He said to this official, "Mr. Hayt, my name is McIntosh; I am the corresponding secretary of the Indian Mission work of the Southern Baptist Convention. I have come to ask what charges your department has against A. J. Holt of the Wichita Agency, I. T."

"I have never heard of the gentleman," said Mr. Hayt.

"Your department sent this telegram to the agent at that place," said McIntosh, handing him the message. Mr. Hayt looked at it in astonishment. He called to his assistant and said:

"Mr. Campbell, what do you know about this?" handing him the message.

"Yes," said Mr. Campbell, "I sent that. I had information that a Mr. A. J. Holt was meddling with the affairs of the Agency, but I did not know he was a missionary."

"Where did you get your information concerning him?" Mr. Campbell went to the files and fished out the following petition:

"Whereas, one A. J. Holt, an adventurer and interloper, has come to this Agency and has meddled with the affairs of the Agency and has gotten an undue influence over the Agent, we, therefore, composing all the government employes of said Agency, pray for his dismissal from the school and his removal from the Agency." There followed nineteen signatures comprising all the employes of the government at that place, save only Agent Williams.

"Dr. McIntosh, I regret that this has occurred, and my assistant acted hastily, not knowing Mr. Holt was a minister or a missionary. I will set on foot this day a careful examination into the matter, and I beg to assure you that all wrong, if there be wrong, shall be righted. I shall have to take some time, as that Agency is so far out, but if you will remain in Washington a few days, the matter shall be fully and fairly adjusted."

Mr. Hayt gave out the following message to the commanding officer at Ft. Sill:

"Please repair at once to Wichita Agency and make careful inquiries as to the standing and character of Mr. A. J. Holt, who was a missionary at that point. Ascertain what charges there are, if any, as to his having meddled with the affairs of the Agency. Question carefully the Agent and take evidence from every available source. You might ascertain the attitude of the Indians themselves towards Mr. Holt. Return and report by wire immediately. S. A. Hayt, Commissioner of Indian Affairs."

Three days afterwards Dr. McIntosh came into the office and Mr. Hayt handed him the reply of the officer. It was to the effect that he found Mr. Holt was living among the Indians and not at the Agency. That there had arisen a dispute between the agent and the teacher and the agent had dismissed the teacher and had asked Mr. Holt to fill the position until he could obtain other teachers, and Mr. Holt had complied. That Mr. Holt stood well with the Indians but the employes of the government had sided with the teachers in this dispute and so had taken measures to have Holt dismissed and ordered to leave the Reservation. This was about the substance of the message which Dr. McIntosh quoted to me. I was completely justified. Dr. McIntosh said I could return at my pleasure, but warned me to have nothing more to do with the affairs of the Agency, that they were always "loaded."

After a few days of rest, I set out on my return. I arrived at Henrietta two weeks after having left there, and found to my astonishment that a message had passed over the wire from Ft. Sill, saying that the Wichita Agency had been destroyed by fire. That made me uneasy, as my loved ones were yet in that country. I could get no other information than this, so I set out at once, not waiting for another day, and arrived at Red River that night.

The day following I endeavored to go by a route where the grass had not been burned, so that my horse could fare better. I camped on the broad prairie the night following. The next day was cloudy and I lost my bearings. There was no road. I had no compass. About twelve o'clock I had a chill and laid down and shook it out. A fever followed and I began to be very thirsty. I saw, away in the distance, a line of timber, and knowing that water was there, I headed my horse for that timber. I arrived about dark, found water and went down flat to drink. I ascertained from the way the water washed against my mouth which way it was running. I knew all the streams of that country ran into Red River, so I took up that stream. I was weak, having had no dinner and a high fever. My course was about north-west, as best I could make out. I knew that Ft. Sill was on Casch Creek and I imagined this stream to be that creek. I could not ride through the timber as there was no road and it was dark. Along the edge of the timber was a vast prairie dog town. I could not well make out how to guide my horse so that he would not step in a prairie dog hole.

I may be pardoned for confessing to a degree of melancholy. I had been ill that day. I had suffered from fever and was hungry and weak. Somehow, I felt inexpressibly lonely. I leaned over my saddle bow and wondered if the Lord was through with me. I was lost and lonely, hungry and tired, and far from home, with my wife in peril of her life, mayhap. While indulging in these reflections I was suddenly surrounded by a band of Indians and roughly seized and jerked from my horse. My pockets were rifled in a twinkling. I had cried out in first one Indian tongue, then another, but had received no response. Having been robbed, I was allowed to lie down. The Indians did not know what they had until they could build a fire, which they proceeded to do. My watch, my knife, my few silver dollars, my little belongings were carefully examined. They found among other things a metal cartridge, which I had found, and this they recognized, and I suppose imagined I had a weapon hidden somewhere.

After a bit they discovered, hanging to my saddle bow, my little hand grip containing my Bible and some other things. This they seized at once. There was a bright pewter ornament on the side of the grip, about the size of a dollar and one Indian took his knife to cut it off. I saw it and said to him "Monks," the Seminole word for "Don't." They looked around at me and I made the sign for them to not cut that off, that it would ruin the valise. Seeing that I could talk the sign language, they asked me why they might not take it. I replied that our great Father did not want his children to steal, and that was stealing. They asked me where was the great Father. I told them he was looking at them. That appeared to give them uneasiness. They then asked me many things and by and by they asked me how I knew the Father did not want them to take that money. I told them that he had said so in his book. They wanted to know where that book of his was. I told them it was in the valise. They handed it to me and I opened it and took from it my Bible, and handed it to them saying that it was the message of the great Spirit to them and to all. They each took that Book and handled it with some degree of suspicion. They then asked me if I could tell all that it said. I replied I could. They handed it to me and asked that I should read from it. I turned to the ten commandments and read them and gave the meaning of each in signs as best I could. There were no less than a hundred of these Indians and they crowded around me and kept the light replenished so they could see. After reading the commandments, they wanted me to read some more.

Here I was a captive to a strange band of wild Indians, past the midnight hour, helplessly in their hands, thrown by a strange providence among them. Here were they asking more about the word of life. I forgot my weariness. I forgot my hunger. I only remembered my mission on earth to tell the old story. So I became enthusiastic and found little difficulty in explaining the meaning of the blessed book to them. I dwelt especially on the third chapter of John, sixteenth verse. I interpreted this to them time and again until they knew it. About daylight a young brave came up to me and asked in the sign language if I was not the Comanche Father-talker. I told him I was. He then said, "I have seen you." He turned to his companions and talked to them long and rapidly and eloquently. I could not understand one word he said, for they were Apaches and I had never learned one word in their language. They were noted as bad Indians. I could tell from his signs and actions and his glances towards me that he was pleading my case before them.

By and by they began to come to me and to deliver to me what they had taken. My watch, my most valuable asset, came first, then my few dollars were given into my hand, then my papers, of which they knew nothing, the small cartridge, and even my knife, an Indian's special weakness, were delivered to me.

My new found friend said, "I will guide you to Ft. Sill." So he sprang on a horse without saddle or bridle and struck out in a gallop. My jaded Comanche horse could not keep up with him and I had to call to him to go more slowly. Just as the sun began peeping over the perfectly clear horizon, he pointed to me in the distance the outlines of Ft. Sill. I had been captured not far from the present site of Lawton, Oklahoma. My guide turned quickly and fled rapidly, as if fearing pursuit.

I arrived at the Post Trader's store and asked if he could furnish my horse some feed and me some breakfast. He gave me a peck of corn for my horse and some sardines and crackers for myself. I asked if I might sleep in his hide house until noon, as I had been up all night. He gave me permission, so I stretched myself on a pile of buffalo skins and in two minutes was sound asleep. I had asked him to wake me at noon, which he did. After another meal of sardines and crackers, I fed my horse some more corn and by one o'clock was on my way to the Wichita Agency.

Just at nightfall I arrived. The first one I saw was Kin Chess, who made his way to me before my approaching wife could get to me and said, "There wife, I go." His self-imposed vigil was faithfully performed and he felt free to go. I found all well. The agency school house had been set afire by the disappointed employes. I ascertained that when Mr. Hayt had wired me he had also wired Agent Williams the following:

"Dismiss the following employes," then followed the name of each one who had signed the document asking for my removal. He did so. That created a furor of excitement, in the midst of which the agency school building was burned. It burned at night and Soldier, one of the school boys, was burned to death. Soldier was an Indian boy of the Delaware tribe, a grandson of Black Beaver.

The story of his death was affecting, as it was afterwards related to me. The alarm of fire spread rapidly throughout the

Indian camps. Of course, there was no fire company nor ordinary means of putting out fire. As many Indians as could do so rushed to the burning building. Black Beaver was among them. The matron of the building that was burned, on the discovery of fire, sent messengers to arouse every sleeping child and get all safely out of the building. Soldier was sleeping with another boy and both were duly warned. Soldier's companion heeded the warning and quickly sprang from the bed, seized his clothing and rushed from the building. Soldier was only partially aroused and turned over and went to sleep again, so when the children were counted in the school yard, there was one missing.

By this time Black Beaver had arrived, and learning that his grandson was yet in the building, without the least hesitancy rushed into the burning building to rescue his boy. He made his way through the smoke along the burning hallway to the room occupied by Soldier and hurled himself against the door, but was himself overcome by smoke and others who followed him had great difficulty in rescuing him and themselves, and poor Soldier was left to his fate.

That aroused the deep indignation of Black Beaver. In fact, it created a mild rebellion among the Indians generally. The discharged employes made haste to charge me with having caused the burning of the building, although I was hundreds of miles from the place when it occurred. The revengeful employes explained that while I did not personally set fire to it, yet the trouble that I had caused had resulted in the burning of the building. The Wild Indians generally believed the diligently circulated report. When I returned I found my way blocked. Although I had gained a great victory and my enemies had been hung on their own gallows, Haman-like, yet my victory seemed to be a barren one. So deeply incensed were the Wild Indians that they actually called a council to determine if I should be run out of the country. My faithful little church almost to a man had stood nobly by me. Only Black Beaver seemed to have turned against me. I was astonished at his attitude until I ascertained that Maj. I. G. Vore had written him a letter against me. I was deeply grieved that this good man had taken this stand.

Did it ever occur to the reader that an autobiography was a one-sided statement? Caesar wrote "Caesar," and of course he justified himself in all he recorded concerning his wars. The writer of this autobiography is not unmindful that in recording his acts he is very human and quite naturally he would seek to justify himself in all that he did. "Every man's ways are clean in his own eyes." The writer claims to be no exception to this rule.

Major Vore has long since departed from the walks of man; so also my great and honored uncle, Dr. H. F. Buckner. I had the great misfortune to incur the displeasure of each of these noble men in going to the Wild Indians without having previously consulted with them. I confess to the mistake. Had they been accessible I would have been very unwise not to have consulted with them. I had not the most distant idea but that both would heartily approve my conduct. The idea of carrying the gospel to these wild tribes was first conceived in conference with these two men. It was by them and me agreed at the funeral of Chilly McIntosh that a missionary expedition should go out at the opening of the next spring season. This I undertook. When I beheld the destitution, thirty thousand human souls without the very shadow of gospel privileges, my heart burned within me to give it to them. This I have related before and but reiterate it now. A letter of protest from my beloved uncle was received all too late to prevent my going. Major Vore was pleased to write a letter to his old friend, Black Beaver, my strongest ally in my work among these Indians, and tell him I was impetuous and untrustworthy. Possibly I was. I suppose I have been addicted to impetuosity from my youth up. I think I was born so. I was in this much like the apostle Peter, although unlike him in his virtues. My judgment may not have been mature. I am conscious that I am now pleading for the judgment of noble men gone to their reward. They can no longer speak for themselves, so I speak for them. But this thing was done and I was at the time doing the very best that I knew. If there was any fault it was that of a lack of mature judgment and not one of intent. But I have suffered from it all the same.

Black Beaver, as was most natural, turned from me. I mourned much over his loss. He did not actively join the ranks of the savages that would have put me to death had it been in their power, but he withdrew his friendship and cooperation from me. I felt his loss most deeply. The council of Wild Indians was called to meet in the old store of William Shirley, the ex-U. S. interpreter. My friend, Long Hat, of whom I shall speak later, had me to attend, likewise Buffalo Good insisted that I attend. I was assured of safety by these chiefs.

As the reader has probably had no information of how an Indian war council is conducted, I will describe it. It was composed entirely of chiefs. It was held without the knowledge or consent of the Agent. The chiefs sat in a circle smoking pipes. I sat aside, unnoticed. The proceedings were held mostly in the Comanche tongue, so I was able to understand all that was said. It was opened by a speech by my arch-enemy, the principal chief of the Kioways. I had one time been in his tent and had beheld a white woman's scalp hanging from his tent door. It was a single, long, fair, golden tress. It was a revolting sight to me and filled me with indignation and my flashing eyes indicated to this savage my indignation which it was impossible for me to conceal. He was a revolting specimen of humanity. Gigantic in mould, with a face full of brutality and pock-marked all over, he was just such a man as would not hesitate to murder anyone in his power.

He spoke of my having come to spread among them a new religion that was contrary to the faith of their fathers. That my coming had caused no end of trouble, which had finally resulted in the burning of the school and the death of one of their young men. He was in favor of running me out. Then one after another spoke in the same vein. How I did miss Black Beaver then. Sodiarko was not present. I did not count but two men at that council on whom I could depend: Buffalo Good and Long Hat. The latter was a young chief whose voice was not influential. Buffalo Good was the chief of one of the smallest tribes on the reservation. So it seemed I was being tried and convicted by my enemies without defense.

When I had almost lost hope and was silently praying that the Lord would come to my assistance, help came from a most unlooked for source. The venerable and towering form of Toshua arose. It will be remembered that he had "taken salt" with me. He was the principal chief of the Comanches and while almost in his dotage, was still powerful. Toshua straightened himself to his full height and spoke about as follows:

"Indians big fools. Indians much big fools. When soldiers come, Indians grin. Soldiers come to kill Indians. When traders come, Indians grin. Traders come to cheat Indians. Here come one white man, not to kill Indians; not to kill Indians, not to cheat Indians; government no send him. He come to love Indian. He come to make Indian big happy. Government no pay him. Indians no pay him. Cost Indian nothing. Now Indian want to drive him out. Indian one big fool. Indian want to keep soldier to kill him; want to keep trader to cheat him. The only white man in all the world that want to help Indian be good, happy, well, to bless Indian always; that tell Indian how to be happy here; how to be happy after Indian dead; now Indian want to drive him out. Indian big dam fool. I see that white man when he sleep; I see that white man when he wake; I see that white man when he sat; I eat with that white man. Indian eat with soldier? No. Indian eat with trader? No. Indian eat with teacher? No. All too good to eat with Indian. That white man the only white man that is good. Indian want to drive him out. Indian big fool."

Toshua did not mince his words. He had not learned the art of the orator. He set himself squarely against the whole council. He spoke fiercely and defiantly, then sat down and took up his pipe to smoke. That speech waked up Buffalo Good who spoke far more eloquently in my behalf, though not so defiantly nor so boldly as Toshua had spoken. Then Coffee, chief of Caddoes, whom I had baptized, came to my assistance and spoke of what a blessing I had been to him and his people.

Tehuacana Dave also spoke in my behalf. That turned the tide and all voted to keep me, but the Kioways.

I always admired the courage of Toshua, although he never did profess Christianity. I suppose his social status kept him from it, as he was a polygamist.

CHAPTER XIX

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION

It was wholly unexpected. Scott Conley, the negro ex-soldier, and I were carrying a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee to Buffalo Good, who was ill. We were walking along the narrow pathway that led from my cabin to that of the Indian, about half a mile away. Presently, on looking up, I saw Keechi Joe further up on the side of the hill. "Cha-fakene-de, Joe," I called out merrily. That was the Seminole for "Good morning, Joe." He always loved for me to speak to him in Seminole, for he and I were the only ones in the Agency that could talk Seminole. To my surprise, and for the first time, Joe failed to respond to my greeting. "Wonder what is the matter with Joe?" I remarked to Scott, casually.

We went on and visited the sick chieftain. He was greatly discouraged over his physical condition. Clearly, he had tuberculosis and I saw no cure for him, but I did desire to cheer him up as much as possible. It was during this visit that Buffalo Good exhibited to me the old treaty of peace that was entered into between his father and President Sam Houston during the days of the Republic of Texas. The document was yellow with age and had become much worn. I took a copy of it in my memorandum book. After an hour or so spent with Buffalo Good, we returned home.

We were walking along, one behind the other, Scott being behind, when suddenly, without the least warning, "Bang!" went the sharp report of a revolver. "S-e-e-e-n-g" went the ball, flying most uncomfortably near my head. I wheeled at once and saw Keechi Joe dodge under the thick growth of wild plum that covered the hill at this point. Scott at once started to dash by me on the run, but I seized him and held him fast.

"Never show the white feather to an Indian, Scott," said I.

"What did Joe shoot at you for?" said Scott.

"I'm at a loss to know," said I. "Let us consider." We stood stock still, facing the spot where Joe had disappeared. By and by the shaking of the bushes told of his creeping away until he had gone over the hill.

"Now, Scott," said I, "not one word of this to Mrs. Holt. She would be afraid to risk me out of her sight after this. We have gained a victory. He shot at me, point blank, and is sure that my "medicine" is stronger than his. He will let it out to those who employed him to do this dirty job that I cannot be hit, for he is a good shot. They will all be afraid to shoot at me again. This came either from some of the discharged and dissatisfied employes, or from some of these cowardly Kioways. I suspect the former. At any rate, of this you may be sure, Joe will veer around and come to see me in less than a month, to ask me to sing Seminole with him at some meeting." My prophecy was correct, for in less than two weeks, Joe was at my house wanting to know when we could sing Seminole together. Joe was a coward. He was not sure that I knew that it was he that had shot at me. He had broken with those who had led him into this dastardly attempt.

So far as I know, this is the only instance when a deliberate attempt on my life was made. It did not disturb me in the least. It was not that I was possessed of any more courage or bravery than other men, but simply that I did not fear that these people would do me harm. I had done them none. I loved them and they were bound to see it. There is nothing to be feared from the right sort of love.

The Indians soon learned that I feared nothing. One day I was passing by the camp of Kechkow, an old medicine man, and I heard an unearthly noise for which I was unable to account. I turned out of my way to see what it might be. They were making such a remarkably loud noise my horse was frightened. On coming into the open I discovered them "making medicine for rain." The Indians were arranged in a circle and they had a lot of "Buffalo barrels" with some ears of corn in them shaking them violently. The resulting noise was much as if three or four ears of corn were loose in a big bass drum being shaken furiously.

All the while the medicine man was weaving his body back and forth before some sort of a fetish which consisted of a shield with figures on it. This they regarded with great superstition. It was their Rain God. I watched it all with much interest for I had heard before of their "making rain," but had never witnessed the performance. Meanwhile a cloud was arising. By and by a clap of thunder came and at this the performers became almost frantic and jumped and howled vociferously. The cloud came on apace, then a brave took his bow and an arrow and shot towards that cloud. At this one of the women became so excited that she shouted outright. But the cloud passed without any rain, whereupon the medicine man rebuked the woman for her folly and then the performance was over. I tied my horse to a near-by bush and approached that shield to examine those mysterious characters. I did not know of their superstitious fear of that shield. They cried out in fear when I approached it, thinking I would be stricken dead. But I went on and looked it over, then walked behind and examined it carefully and of course felt no harm. Then they changed their estimate of my "medicine," thinking it was stronger than theirs.

It is almost too sacred to write of one's family afflictions on a missionary field. However, that is a necessary part of a missionary's life and I would be untrue to this record did I fail to mention at least some of them. It is not with the least desire to pose as a martyr or a hero that I make mention of these matters. I protest that I am neither the one nor the other. I was simply a missionary to a heathen, uncivilized people and endured what thousands of other missionaries have suffered.

Our babe, Robert Buckner Holt, was born during our first winter at the Wichita Agency. The agency physician came once to see him and his wife came again. That was the extent of their treatment of my good wife. Robert was the first white boy to be born in what was afterwards Oklahoma Territory. It will be remembered that the Indian Territory was divided into two territories, the western half of which was called Oklahoma Territory. That was prior to the formation of the state of Oklahoma. So on this western territory Robert Holt was the first white child to be born. The little darling lingered with us but eight days. He developed tetanus, and despite all we could do, passed away.

I obtained permission from the Agent to lay off a graveyard on the side of the hill across the road from where we lived and we started a burying-place there, Robert's grave being the first one digged. Thirty years later I visited that place in order to try to locate that little grave, but failed to do so. There had grown up a large graveyard in the meantime and among two hundred graves I could not determine which one was the grave of our darling.

A year later, in the midst of our persecutions, our little girl was born. The agency doctor had been dismissed, so we had no medical attention whatever. There was with us no one at all. Her father's hands performed all the delicate offices for the new-born girlie who was to play such an important part in life's drama. Her father bathed the sweet little body and put on its first garment. The mother was doing nicely, and aided by her motherly advice we had no trouble whatever.

It was soon noised abroad that a new white baby was born at the Father-talker's house. My friend, Andrew Williams, had then been displaced by Col. Hunt who was agent. Col. Hunt was unmarried and unfriendly to the missionary. Buffalo Good's wife was the first person outside of the family to see the little bundle of pink sweetness. She came in to see that wonderful baby. On beholding it she cried rapturously, "Mittase! Mittase!" which means "White Girl! White Girl!" That expression gave the darling her name. Her name is yet Mittase. She is the wife of Dr. R. P. Lockey, of Nacogdoches, Texas. She has made an almost model woman, one of whom her father is very proud. She bears the distinction of having been the first white girl born in what was long afterwards Oklahoma Territory.

Thirty years later, after looking in vain for the grave of little Robert, it came into my mind to look up that wife of Buffalo Good among the remnant of the Waco tribe. I made diligent inquiry for some descendant of the once famous chief. For awhile I feared that my search would be wholly fruitless. By and by I found a trace. They told me where a granddaughter of Buffalo Good lived and I found her. She could speak English, having been to school at the Agency. She had been born after I had left that country. Her grandmother lived with her. That grandmother was the wife of Buffalo Good and was old and almost blind. I told the granddaughter that I had known her grandfather, Buffalo Good, and told her to tell that to her grandmother. But her grandmother seemed to have no recollection of me whatever. I told my name, but she had forgotten it. Finally I bethought me to tell her of the first little white girl she had ever seen, a little babe who was born not far from where she lived thirty years before. At this, the old Indian woman sat erect and a gleam of intelligence illuminated her features. She arose, and limping across the floor of the hut, she stooped over and peered into my face. Then she set to dancing about me, beating me in the back and manifesting every token of recognition and joy. It was a pleasure to see at least one old Indian who recognized me after all those years.

The name of Long Hat had been conferred on a Wichita chief because of his visit to Washington City at the request of President Grant to confer with the government officials concerning the welfare of his people. Long Hat told me of his experience after we had become fast friends. He saw congressmen wearing beaver hats. Now, an Indian chief thinks that there is nothing too good for an Indian chief to wear, so he bought himself a beaver hat. Having some difficulty in keeping it on his head, as he had a great shock of coal-black hair, uncut, and unkempt, he slit holes in it and tied it on with a buckskin string. Furthermore, when he arrived at home, he cut slits in the sides and stuck eagle feathers in it all around, so that its original height was increased considerably. That brought his headgear to such an altitude that the soubriquet, "Long Hat," was given him, which was attached to him ever afterwards.

He told me how he had bought a box (trunk) in "Wasiton" in which he had placed many things that he wished to bring back with him. Then at the "Wobbopoke" house or the "fire-wagon house" (depot), a man came along and wanted to buy his box and offered him a piece of money for it. He vainly protested that he did not want to sell it, but the man thrust the money in his hands and took his box on a little wagon (truck) and went away with it. Then the agent hurried him on the train and away he went. He could not make anyone understand his disappointment. But after they arrived at Wichita, Kansas, that same man came with his box on that same little wagon and wanted to trade back, which he was glad to do. As the reader has surmised, his trunk had merely been checked.

Long Hat was an arrow-maker, among his many other accomplishments. I greatly desired to secure his friendship. He had a daughter who had attended the government school and had been interested in religion. I concluded to visit Long Hat and endeavor to cultivate his acquaintance. When I rode up to his buffalo tent, he was busily engaged on the outside in making arrows. This was no mean employment, as the bow and arrow of a Wild Indian was a formidable weapon for both offensive and defensive warfare, as well as a useful weapon in hunting. They hunted buffalo successfully with these as their only weapon. It may seem incredible, but a skilful buffalo chaser could shoot an arrow through one of these huge beasts. I sat down on the log where Long Hat was at work and watched him make arrows. He paid but little attention to me. I schooled myself to be indifferent to his indifference. I manifested so much interest in how he made those arrows that he was forced to answer some of my questions. By and by his daughter announced dinner. We had buffalo meat for dinner. In honor of my presence the girl had tried to cook some biscuits. Of this she made poor success, but the buffalo meat was delicious and on it I made a hearty meal.

After dinner we went out to where his horse was tied. I was born in Kentucky and raised in Texas and I knew a horse when I saw one. I pointed out the excellencies of that horse and praised them. He loosened up considerably when I praised his horse. When I finally took my leave, we were on friendly terms. I invited him to come to see me. "Kim sinne na bea," said I, which was the Comanche for "Come eat with me." He promised to do so, which promise he kept not many days later.

In due time I called again at his tent and found him to be more communicative. By and by we had developed quite a friendship. I made him a present and he gave me a bow and arrows. In the course of six months we were fast friends. He was pleased to give me a token of friendship rarely given by an Indian to any other than an Indian. It was a friendly grip by which a friend could distinguish a friend in the darkness as well as in the light.

Little did I think that I should ever have occasion to use that grip, but I did.

I am now about to relate an event of national importance. The Cheyenne War occurred during the summer of 1877. I was out on a missionary expedition to the Tehuacanas one day when I saw in the distance a band of Indians who appeared to be journeying out of the country. That being an unusual sight, I alighted and waited for their arrival, as they were approaching. It was Long Hat's band. He was leading the procession and there followed what appeared to be the whole tribe, all on the march, with their ponies, household equipage, dogs and all. He came to where I was sitting on the grass and taking his seat beside me, got out his pipe and began to smoke. The Indians who did not smoke soon learned how. It was the universal custom for all Indian men to smoke. They had insisted at first that I smoke also, but I told them smilingly, that I enjoyed their smoking, but that I would have to be excused. They learned that I was sincere in my refusal and ceased to insist.

Long Hat smoked until his entire tribe had filed by. Then I asked him where he was going. I knew that he was not allowed off his part of the reservation without the permission of the Agent and I knew that this was far from where he belonged. Long Hat knew that I knew this. He made no reply to my inquiry. After awhile I repeated my query. He gravely smoked on and answered me never a word. By and by his non-committal demeanor began to embarrass me.

"Long Hat, am I not your friend? Did you not give me your token of friendship? There is nothing unreasonable in my question. Where are you going?"

He then limbered up and told me that the Cheyennes had called on all the tribes for a council of war. A Cheyenne woman had been killed by a soldier. In the night he had challenged her while she was passing the line of the camps. She probably did not know what he said, and he, not knowing it was an Indian woman, had obeyed the general order to fire after two challenges to halt, which he had given and which she had not heeded.

The Cheyennes were angered at this and what they claimed to be repeated acts of cruelty and injustice practiced by the soldiers. The Cheyenne Agency was at Fort Reno, forty miles north of the Wichita Agency. They had agreed to hold a council of war at some appointed place, so Long Hat and his tribe were on their way there. I knew that he had not received permission of the agent to go.

After a detailed account of the grievance of the Cheyennes, I spoke. I told him that there was little doubt that the Cheyennes, as had all the Indians, suffered at the hands of the soldiers who were more in sympathy with Gen. Custer's idea of them than any other idea, "A good Indian is a dead Indian." But that they were not pursuing a proper remedy. "I want you to give me your word that you will attend this council of war and talk for peace. If you were to decide on war, what would it mean? It would mean that the U. S. would talk over the wire and that soldiers would come from the north, south, east and west and would shoot the Indians down like wolves, until there would be no Indians left. All the wars of the Indians against the whites prove this. I would show you a better way. I have a friend in Washington City. He is a big chief. I will write to him, if you all tell me to, and I will tell him of the injustice that is being done to the Indians. I pledge you my word that when the authorities at Washington know of these things, they will right all wrongs, if wrongs have been committed. The government at Washington is friendly to the Indians. They will treat you right if you appeal to their sense of justice, but if you go to war there is positively no hope for you."

Long Hat listened closely, even forgetting to smoke while I was talking. Finally, he said, "I go and talk peace. But Long Hat one small chief. Many big chiefs there. Long Hat voice weak. But Long Hat's word has passed to his friend and he will do what he says."

Then he proposed that three days from that hour, he would pass by this same spot, and would meet me there and tell me what had been done. In three days at that hour I was there. Long Hat was not in sight, but I doubted him not. After an hour I saw his band coming into view. In another hour he came to where I was, and sitting down beside me, took out his pipe and smoked while his band filed by. After they had passed, I asked him the result of the council. I saw an evident disinclination to communicate, but by giving him his time he at last disclosed to me the proceedings.

All the tribes within 100 miles were represented. They all sat down to smoke the pipe of war. After a long time, when they had smoked and smoked, the Cheyenne chief arose and detailed their great grievances. The blood of a woman had been ruthlessly spilt. They could endure injustice, as they had been enduring it a long time. The soldiers were cruel, unjust, bitter and hateful. Now they had actually taken the sacred blood of woman. Her blood cried for revenge. They were determined to have it. Life was not sweet without it. They called on their red brethren everywhere to recognize the justice of their cause and join with them. After a long, eloquent harangue this chief sat down. Then, the Kioway chief, Esse Habba,* who had treated me so vilely, arose and plunged into an impassioned tirade against, not only the soldiers, but against the government and all white men. He hated them. They were the invaders of their country; the despoilers of their lands; the robbers of their peace; the oppressors of their people. The Indian had no rights. The white man had all the rights that existed. He was in favor of war to the bitter end. He was aching to get at it. Then followed others and yet others, all pleading for war. It looked like war was inevitable. It will be remembered that there were about 5,000 Cheyennes. They were a tribe of the Sioux. They wanted to fight their way to the British possessions and join Sitting Bull, the great chief of the Sioux.

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*I am not positively sure that the name of this Kioway chief was Esse Habba. This was the name of one of their chiefs. I would do his memory no injustice.—A. J. H.

After, perhaps, two hours of fiery speeches, all on the side of war, some one had said, "What does our brother, Long Hat, say?" Being one of the younger chiefs, with the usual deference to age customary with the Indians, he did not speak until asked to do so. Now being asked, Long Hat arose.

He told them that there was no doubt that great injustice and cruelty had been done to the Cheyennes and many others as well. That he was as much of an Indian as any of them. His blood boiled with indignation at the wrongs which had been committed. His main desire now was to do the thing which would secure the object sought. The object sought was not to kill and rob and burn; that would right no wrong. He felt sure that the government at Washington City did not know of the wrongs committed. If they could manage to get their case before Washington City, he felt sure that they could be repaid, so far as possible, for all wrongs suffered. That he had been to Washington City and he knew something of the disposition of the government to treat the Indians justly. He also knew something of the strength of the government. They would talk over the wires, if they went to war, and would send soldiers down upon them as thick as the grass on the ground or the leaves on the trees. They would slay them and slay them and slay them until not one would be left. They would never reach Sitting Bull. Now, if his fathers would permit him to suggest a plan, he would do so. He had a friend among the white people. He was a true friend to all Indians. He would write and place the matter before the government at Washington, and he was willing to pay for it with his life, if Washington City would not right their wrongs, if they adopted his plan.

When he had concluded, Toshua, the principal chief of the Comanches, the most powerful tribe of all, arose and said,

"Who is that white man who is your friend?"

"The white Father-talker," said Long Hat.

"Did the white Father-talker say he would write to Washington City if we wanted him to?" asked Toshua.

"The white Father-talker has often told me that if there was any wrong done to the Indians by anyone, and he could know of it, he would write to a big chief, his friend at Washington City, and he was sure that he would right that wrong."

"Then," said Toshua, "if the white Father-talker said he would write, he will write. I know the white Father-talker and he is the Indian's friend and what he says he will do. I shall vote to ask him to write."

That turned the tide. Then spake up others who had not before spoken, old men who knew by bitter experience what war with the whites meant. One after another spoke until all except the Cheyennes had voted for peace. Even the fiery Kioway had been overcome by other chiefs of his tribe.

Long Hat then disclosed to me the plans of the Cheyennes. At midnight, four days from that time, they were to rise and massacre the garrison at Ft. Reno and then make their way through Kansas and on to the British possessions to join Sitting Bull. They would kill everything that opposed them. They would burn their way through Kansas.

I asked Long Hat to let me disclose this to the Agent. He flatly refused.

"I would be a traitor to my blood to let their enemies know of their intentions," said he. "Then they would seek my death for having proved a traitor to them."

"Long Hat," said I, "I wish to prevent their destruction, for it surely means their destruction, should they be permitted to carry out their plan. I seek their good by preventing them from committing virtual suicide. Let me tell the Agent and I will give you my word of honor that he shall never know who told me and it shall not be known how the information was disclosed. Now, will you act for the good of your own people?" He was thoughtful for some moments, then he said:

"My friend will do what he say. He will never let me, his friend, suffer. I will do what I can to keep my people from suffering. Go tell the Agent; you never tell Agent who tell you."

"I'll die before he shall know from me," said I. Thereupon, Long Hat mounted his horse and rode away.

The agent commanding was Col. Hunt and he had not been at all friendly to me, since his coming. He had called me before him and had ordered me to stop writing to the papers of what was going on at the agency. I had given the denominational papers a monthly report of my work there. I tried to explain this to Col. Hunt, but he was a U. S. officer and was accustomed to being implicitly obeyed. He became angered at my refusal and again ordered me to desist. I then told him flatly that I would write as much as I liked; that I was not under his command, and was glad I was not; that I resented his effort to dominate me and my work. So there was a distinct cleavage between us. Certainly, I was impetuous as usual. Certainly, I was not discreet. Certainly, I should have had more policy in my make-up. But I am now recording facts and will let the judgment of the reader descend upon me. I may say in some self-apology that I suffered so much from the government employes, that I felt sure with the promise of the protection of the government in my possession as given me by Commissioner Hayt, that I was more defiant than prudent. Perhaps this fact served further to accentuate our differences: I had been a Confederate soldier, while Col. Hunt was a U. S. army officer. At any rate, there was a positive breach between us. But he had come to some terms before, when he had to have an interpreter and no one could serve him but myself, which I had done cheerfully.

I was rather glad of an opportunity now to do a service to Col. Hunt and to all the soldiers at Ft. Reno. So I went directly to him with my information. He did not receive me as graciously as I thought he should. Although I had never asked of him the slightest favor, he had asked favors of me on more than one occasion. But I went to him, asking the Lord to help me say and do the right thing.

"Col. Hunt," I said, "I have a very important item of information which will be of interest and importance to you and your command. The Cheyennes are to rise next Saturday night at midnight and massacre the garrison at Ft. Reno and make their way to the British possessions, where they expect to join the Sioux under Sitting Bull."

"How do you know?" he asked at once.

"I have perfectly reliable information from an unquestionable source that this is absolutely correct. It makes little difference where I got the information, just so it is reliable," I replied.

"Did you get it from an Indian?"

"Yes," said I, "and the Indian is absolutely trustworthy."

"Who was he?" he questioned.

"I promised him I would not tell his name, as that would expose him to danger and perhaps death. I am coming to you on my own account, not that he sent me. I happened to find it out and I asked permission to tell you. Not until I had given my word of honor not to disclose the name of my informant did he allow me to tell it."

"Do you regard yourself bound by your word to an Indian?" said he.

"I certainly do, just as much as if I had pledged myself to you or any other man," said I.

"Well, I refuse to believe it," said he, turning away.

"Col. Hunt," I insisted, "I have given you perfectly reliable information. I did it out of regard for the lives of my fellow men, the soldiers at Ft. Reno. If you fail to take steps to prevent this uprising, the blood of those slain will be upon your own head."

We separated. He made no effort to prevent the massacre.

On the next Sunday morning, while I was seated at the breakfast table with my family, I heard the messenger of death galloping over the hill. I could tell the horse of a soldier from the horse of an Indian, as the former was shod and I could hear the strike of the iron shoe. Then I heard the horse fall. I arose from the table, telling my wife that I feared the garrison at Ft. Reno had been massacred. I hurried out to the road and saw a soldier taking the saddle off a dying horse. I followed him down the hill to the headquarters of Col. Hunt, saw him salute the colonel and report:

"Col. Hunt, the Indians at Ft. Reno have arisen and last night massacred the entire garrison and only two of us made our escape by feigning to be dead. My companion fell by the wayside, his horse having given out, and my own horse died on the hill back there." Col. Hunt turned pale, threw me a swift glance and gave orders for pursuit at once. But the major part of the soldiers under his command was stationed at Ft. Sill, thirty-five miles south of the Agency, so it took quite awhile for the expedition to get under arms. By the time they finally arrived at Ft. Reno, the fleeing Cheyennes were far away in Kansas, cutting a swath of death and destruction as they went. They were not finally stopped until they reached the lava beds of Montana, where they were surrounded and starved out or slain, until only a bare remnant of them were captured and returned to Ft. Reno.

About fifteen years after this event, I had delivered a sermon in the First Baptist Church at Little Rock, Ark., and at its conclusion, a gentleman approached me and asked if I remembered him. I could not recall having seen him, although something familiar seemed to gleam from his eyes. He was an old gentleman, as his white hair betokened.

"This is Col. Hunt," he said.

"Why, Colonel, I am pleased to meet you. I regret that I failed to recognize you. Mother!" said I, calling my wife, "Do you remember this gentleman?" She also failed to recall his features.

"This is our old friend, Col. Hunt," said I.

"We are delighted to see you, Colonel," said my wife.

"Are you people really glad to see me again?" said he.

"Certainly we are," we both declared. Then he turned to me and said, sadly:

"I have never forgiven myself for my treatment of you."

"Forget it!" I replied. "It is all in the past and should be forgotten."

"I wish I could," said he.

Thirty years after it all happened, I was preaching a sermon before an Odd Fellows' Lodge in Tennessee. I gave as an example of friendship, the great virtue of Odd Fellows, the incident of Long Hat and the Cheyenne War. At the close of the service an old ex-army soldier came forward and said:

"I was the other soldier who escaped from Ft. Reno massacre, thirty years ago. My horse died on the way to Wichita Agency."

So I had, from a most unexpected source, a verification of my statements.

AFTER-NOTE. I have some hesitancy in publishing this chapter, inasmuch as real names and events aside from myself are recorded. While it has been over forty years since the events herein took place, and in all probability all the persons named here have departed, yet I would not do their descendants any injustice. So far as I know, Col. Hunt was unmarried. His regret over the regrettable past, completely atones for any mistreatment which I may have suffered at his hands. For his memory I cherish only the kindliest feelings.

CHAPTER XX

LIFE AMONG THE WILD INDIANS

(CONCLUDED)

We planned to attend the meeting of the Baptist General Association of Texas, which was held at Ft. Worth, Texas, in July, 1878. My good wife had never been out of the Indian Territory since our removal to the Seminole country. The leading brethren of the General Association desired that we be present. So we arranged to take our two-horse wagon and make the trip through the country, although it was a gigantic undertaking. A round trip of seven hundred miles by wagon was not a small affair, when it was through a trackless prairie for a greater part of the distance. Tehuacana Jim desired us to take his young daughter with us that she might see the "iron fire wagon." My wife had to make her two dresses, as she did not want the girl to take the trip to civilization in her Indian garb. Indians have no name until some event or circumstance in life gives them one. So we had named this girl Hannah. While Hannah was pleased with the bright colors of her new dresses, she was out of place in them, as they were binding to her. A young Quaker lady, Miss Fannie Griffin, had professed conversion to the Baptist faith and desired to take the trip with us.

So having provided ourselves with all possible conveniences, including a good tent for camping out, we started on our long trip. Scott was left in charge of things at the home until our return. We made the trip by easy stages, camping out each night, and had no difficulty. Hannah gave us some uneasiness, as she was unaccustomed to the usages of civilization. When we arrived at Red River, we were to cross in a ferry boat. She had never seen a ferry boat and was deceived by the false bottom, thinking the water she saw under the plank floor was the water of the river. She just knew that when the wagon would roll on that boat, it would sink! She proposed to swim the river and it was with some difficulty that we persuaded her to stay in the boat while we crossed.

In ten days we were at Weatherford. There we met an old friend of Mrs. Holt who desired to take our pictures. When everything was in readiness, the photographer uncovered his camera to get us in focus and Hannah, seeing that brass tube pointing at us, and never having seen anything like it before, except a cannon at Ft. Sill, imagined that we were to be shot. She sprang to her feet and dashed out of the tent like a deer, I following. I knew I was to be held responsible for that girl, and she must not escape. She was certainly fleet of foot and I had all I could do to overtake her. When I did, I saw that it was useless to try to take her back to that photograph gallery, so we went back to the wagon.

We were most generously received at Ft. Worth by the brotherhood. There I bought a horse and buggy, with the means furnished us by the association. I needed the outfit to enable Miss Fannie and Mrs. Holt to do the missionary work which we contemplated doing. Miss Fanny was baptized in the waters of the West Fork of the Trinity River, and was immediately employed by the Home Board to assist us in the work.

The brethren of Dallas insisted that we go over to that city for Sunday services. We did so. At the station while awaiting the arrival of the train Hannah saw the locomotive approaching and became alarmed. She took to her heels as fast as she could go, right down the street. I went streaking after her, much to the amusement of the crowd, who thought it great fun. It was no fun to me, however, for that fifteen-year-old girl could run like a deer. I overtook her by and by and led her back to the depot, trying to assure her that nothing would hurt her. When we arrived at the station again, the train was standing still and she saw people getting on the train and thought they were going into a cute little house and suffered herself to be led in. We found a seat with the others and I sat beside Hannah. I could not risk her elsewhere! So soon as the train began moving, she became alarmed, but I held her and when she saw that everybody else was quiet, soon settled down. When we left the city and began the journey through the prairie it so happened that a cowboy took a race in the road beside the train. That was a great sight for Hannah. Hitherto, a horse could run faster than anything else she had ever seen. Now, while that cowboy was slashing his horse to make it keep up with the train, the train steadily pulled ahead of the running horse and Hannah could not repress her glee. She would have something to tell her people when she returned.

While at Ft. Worth, the great total eclipse of the sun took place. We had left Hannah at the hotel where we were stopping, to take care of our little three-year old boy, J. T. Holt. She promised to remain in the room. I am not sure that Mrs. Holt locked the door. The eclipse took place about three o'clock in the afternoon. When we returned, the boy was quietly sleeping on the bed, but Hannah was nowhere to be seen. The hotel folks could give us no information as to where the Indian girl could be. We instituted a search for her all over the premises but could find no trace of her. Up and down the street we searched, but no one had seen her. At last some one suggested that we look under the bed in our room. There she was, crouched in terror. The eclipse had caused darkness to come over the land, at which she was terror-stricken.

It was thus all the while. That Indian girl was not accustomed to the habits of civilization and those things which were to us matters of comfort and convenience, she regarded with fear. I was glad to get her back home and be freed from the responsibility of caring for her.

We loaded up our wagon with such provisions as we could carry, as we had not before had an opportunity of purchasing such things. Our return trip, while long and tedious, was not fraught with embarrassment or perils.

As we passed through Ft. Sill, Mrs. Holt, being in the buggy with Miss Fanny, expressed a desire to drive through the camps and see the barracks. I cautioned them that it was getting late and they must not delay as we were expecting to camp on Casch Creek. The horse they drove was a spirited animal and they made rapid progress. They came back into the road ahead of me, as I was driving a team with a loaded wagon. I thought they saw me, and as they went on, I concluded they wanted to water their horse. Instead of pausing at Casch Creek, they drove right through, and when I arrived they were out of sight, thinking, as I afterwards learned, that I was ahead of them. They saw some fresh wagon tracks and thought these tracks were made by our wagon so pushed forward with speed. All this time I was plodding slowly along keeping an eye on the buggy tracks. Night came on. but it was full moon and bright, almost, as day. I followed the buggy tracks which I could plainly see. They left the main road and I followed. The road they were following led to the Apache Camps, but they thought it was the road to the Wichita Agency. Hannah was with me in the wagon and was greatly uneasy, but, Indian like, sulked and said not a word.

About midnight I met an Indian hurrying forward. I halted him to ask where he was going. He replied that he was going to Ft. Sill, that some officers' wives were at his camp and had sent for their husbands. I apprehended who these "officers' wives" were, and told him they were my women and by and by induced him to turn back and guide me to them. When we were on a high prairie, the wagon making such a noise as a loaded wagon can make at night, I heard a voice, "O, Brother Holt! Is that you?" "Yes," I responded. It was Miss Fanny.

I came upon them about one o'clock. The buggy had bogged down and the horse had broken out of his harness, and they were standing holding him, and had been there that way about four hours, frightened, of course. The Indians concluded they were wives of the officers at Ft. Sill and that gave them protection. I took out our tent and fixed it so the women folks could go to bed, then I fed the horses. I then proceeded to get that buggy out of the bog and spent the rest of the night mending the harness. By daylight I had everything fixed up. I then awakened the women, took down the tent, hitched up our horses and departed before the Indians were stirring. We were five miles from that place by sunrise. We made our way to the main road to the Wichita Agency and about ten o'clock we stopped at a branch and ate our breakfast, which also served for our dinner. We were then but fifteen miles from the agency, which we made by sundown.

Throughout a long life, I have been remarkably free from sickness. Once in the army I had typhoid fever. That is the only serious illness I recall to have suffered. During the late autumn of 1878 I lost my appetite. Then I began running a temperature and grew weaker and weaker. I did not take my illness seriously. There was no physician near and I thought my remarkably vigorous constitution would overcome any temporary illness. But I grew so weak I was unable to walk and finally took to my bed. That alarmed my wife. She applied diligently all the home remedies which her excellent mother had taught her. But I grew gradually and steadily worse until I lost consciousness. The morning that I lost consciousness, my good wife had prepared for me a bowl of soup and brought it to me but could not arouse me. Then her heart failed her and she realized the peril of her situation. Away out among heathen people without medical assistance. Her husband, on whom she had so confidently relied as made of iron, was ill and helpless.

In her despair she carried the bowl of soup back to the kitchen and fell on her knees beside the kitchen table and poured out her heart to God in prayer for the life of her husband. There she "wrestled" with God in prayer until she felt assured of victory. She told me afterwards that she was so confident that her prayers had been answered that she arose and again took up that bowl of soup and came to my bedside. I had aroused and took the soup. From that moment, I began to mend and in a short while was able to resume my work.

During the winter of 1878-9 we had the rare experience of receiving a missionary box. The manner of its reception is worthy of record. Mrs. Holt had come to me and explained that we were without sufficient clothing to keep us warm. The previous winter, in fact the two previous winters, had been quite severe and we had not sufficient bedding to keep us warm. She had worn out the clothes she had when we were married and she and the children needed thick clothing. That revelation was saddening to me. I had paid but little attention to these things, I was so obsessed with my missionary work. I had scarcely given a thought to our clothing. When I bethought myself, I had not had a single new garment, except one shirt I had bought in Henrietta, since coming to the Indian Territory. My outer clothing had about worn out. I was greatly disturbed. My salary was wholly inadequate. It was the sum of fifty dollars a month, paid quarterly. The post trader had always taken my checks and applied them on my account. The quarterly payment of $150 was barely sufficient to cover what we always owed to him, as all our provisions and supplies were bought from him. Now to provide for extra clothing and covering, I could not imagine what to do.

I took it to the Lord in prayer. How relief was to come I had not the least idea. But I held our case up before him. We had very irregular mails. I recall how very unsatisfactory the news from the outside world was. It was during the years of the presidential election. The uncertainty as to who was president of the United States was harrowing. It will be recalled that it was at the time of the Tilden-Hays contentions. I took only one newspaper, the *New York Sun,* and that came at irregular intervals. Sometimes it was three weeks between mails. The military mail that came through from Wichita Kansas by way of Ft. Reno, came by the Wichita Agency, then went on to Ft. Sill.

We lived on the side of the mountain, or high hill. I could go to the top of that hill and look through my spy glass and see the "buckboard" that carried the mail if it was to arrive that day. It always stopped over at Ft. Reno at night, came to the Wichita Agency about two P.M., changed horses, then went on to Ft. Sill that night. Day after day I would go to the top of the hill and look for that buckboard.

We had had no mail for over two weeks, when one morning I saw that buckboard coming. I calculated that it would arrive by two P.M., and would leave anything that might be on hand for the Wichita Agency. At two that afternoon I was at the post trader's store and a postal card was handed to me. That with two copies of the *New York Sun* was all my mail. I was sorely disappointed. A postal card could have no money in it. I saw that it was from Chicago, and I did not know a soul in Chicago. There could certainly be no relief in that postal card.

I turned from the post trader's store with a heavy heart. I dreaded to meet my wife with no possibility of assistance. It might be cold weather before another mail would arrive. I had cut down a tree across a gully that lay between my cabin and the store. I had hewed off its top side and placed a rude balustrade by it so it was safe to cross. There I paused to read that postal card. Its contents are graven on my memory. I will repeat them now after over forty years have passed:

"Dear Brother Holt: We have heard of your sufferings in the Indian Territory and we have made up a box of clothing and other supplies. You will find in the box three suits of clothing for each member of your family. We also send blankets, sheets, quilts, tablecloths, napkins, towels and many other things which we trust will be of help to you. Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed. Mrs. Swift, Woman's Missionary Society."

When I finished reading that postal card, I fell right on my knees on that foot bridge and begged God's forgiveness for having doubted him for a moment. It was just like the Lord to allow us to come to the end of our row and then provide a way for the supplying of all our need. I then remembered to have seen a covered wagon approaching when I was on the mountain that morning. I was not interested in that wagon then, now I was. "That very wagon may have my box in it," I said to myself. I turned right about and went back to the post trader's store, and there was the wagon and, sure enough, it had in it my box. I flew around and got a wagon from the post trader's and took that box right up to our cabin. That was a huge box. When I arrived with it my wife was greatly surprised, as we had had no intimation that a box was being prepared. I managed to get that box off of the wagon and it was deposited outside our door. It was too large to get inside the house.

I sent Scott back with the wagon and I began to open that wonderful box. Judson, our oldest boy, was but three years old and he was all curiosity concerning it. When I managed to get the top off, he was on tiptoe, and with his little hands was trying to get hold of the side to lift himself up and see inside. When we began taking out the things, there were tears of gratitude as one after another garment was handed out. Three dresses for my wife. How proud was I. Three suits for myself. Three suits for Judson, and then blankets, sheets, quilts and every thing that a missionary would wish. Surely one hundred and fifty dollars would not have bought for us what that box contained. We actually had everything that we needed and more than we had thought we needed. I have always had a warm place in my heart ever since that experience, for Chicago in general, and for Mrs. Swift in particular. I am content that she should have sent that box, and I long ago ceased to wonder how they got hold of my name and the measure of each member of my family.

That was our last winter in the Indian Territory. Four winters we had endured that cold climate; each winter was severe. This last winter we had especially good fortune in having plenty of wild meat. Great flocks of wild geese wintered there and I had no trouble in killing as many as we needed for food. Mrs. Holt made a bed from the feathers.

I am not yet thoroughly satisfied as to how the Home Mission Board obtained possession of the information that an attempt had been made on my life. They did get possession of that fact, but through no information that I had conveyed to them. So the question came to them as to the advisability of continuing me as a missionary where my life was in constant danger. My own opinion was that I was on a very decided vantage ground. I had comparatively mastered the Comanche language. I had certainly mastered the Sign language. I knew my people and they knew me. I had but just begun to lay foundations.

The opinion of my honored uncle, Dr. H. F. Buckner, and Major I. G. Vore and the opinion of the civilized Christian Indians was that a native Christian Indian could do the work with less danger and with greater success. I had quite an argument with all of them. I held, and still hold, that a converted Indian, however excellent in every way, could not do so well as a white man who had made the missionary work a study. I think that the Foreign Board would agree that a native Christian, while of great assistance, is not so wise in counsel and so steady in labor, nor so well grounded in denominational life, doctrines and work, as a white missionary.

I recall that years after my Indian missionary experiences, I took a long desired trip to the Holy Land, and there baptized a Mr. T. J. Alley in the River Jordan. He was aforetime a Methodist. I greatly desired to have our Foreign Board to appoint him as their missionary to Jerusalem. Dr. T. P. Bell, my old room-mate at the seminary, was Assistant Corresponding Secretary with Dr. R. J. Willingham as Secretary. Dr. Bell said that the Board would have no hesitancy, he thought, in appointing me as founder of the Jerusalem Mission, if I would accept and move on the field. But it was not the policy of the Board to appoint either a new convert to the Baptist faith or a native Christian of foreign lands to the important post of superintending the foundation of a new mission. I argued this very thing with my brethren. But it seems that I was far in the minority.

I had many friends in the south who were anxious for me to continue to do this work. I do not think that Dr. John P. Green, now president of William Jewell College, ever has changed his opinion that I should have remained as missionary to these Wild Indians. Dr. Toy said in a letter to me that he thought that I should remain, and he was willing to divide his living with me if I concluded to do so. Perhaps the most prominent Baptist who insisted that I remain was my good friend, the illustrious Dr. J. R. Graves, who wrote to me that if I would remain and continue my work he would see to it that I was sustained by appeals through the "*Baptist.*" But I was sent out by the Home Mission Board, and I considered the field as theirs and not mine. They were entitled to man it as they might think best. The Board and their great secretary, Dr. W. H. McIntosh, were kindness itself in all their correspondence with me. There seemed to be no disposition to criticize me, although I see now where I had opened the way to brotherly criticism by my impetuosity and perhaps indiscretion in the conduct of affairs and in relation to men.

At any rate, when it became evidently the desire of the Board that I should accept some other work and that they would send a native Christian Indian to that very difficult field, I did not rebel against their authority. The Board generously offered to transfer me back to the Seminoles, if I would go. But the Seminoles had become offended at me for leaving them and I did not feel assured that they would take my return kindly. The Board finally offered to allow me to select any field occupied by the Board and to transfer me to such field as I might desire. But I felt that if I were to be displaced among the Wild Indians, I did not know where I could labor. I was also under commission by the Baptist General Association of Texas, which simply endorsed the appointment of the Home Mission Board as to my work among the Wild Indians. They expressed to me their entire willingness to sustain me where I was should I desire to remain. But the question of loyalty to the Board that commissioned me was uppermost in my mind.

So, at the behest of the Home Board, I concluded to abandon the field, and they were to commission a native Creek Indian to take charge of the work. They did so and Rev. Wesley Smith, a fine Creek Indian preacher, took the field after my departure. But it was not at all easy sailing for Brother Smith. After an attempt to rehabilitate the work and after about a year of effort, Brother Smith gave up in despair. He never did master the language of any of the wild tribes.

Major Ingalls was the superintendent of the Indian missionary work in the Indian Territory conducted by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. He was progressive and had an evangelical missionary spirit. During my second year at the Wichita Agency he came to see me and I had the pleasure of entertaining him at my cabin home. After I had left it seems that the Home Mission Society prepared to enter the field and did so, after Brother Smith, of the Home Board, had become discouraged and left. Thus the work which had been begun and carried on for several years by the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, passed eventually into the hands of the Home Mission Society. I have met and talked to some of their missionaries and to a man, or to a woman, they are good, industrious, pious, successful missionaries. In recording my earlier experiences, I have not had the very least desire to establish any claim to superiority. The priority of the work begun by the Home Mission Board, which sent me out, has been established by Dr. V. I. Masters, Secretary of Publicity of the Home Mission Board, and has also been conceded by all interested parties.

I left the work in March 1879. It was to me a sad day. My little Indian band bade me a most affectionate farewell. The speech of Kin Chess, my first convert, has been published in a beautiful book edited by Dr. J. N. Prestridge. It was also published by the Smithsonian Institute as a fine example of the Sign language. I left among the Indian dead, two graves, my own precious children. On the resurrection morning they will come up with the countless Indian resurrected ones. Willie was buried in John Jumper's graveyard, where I suppose that redoubtable chief was afterwards himself buried.

In after years, while I was publishing the *Baptist Oklahoman,* I twice visited the Creek Association. The moderator was William McComb, who had been an interpreter for my honored uncle, Dr. H. F. Buckner. He had also frequently interpreted for me. He was the only Indian I met while in Oklahoma with whom I had been in any way associated during my term of service as missionary. I enjoyed my association with the Creek Baptists. A part of this association is the Wichitas. That one church is the remaining band of the church I constituted forty-six years ago. I had a talk with its pastor, Brother Littleman. He was a child when I was first there and had no recollection of me, but had been told often of my work. The organization remained and through the influence of Brother Wesley Smith attached itself to the Creek Baptist Association, coming hundreds of miles every year to associate with them.

At my last meeting with the Creek Association, they conferred on me an Indian name. I regret that I have forgotten my own name, the interpretation of which was "Bear Heart," or something equally vigorous. I had great pleasure in singing with them in their own tongue many beautiful songs and leading them once in prayer, the greater part of which was in their own tongue.

The Baptist General Association of Texas, through their Board, invited me to come back home, as I was to leave the Indian field, and do work for them on the frontier. I agreed to do so. I moved my family to Denison, the nearest town to the Indian Territory, a town which had been but lately established. My friend, Dr. W. H. Parks, was the Baptist pastor there. He welcomed me warmly and I settled my family in Denison and prepared at once to do missionary work on the extreme border of civilization. My work as a frontier missionary was almost as difficult as my missionary work among the Indians. My life was not in jeopardy, but the hardships were many. The great difficulty of any missionary is his inability to be much at home. Had not the Lord given me a missionary wife, I would never have accomplished anything. I left that good woman alone with our little ones, while I would often be gone a month at a time doing missionary work far out on the frontier.

Many a time my meeting was held in a dugout. Frequently we had only brush arbors. In Henrietta I held their first protracted meeting in a school house. It will be recalled that while I was Indian missionary I had delivered the first sermon ever delivered in the town. At Jacksboro I had held a meeting in the old rock court house before there was any church house in the town. I held a meeting in the vicinity of where Wichita Falls is now located. The meeting was held in a dugout. When we went to baptize we went to Wichita Falls. The falls were there, but not the sign of a house. I had no idea that a city would ever be built at that point.

A peculiar experience came to me at that baptizing. On the bank of the river I had preached on baptism. After preaching, I had led into the water several candidates and had baptized them. While standing in the water I had cried out, "Now if any of the rest of you want to follow your Lord in his appointed way, see here is water, what doth hinder thee?" To my surprise a great, tall cowboy came stalking right down to the water.

"I'm your man," said he. "These folks all know me. I have been a Methodist a long time, but have never been satisfied with my baptism, and it seems to me the Lord has spoken to me right here, and I want to follow him."

His statement and experience met with the approval of the band and he was received, and laying aside his broad hat, he came in to me, boots and all. I think his pocketbook was baptized, too. After the baptism, he said to me, "Go home with me, Brother Holt, and help me explain to Mary." I agreed. He was all dripping with water as we rode away. After some miles, we drew rein at a cabin and alighted.

"Why, John," she greeted him, "what made you so wet?"

"Mary, I have been baptized."

"I wish I had been there, I would have been baptized, too. You know I have always wanted to be."

Twenty years after that event, I was riding on the Ft. Worth and Denver train near Henrietta, when a man came to me and said, "Is this Brother Holt?" I replied that it was. That man sat down beside me and began weeping. By and by he said:

"Please excuse me. I had not seen you in so long. I am the man you baptized at Wichita Falls, twenty years ago. I wish you would get off of the train and stop at my home. I have made good. I live in a comfortable home. I have plenty. You would be so welcome." I was on my way to the Red Fork Association as the Corresponding Secretary of Missions and could not stop off. Then he placed in my hands a generous contribution, saying he regretted it was not more, but that was all he had about him. So I think his pocket book must have been baptized, too!

For two years I served the General Association as their General Missionary on the frontier. During no period of my life are there more pleasant memories concerning my missionary work than the recollections of these years. I have already included some of the experiences of these years in the chapter on Protracted Meetings.

My good friend, Dr. Parks, having been called to a church in Dallas, I was elected as his successor in Denison. I served only half-time, and gave the other half to missionary work.

CHAPTER XXI

A SECOND TERM AT THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

It was seven years after my first year at the seminary before I had the opportunity of attending again that great school of the prophets. After serving the General Association of Texas and the First Baptist Church of Denison for two years after I left the Indian Territory, I ventured to make an attempt to complete a course at this institution. I wrote to Dr. Broadus and made known to him my desires, saying that if the way were opened and if by some means I might be able to work my way through, I would be glad to attend the seminary again. Not long after I had written this letter I received a call from the Portland Avenue Baptist Church, Louisville. They explained that Dr. Broadus had commended me to them. They were a weak band and could pay but $250 a year, but the Kentucky State Board would supplement this by a similar amount. This made only a small sum on which to support a family in Louisville. Meanwhile Dr. Broadus wrote and said that the Students' Fund would help me out some and he thought I could make it through with what the Board, the church and the Students' Fund would furnish.

I sold my little home in Denison for $800 and transferred the amount to Louisville. I spent the whole of this together with what I received from the Board and the church and the Students' Fund in the two years I spent in Louisville. I had a wife and four children and living in a city is more expensive than living in a village or in the country. While there I held two meetings which paid me fifty dollars each and this helped me to get through financially.

Portland Avenue Church was to me a most delightful pastorate. I was much disposed to spend more time doing pastoral work than the arduous course at the seminary permitted. I had to take over again Systematic Theology, New Testament and Homiletics. By taking four schools each of the two years, I managed to pass what was, I suppose, a creditable examination and so received my certificates of graduation. The seminary was more largely attended than during the sessions at Greenville. Good Dr. William Williams had passed away. Dr. Boyce had come into the class room to teach Systematic Theology. He was getting out his work on Systematic Theology then and it was as full of points as a porcupine is full of quills; they were just as sharp points, too. How we did have to study! I was forced to hold my own with brethren who had no incumbrances, while I had a family to support and a church to look after. I lived about three miles from the seminary lecture rooms and I walked this distance twice a day, unless it was sleeting or pouring down rain. I frequently conned over my lessons going and returning from the lecture rooms.

I had to get up at least two sermons every week. I never could do well preaching old sermons. Sometimes I have had to do so and have been embarrassed thereby. While I was the Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist General Convention of Texas, in after years, I had to deliver much the same discourses to the asociations. My life-long friend, Dr. Jeff D. Ray, was Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-school work while I was mission secretary. One time when he was approaching an association, I was preaching.

"How far along has Dr. Holt gotten?" he asked.

"He has been preaching about half an hour," was the reply.

"Has he gotten to the history of the Hardshells yet?"

"No."

"Well, then, he is not half through," said my friend.

Another time in Tennessee I had made especial study of a sermon and I delivered it several times. Once at Morristown I had delivered it quite to my own satisfaction. My friend, Dr. W. T. C. Hale, was present. He remarked to me afterwards that I did not deliver that sermon as well as I had delivered it at the First Baptist Church of Knoxville nor yet so poorly as I had delivered it at the Commencement of Chilhowee Institute! So he had heard me deliver that same sermon three times. But such was not my habit, save when I was secretary of missions and had to speak largely on the same subjects at each association. While pastor I have always delivered fresh sermons. Taking into account that I have, so far, delivered many over ten thousand discourses, commonly called sermons, it may not be surprising that I have frequently repeated myself.

I enjoyed preaching to the Portland people. I had one member especially who was a great blessing to me. That was Judge I. W. Edwards. He was a discriminating listener. A judge of the Court of Appeals, he was quite busy, but he was, for all that, a most faithful attendant at the services. He would kindly suggest to me where he thought I might make some improvement in my delivery. Invariably he was right in his kindly suggestions, and I always took heed thereto.

My vacation between sessions was given to holding a protracted meeting at Perryville, Ky. I had spent some of my childhood days at Perryville so was glad of an invitation to return after twenty-five years of absence and hold them a protracted meeting. Only two of the old citizens whom I remembered to have known were yet living.

During my last year at the seminary a church in Cincinnati wrote to Dr. Broadus to send one of his students up to preach for them and they would bear the expense. Dr. Broadus sent me. I secured one of the students to fill my place at Portland and took the trip. The pastor of the church was away. They received me cordially and seemed well pleased with my visit, and paid me generously. When their pastor returned, they beset him to secure me for a protracted meeting. Accordingly, he wrote me a most urgent letter asking such service at my hands. I consulted Dr. Broadus about whether I should ac- meeting. I again secured a student to fill my place at Portland. I remained with that Cincinnati church two weeks. I shall not mention the name of the pastor. He was a learned man. He was an extremely Northern man in his sentiments and so soon as he learned that I had been a Southern soldier, he seemed to take an extreme dislike to me. I noticed this at once and had to pray earnestly to prevent my returning his dislike. But that meeting was, by the grace of God, a signal success. The pastor sought every way to discourage me and block my way. He would have sent me home at once on learning that I was a Southern soldier, but his people seemed charmed with my preaching. I fail to recall how many professions of faith were the result of the meeting, but there were over fifty additions. At the last service, the pastor had suggested that I should not preach at all, but say a few words and turn the meeting over to him. I said to him that I was to preach on a requested subject and had made my preparations. I would deliver that sermon or not try to speak at all, just as he might think proper. He allowed me to proceed. That night at the close, the whole congregation pressed my hand most warmly and a deacon placed in my hand a generous compensation for my services.

Later, when I had returned to the Seminary, I received a warm letter from a deacon of the church saying that the resolutions which had been passed by the church concerning the meeting and their appreciation of my services, which had been handed to their pastor to send me, were offered by himself and he meant it all and much more. I never did receive those resolutions and had not that deacon written me of them I would never have known that they had been passed. I only mention this to show the prejudice which some people cherish in their hearts. This unkind spirit was never shared in by me. I loved and labored for those people just as earnestly and loyally as if the service had been rendered in Texas instead of Ohio. I never beheld that pastor after this and I suppose he has long since passed to his reward. He was no doubt a good man, but I think he was too much prejudiced for his own good.

During this session of the seminary I had the honor to be associated in study with some eminent gentlemen. Not that they at that time were so noted, but in after years they became so. The present superb president of that noble institution, Dr.

E. Y. Mullins, was in attendance at that time. I also had the honor to have him as a teacher of a class of girls in the Sunday school of the Portland Avenue Church. Dr. T. S. Potts, who has since won for himself an immortal name as a servant of Jesus Christ, attended the seminary at that time and was the missionary pastor of Hope Mission, which was afterwards turned into the Twenty-second and Walnut Street Church. It was while he was the missionary pastor of this Hope Mission that he was set apart to the ministry, Dr. James P. Boyce delivering the ordination sermon and A. J. Holt conducting the examination and delivering the charge.

The late lamented Dr. E. E. Folk was a classmate of this writer. The day he graduated we came down from the classroom together.

"Did you pass, Holt?" he queried.

"I do not know, I'm sure; John Peter is mighty strict," I replied. It was the custom of the boys to call Dr. Boyce "John Peter" because his initials were J. P.

"Well," replied Folk, "I am sure I passed. Let's go in and take a glass of soda water to celebrate." Certainly Dr. Folk passed; he always did. I also managed to get through somehow, but I imagine it was by "the skin of my teeth."

Dr. B. D. Gray, the unsurpassed Secretary of Home Missions, was a desk-mate with me in Church History. "Uncle Billy," as Dr. Whitsitt was affectionately called, was our teacher. We were in this class one day, when after the lesson had been completed, Dr. Whitsitt arose with an evident degree of embarrassment, a thing which he rarely exhibited, and remarked, "Brethren, we will have no class in Church History next Wednesday." Still further hesitating, and blushing like a girl, he remarked, "In fact, brethren, I am going to get married that day." The boys clapped heartily, and he hastily left the hall.

Dr. T. H. Pritchard, then pastor of the Broadway Church, and Dr. T. T. Eaton, pastor of the Walnut Street Church, were both members of the class in Homiletics that year. In addition there were the following notable men whose names are household words among Southern Baptists, who attended the

Seminary that year: Carter Helm Jones, H. P. McCormick, J. T. Dickenson, R. T. Bryan, W. A. Whittle, S. A. Smith, J. H. Wright, J. J. Burnett, I. M. Mercer, W. E. Tynes, J. N. Prestridge, J. R. Sampey, J. F. Purser, W. T. Lowery, O. L. Hailey, C. S. Gardner, P. T. Hale, I. P. Trotter, W. J. E. Cox, W. D. Herring, J. H. Boldridge, E. M. Poteat, and many others. That was a notable class of theological students, whose elimination from our denominational work to-day would cause irreparable loss. Many, alas! have passed "over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Drs. Pritchard and Eaton and Perryman and Rosamond and Moffatt and Fred D. Hale, as well as many others, have finished their labors. If there is one out of that lot who has not "made good," I am happily ignorant of that one.

Dr. Boyce was especially proud of his class in Systematic Theology. We were one time pursuing our studies in this interesting branch with that unsurpassed teacher, when we struck the subject of Election. We thought, at least some of us thought, that Dr. Boyce was somewhat extreme on that doctrine. We were in deep water continually. At last Dr. Boyce remarked to us, "Now, brethren, if there is anything especially difficult concerning this doctrine that you need further explanation upon, just speak out." Whereupon, W. E. Tynes asked some questions which kept Dr. Boyce busy answering the balance of the lesson period. Then, arising, he remarked, "Next time, brethren, if you have anything to ask, I would appreciate it if you would submit your questions in writing and give me some little time to prepare the answers."

The next lecture Dr. Boyce read "Twelve Objections to the Doctrine of Election," submitted by Walter E. Tynes. Dr. Boyce spent the entire period endeavoring to reply to these questions and did not do so then to the entire satisfaction of Brother Tynes. I was at that time assisting Brother P. T. Hale in taking care of the library and spent much of my time there studying, as I had no other place to study. One day the President and a professor of Theology at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Danville, Ky., came down to look through the library, in company with Dr. Boyce. In discussing matters in general, Dr. Boyce called the attention of the visitors to the twelve questions of Brother Tynes, saying: "There, gentlemen, is the production of a theological brain. That is one of the students in our class of Theology. I confess that he has presented difficulties that I am not able to remove."

I had now completed all the English schools of the Seminary and would have been entitled to the degree of E.G. or Th.G., had such degrees then been in existence. Dr. Boyce advised me that he thought I had gone far enough for all the purposes of my ministry, although I did desire to complete senior Greek and Hebrew. But being thirty-five years old, I thought I had equipment sufficient for all ordinary purposes, so I left the seminary at the close of the session and returned to Texas. I had to borrow money from Dr. Boyce to pay my way back to Texas.

CHAPTER XXII

A SECRETARY OF MISSIONS IN TEXAS

Apparently there was nothing open to me when I decided to return to Texas after my last two sessions at the Seminary. I simply believed that my work was in that state. I had our few family effects shipped to Dallas, while my wife went for a visit to her people. I visited my uncle, R. C. Buckner, in Dallas. The second day after my arrival a meeting of the Executive Board of the General Association was held. I was asked by one of the members to show him the place of meeting, which I did. I was about to depart when the chairman asked me to remain and open the proceedings by prayer.

I was wholly ignorant of the denominational situation in the state at that time. It developed that the General Association had six missionaries in the field with no adequate measures providing for their support. They were in debt to them, the meeting of the General Association was approaching and the Board was in desperate straits to meet the demand on them. It was the late lamented W. H. Prather who remarked:

"Why not secure Brother Holt to raise this money? He is as full of work as an egg is full of meat." The chairman then said:

"Brother Holt, would you undertake to raise this $800 by the meeting of the General Association?"

"I had not thought of such a thing. I was thinking of going out Sunday to begin a protracted meeting at Weatherford."

"But you have made no appointment, have you?"

"No. Not specifically, only in a general way," I remarked.

"Then would you undertake to raise this for us?"

"I could do so," I replied.

"How much would you charge us to undertake it?"

"I would undertake it for $200," said I.

"What if you did not raise the $800?" said Brother Prather.

"Then I would not charge you anything at all," I replied.

The result of this little conversation was that I was employed as financial agent of the General Association for two months. The $800 was raised, $200 in addition, then $120 more to be left in the treasury.

That brought us to the meeting of the General Association at Cleburne. While there I had a telegram from the church at Temple that they had called me to their pastorate. I handed the message to Dr. Burleson, sitting near, and he wrote on its back, "That is on the way to Tarshish." He handed the message to Dr. Carroll and he wrote on it, "We can not spare you." I declined that call of the church. That afternoon I was unanimously elected as the Superintendent of Missions for the Baptist General Association of Texas.

They had never had a Superintendent of Missions before. The office was created then and there. I was the first one ever to be elected to such office in that body. It was upon the motion of Dr. B. H. Carroll. There had been a General Agent, and Dr. R. C. Buckner filled that office while he was editing the *Texas Baptist*. There had been a Financial Agent, and I had been filling that position for two months. I accepted this work, which fixed me for many years as missionary secretary in Texas.

At that time the state of Texas was divided, Baptistically, into two bodies, the State Convention occupying the southern portion of the state, and the General Association occupying the northern portion. Dr. O. C. Pope was the Corresponding Secretary of the State Convention portion of the state. Dr. Pope was endeavoring to switch the Convention, and indeed the entire state, into co-operation with the Home Mission Society. That society had furnished large amounts of money for missionary work and church buildings placed at the disposal of Dr. Pope. The General Association had determined to remain in loyal co-operation with the Southern Baptist

Convention. Our own Home Mission Board, while wholly unable to match the wealth and liberality of the Home Mission Society, was heartily in sympathy with our efforts and aims. Right nobly did the General Association people respond to my crude appeals for missionary funds. I was absolutely without experience as a secretary of missions. I was in a virgin field. I had no plans. I went blindly forward, taking collections and securing pledges for the work. I visited every district association in co-operation with the General Association and was received gladly everywhere. Considering the immaturity of the work and the total lack of development in Christian liberality, the associations responded right generously.

We launched out at once and appointed more missionaries. We entered into co-operation with each of the frontier associations; they elected a missionary and we supplemented his salary. Frequently I went to the associations themselves and raised the entire amount of their missionary's salary right among them. The money was sent through our Board as a sort of clearing house. At first we increased the number of missionaries from six to twenty-seven. At the close of the year we reported a splendid work and the missionaries were all paid. The following year we increased the number of missionaries from twenty-seven to forty, and at the close of the year we reported all debts paid and a splendid work done by the missionaries. The third year we further increased the number of missionaries from forty to fifty-seven and at the close of the year we were all paid up again, while the missionaries had done an unsurpassed work.

I began to perceive that some system of contributions must be worked out so that the churches and not the Superintendent of Missions would do the work of collecting the money for the missionaries. In consultation with Dr. B. H. Carroll, a plan of work was inaugurated and submitted to the churches, which, while somewhat crude, was the foundation of the splendid work in contributions now in progress in Texas. This plan took much of the immediate work of collecting off of the secretary and placed it where it belonged on the churches. The following year our contributions increased by leaps and bounds.

Our missionaries were multiplied accordingly and at the next convention we presented a superb report showing sixty-seven missionaries all paid in full, and these had done a mission work unheard of before in Texas.

From that time forward the work of the General Association grew amazingly, and the work of the State Convention seemed to lag. Dr. Pope, seeing that his plan of co-operating with the Home Mission Society did not strike Texas Baptists as best, resigned, and Dr. W. R. Maxwell, a splendid man, was elected to his place. The following year the General Association appointed eighty-seven missionaries and collected $50,000. At the close of the year we had paid every missionary and had some little left in the treasury.

About this time an agitation was begun proposing the consolidation of the two general bodies of Texas Baptists. Resolutions were passed at each body looking to this end. Each body had also appointed a commission of delegates to meet at Temple for the purpose of endeavoring to consolidate the two bodies. I had the honor of being a member of that commission. It was truly a gracious meeting. We all felt that really there was nothing to divide us; that those things which had divided us were passed. It was clearly evident from the beginning that consolidation was going to be effected. One of the main things to be agreed upon was the name. The delegates from the State Convention contended that it be called the Baptist State Convention, saying that there were some constitutional and legal questions involved, which made it necessary. It seemed that some legacies had been made to the State Convention, which they said would be lost should any other name be selected. I contended that we mix the names; that we take a part of each name. That was popular from its first suggestion, and so the names were mixed and a part of each taken. From the Baptist General Association was taken the first two words and from the State Convention the last word was taken, making it the Baptist General Convention of Texas. That is the name to this day. Others may have had the name in mind, I certainly suggested it first, though I made no motion. This motion was made, however, I think, by Dr. R. C. Buckner that the name of the new convention be the Baptist General Convention of Texas. Both bodies labored on separately during the balance of that year and we met at Waco in a general meeting the following July.

I labored six years for the Baptist General Association of Texas, including the service I rendered as frontier missionary. This period of service as frontier missionary was in reality the foundation of my work as secretary. It came about in this way. During my service on the frontier, I engaged the assistance of a Brother Singletary and collected the money to pay him. This I did by the permission of the Board. The brethren of the Board encouraged me in securing other missionaries to help me, just so I would not involve them in debt. In this way I secured the services of several missionaries to assist in the work and each of them was paid by my collections. When I returned from the Seminary and was chosen for the position of Superintendent of Missions it was with the understanding that I pursue the work just as I had been pursuing it before going to the Seminary, only on a more extensive scale.

Now, in these days of splendid organizations, of offices, bookkeepers, stenographers, clerks and various assistants, it is difficult for brethren to conceive of conditions which prevailed before these various auxiliaries were to be had. During my service for the General Association I never had an assistant of any sort. My office was in my bedroom at home. I kept my own books, collected all moneys myself and was my own stenographer. I never took a sleeping car, though I traveled day coach seat and went to sleep. Many a night I slept on a depot platform. I recall that I once had $250 in silver in my valise, as I had been to an association, and I slept on a truck at Longview with that valise under my head, waiting for the T. & P. train to carry me to Dallas. As Dr. Cranfill said of me in his book, "Cranfill's Chronicles," I was "a man of iron." I never knew fatigue. Truly, those were strenuous days. I bought the first typewriting machine that I had ever seen in Texas and soon learned to operate it myself. After this I did all my correspondence on it, keeping a press copy of each letter for reference.

I made my banker my keeper of funds, and they were well kept. During all my service as secretary of missions, covering a period of over twenty years, I was never short one cent in my finances. For quite awhile I had no auditor. At last, on my own motion, an auditor was appointed and my books, after that, were duly audited. On two occasions money was stolen from me. It was the Board's money, but I made it good to the Board without reporting the loss to them. With all my shortcomings, I may say in my own defense, that in my finances I was never short one cent. To-day, I owe no man anything save to love him. I have sometimes been indiscreet with my own funds and have suffered by loaning my personal funds to brethren, and have thereby lost several thousand dollars. But the denomination's money has always been to me sacred.

Early in life I adopted the tithing system as to my personal contributions. I have endeavored faithfully to keep it up. Sometimes, frequently, I have gone far beyond it, but have never fallen below it that I know of.

My work for the General Association was among my most fruitful years of service. I shall ever bear in grateful memory the love and loyalty of the brotherhood of that body as they stood by me in my arduous endeavors to do them service. I doubt if any period of my life has been so fruitful as this. That remarkable book, "Flowers and Fruits," by Z. N. Morrell, says of my work in the General Association: "A. J. Holt served as missionary in the Indian Territory and then became the Superintendent of Missions in the General Association, which position he still occupies, having done a mission work in Texas which has no parallel." During this period of service the following churches were organized by myself: Bonham, Jacksboro, Henrietta, Gainesville, Daingerfield, besides many country churches.

CHAPTER XXIII

A SECRETARY OF MISSIONS IN TEXAS

(CONCLUDED)

The Baptist General Convention of Texas met at Waco. That is, the bodies constituting this body met at Waco and effected the consolidation of the two bodies. This was in July, 1886. There I was unanimously elected as Corresponding Secretary of the consolidated Convention. Then my troubles began. The State Convention lacked about $3,800 of having discharged its indebtedness to its missionaries. As the entire work was placed in my hands I had this debt to provide for. I adopted the plan of sending any claim to W. R. Maxwell, the Corresponding Secretary of the old Convention, for his endorsement when it was presented. Sometimes Brother Maxwell failed to give such endorsement, in which event I declined to pay the claim. I did this, of course, at the instance of the State Board. I had no way to verify the claims except as they were validated by the secretary of missions under whom the work was done. This complicated matters no little, and laid the foundation for much misunderstanding.

The brethren of south Texas—some of them—felt that they had been discriminated against in that their secretary had been set aside and the secretary from the General Association had been selected in his stead. This caused me to spend most of my time in visiting the southern portion of the state to endeavor to pacify them. In this I was not invariably successful. I recall a rather embarrassing episode at the San Marcos Association. I had arrived in the afternoon of the first day, I suppose too late to accept the general invitation for visiting brethren to seats in the body. So I received no recognition. I slept on a church house bench. That was not so bad, as it was a sort of camp meeting affair. Others did the same.

I had joined a crowd at a table and had my supper and breakfast. The next day no attention had been paid the new Superintendent of Missions. I confess it was somewhat embarrassing. But I set aside any resentment I might have felt inclined to cherish, and remained seated, watching for an opportunity. It came when the subject of missions came up for discussion. I arose and introduced myself and asked for permission to speak on the subject, which was accorded me. I took the floor and the Lord gave me grace and I spoke for quite a while on the subject. When I took my seat I was introduced, and was afterwards accorded every courtesy and had more invitations to be entertained than I could accept. I had not the least difficulty with that association after that.

While serving this body I had the pleasure to assist in the organizing of missionary work in Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, El Paso, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Laredo, Corpus Christi, Sweetwater, Colorado City, Brownsville, Big Springs, Abilene, Nacogdoches, Orange, Beaumont, Pearsoll, Del Rio, Coleman City, San Angelo and many other points. I worked harder than I had in the General Association. The work grew, too. When the report was presented to the Convention at Houston in 1889 there were nearly two hundred missionaries who had been employed and paid.

A period of great denominational unrest began to be manifest. It had been brewing for some years. I had allowed myself to be persuaded to become a partner in the publication of the *Texas Baptist and Herald,* associating with Dr. S. A. Hayden in this enterprise. I gave none of my actual time to this work, I only put my money in it. I thought that it would give me added power and a wider influence. I can see now that I made a mistake. No one predicted it then. It was with the full concurrence of the Board that I allowed my name to go on the masthead of the paper. "Hayden and Holt" were the editors and proprietors of the paper. For two years this seemed to work well. Then Dr. Hayden began to have opposition to his policies. Looking at it from a dispassionate viewpoint now, I believe that Dr. Hayden was a sincere man. Many, later, felt sure that he was a bad man. He began to endeavor to correct everything in the denomination that did not meet his own views.

His first active trouble was with his pastor, Dr. R. T. Hanks. I vainly endeavored to dissuade him from his extreme opposition. But he grew more and more determined in his opposition to Dr. Hanks. I have now no doubt that he did really believe Dr. Hanks to be a bad man. I have no desire to go into the particulars of this trouble, and only allude to it so far as it involved myself. As I was a partner with Dr. Hayden in the publication of the paper, in just so far was I held to be involved in this controversy. There was a church trial of Dr. Hanks. I was unwisely summoned as a witness. I should not have been summoned, but I was. That apparently placed me against Dr. Hanks. His friends, and he had not a few, arrayed themselves against me. This greatly retarded and embarrassed my work as mission secretary.

Those were trying days. We all made mistakes, at least I did. I have always been easily persuaded by my brethren. Dr. Hayden exerted a wonderful influence over his friends, and that included me. While I was against his frequent controversies with his brethren, yet I considered him a great man who was capable of doing great things for the cause. He has now passed to his reward. He no longer speaks for himself. He perhaps had more enemies in Texas than any other man, but I do not consider him to have been the vile man his enemies thought he was. I suffered more financially by him than any other man. I invested four thousand dollars with him in the paper, then I loaned him money as long as I had any. I lost it all. I do not think he deliberately thought to defraud me out of my money. He was mistaken in judgment. While I suffered not only financially, but also in reputation because of my association with him, yet I do not consider him to have been a bad man. It was my mistake that I yielded to his influence and thereby made some serious blunders.

At Houston I was minded to resign from the missionary work, but my friends besought me not to do so. Dr. Carroll, my life-long friend, was especially anxious for me to continue in the missionary work. At his suggestion, I there sold out my interest in the *Texas Baptist and Herald* to Dr. Hayden, taking whatever he had to give, which was a lot of tax titles to lands which all proved to be worthless. I actually lost $4,000 by my connection with the *Texas Baptist and Herald*. Then Dr. Carroll went before the General Convention and nominated me again as Corresponding Secretary. I gave him a statement to read before the body informing that body that I had sold my interest in the paper to Dr. Hayden. Dr. J. B. Cranfill had approached me and asked me to resign in his favor. He said I was tired of the work and he wanted it. I told him that I had already promised the brethren to allow them to place my name before the body. He then said he was going to run and would beat me. I laughingly told him I would vote for him, which I did.

The president of the Convention was Dr. A. T. Spaulding, pastor at Galveston. The secretaries at the Convention were Dr. T. S. Potts and Dr. A. E. Baten. They were appointed tellers to take the vote of the body. Dr. Carroll had nominated me and Dr. A. M. Simms had nominated Dr. J. B. Cranfill. The vote was taken in silence. The secretaries returned to count the ballot. I was praying that the will of the Lord might be done. The tellers returned after awhile, but before they reported Dr. Spaulding, the president, read from the Scriptures the election of Matthias to be one of the twelve, and said that whatever the result of the ballot he begged the brethren to let it be accepted as the will of the body and the will of God. The tellers announced that I had been elected by over two-thirds of the votes cast.

That was Saturday. I took Sunday to pray over the matter before announcing my decision. I approached several who had been against me and asked them if they were going to co-operate with me. I found they were not. I apprehended that there was to be a war against me and I had no desire to be party to strife. On Monday Dr. R. R. White, who has only recently passed away, arose and stated that he was dissatisfied with the result of the election of last Saturday. I saw clearly that there was going to be a fight against me. I begged the floor on a question of personal privilege and it was accorded me. I then alluded to the years I had endeavored to serve them. I had been their first secretary of missions and had no doubt made many mistakes. I was very human. I foresaw, I said, that there would be opposition to me on the part of some good brethren. It was hard to succeed in such a position to which I had been elected with all the brethren favoring and co-operative. But with opposition from some excellent brethren, I could not hope for success. Therefore, I begged to decline to accept the position to which I had been elected. I laid down my work with love to all and malice to none. I thanked them for all the love and co-operation they had given me but my resignation was unconditional. I was conscious that many of my good friends were greatly disappointed that I declined to serve, but I simply did what seemed to me for the best. Then Dr. Carroll arose and moved that the nominee of the minority be elected and Dr. Cranfill was elected without opposition.

I had given the flower of my manhood and my ministry to this missionary work in Texas. Counting all the service I had rendered to Texas Baptists as a missionary and secretary of missions, I gave them twelve years of the best time of my life. One of my opponents arose and offered this resolution: "Whereas, Rev. A. J. Holt has declined to accept the position of Corresponding Secretary of this Convention; Resolved, that we express our appreciation of the ability and fidelity with which he has discharged his official duties during the term he has served this Convention." (See Riley's "History of Texas Baptists," page 321.)

CHAPTER XXIV

ABROAD

The State Board of the Baptist General Convention, after the election of Dr. J. B. Cranfill, requested that I should remain as long as possible in the office to give the new secretary an insight into the workings of the missionary situation. I did so, and Dr. Cranfill was duly appreciative of my assistance. In the meanwhile, I was formulating my plans for a trip abroad. I had then been preaching twenty-one years and my life had been unusually strenuous. I had gone from the seminary directly into the secretarial work and had driven myself right on, day and night, for years. Even in my sleep, I was busy with the problems of the work, and my dreams took on its burdens. If ever a preacher needed rest, I was that preacher. No one save a secretary knows the burdens he is called upon to bear. No secretary of my knowledge had the embarrassments which confronted me. The ominous troubles in Texas were then brewing and soon were to burst forth with fierce and bitter contentions which would last for years. My unfortunate association with Dr. Hayden was increasingly embarrassing to me.

The sectional differences which I inherited as having been the secretary of one section while I was endeavoring to maintain the spirit of brotherly love and co-operation throughout the entire state, had been a hard problem for me. All these things and more besides, in addition to the undeveloped condition of the finances, made the task of carrying forward the work successfully, extremely difficult.

For many years I had cherished a desire, which gradually ripened into a determination, to visit the Holy Land. Heretofore, I had found no opportunity of doing so. Now the opportunity was presented and I gladly availed myself of it. Strangely enough I had the means necessary to pay my expenses. It happened this way: When I went to the Indian Territory I had taken the money resulting from the sale of my home in Weberville and had invested it in some wild land near Henrietta. This land I kept for ten years. Meanwhile, the town of Henrietta was located adjoining my land. Then the Ft. Worth and Denver Railroad came along and located its depot right next to my holdings. That caused my land to soar in price. Then a splendid rock quarry was developed on my property, so altogether, my land had become quite valuable. When at the top of the market, I sold it and placed the money in the bank. This furnished me the means of going abroad and also of supporting my family during my absence.

After I had completed my plans, I made them known to my wife. I had not consulted her until I had perfected them. I approached her with this statement, "Darling, next Monday I will start for Europe and the Holy Land." She quickly turned her back, put her hands to her eyes a moment, then turned with a blanched face and said, "Go, darling! If there is a man on this earth who needs the trip, it is you. I will stay and take care of the children." That reply was characteristic of that woman. For fifteen years she had done nobly and unmurmuringly a wife's part. Burdens which would have crushed most women, she had borne cheerfully. Now she was taking on another and a most serious one.

I consulted my banker as to how my traveling expenses were to be met. I had become a stockholder in the bank. They advised me to allow my funds to remain in the home bank and take a letter of recommendation to their New York correspondent, who would issue to me a letter of credit and on that I could draw. My check would be sent to New York and then forwarded to Dallas to be paid at my home bank. It was a most successful and economical plan for financing the trip and was carried out without a hitch. The New York banker asked me to sign several slips and then sent these specimens of my signature to several leading banks of Europe and Asia. I drew money from several of these banks and they always drew out these slips with my signature and compared them with the signature on my letter of credit. Even in Jerusalem at the banking house of Melville P. Burgheim I was gratified to have Mr. Burgheim draw out my signature I had left in New York and exhibit it to me.

After brief visits to St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara and New York, I set sail on the good ship Circassia for Glasgow, Scotland, intending to "make" Scotland first.

So very many books of travel have been written and the lands I visited have recently become so famous in the World's War, that I will omit a detailed description of my many interesting experiences. I had engaged to write a letter each week for the *Texas Baptist and Herald* and one for the *Arkansas Baptist,* for which I received fair compensation. These letters were widely read and ran through an entire year. I was urged to put them in book form, after my return, but after considering that I could not hope to write so scholarly as some, nor yet so interestingly as others, I concluded not to yield to the request of over-partial friends.

I could swell this volume to a most unusual and inconvenient size by recording these experiences. But I desist and will mention only such experiences as are most unusual or not to be found elsewhere.

From my boyhood I had been a most enthusiastic admirer of the writings of Sir Walter Scott. I read Waverley Novels while a youth. I devoured most greedily "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman." They appealed to my martial spirit and military experiences. "The Abbott" and "The Monastery" impressed vividly my spiritualized imagination. "The White Lady of Avenel" was to me a most engaging character. Then I had almost adored the poetic writings of this distinguished author. I am not unaware of the criticism indulged in, by some, against the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, but to me it has always been attractive. It combines most charming narratives with historic facts and clothes the whole with the drapery of poesy. I literally memorized "The Lady of the Lake," and even now I can repeat whole cantos of this lovely poem. Likewise, "Marmion" charmed me.

I visited the scenes where "The Lady of the Lake" was laid and found the whole of it true to the geography of the localities. Ellen's Isle is there in the midst of Loch Katrine. I even thought I had found the remains of the lodge of the Earl of Douglas on that entrancing island. I traced successively the journeys of Roderick Dhu and the Knight of Snowdon from Roderick's Pine, through the Trossachs, along Loch Vennachar and on the rugged sides of Ben Ann and Lanrick Mead even to Coilantogle's Ford in sight of Stirling's Towers. Every locality described in that remarkable poem is to be seen now along this way from the Trossachs to Stirling. It was said that Sir Walter Scott actually traversed the distance on foot from Coilantogle's Ford to Stirling's Towers to ascertain if the description he gave of the rescue of Fitz James were possible as he described it.

Then I visited the famous Melrose Abbey and read through Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was said to have been written in that old abbey. I sat on the tombstone of the "Black Douglas" while reading it through. Before me was the tomb of that famous sovereign, King David of Scotland, with a huge sword engraved on the stone. At my feet was buried the heart of Bruce, according to his dying request that it should be buried in his beloved Scotland. It is not surprising that amid these surroundings I became poetically inclined. While sitting there on the tomb of Douglas after having read the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," I took out my memorandum book and wrote this resolution:

"Resolved, that I will go to the Holy Land and write a tale of the Life of Christ in verse. To do so I must measure all my distances and be accurate in all my descriptions. A. J. Holt, Melrose Abbey, Scotland, Nov. 15, 1889."

When a year later, the first copy of Miriam Heth came from the press, I pasted this on its front page as an evidence of my resolution and its fulfilment.

It was while sitting on this same tomb that I took out my Bible and wrote on the fly leaf the following verses:

THE IVY OF THE ABBEY

The ivy vine is growing wild,
Where high the skilful stones are piled,
From many an ancient quarry old,
In Melrose Monastery bold.

Beneath these quivering leaves are laid,
King, courtier, prince and high-born maid,
The dust of pride and pomp and power,
Of chivalry the fruit and flower.

Within these walls they walked and wrought,
And here their burdened hearts they brought,
And here they wept and sorrowed sore,
And here they vowed to sin no more.

It ill behooves this sinner now,
To say that vestment veil and vow
Were vain, for in his breast
Starts sin, like specter, unconfest.
While from his soul and heart and eye,
Contrition falters: "Peccavi."
Swiftly the shriving message came,
At suppliant mention of the Name,
While o'er my heart there swept a spell
That seemed to whisper, "All is well."

It may be superstition rare,
I neither reason, know nor care,
I only follow up my heart,
And never yet its better part
Hath guided me one step astray
From Virtue's path or Wisdom's way.

Within my heart I now enshrine,
The mem'ry of that ivy vine,
And close that little leaf is pressed
Within the Book by heaven blessed.

With bated breath and muffled tread,
I turn me from these sainted dead,
These turrets tall, these arches high,
That seem to cleave and kiss the sky,
And carry graven on my heart
Of fair Melrose the better part,
While from my soul I bless the day
My eyes beheld these ruins gray.

(Written in Melrose Abbey, Scotland, Nov. 15, 1889. The ivy leaf referred to above is still pressed within the leaves of the Bible where is written this little poem.—A. J. H.)

While in Glasgow I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of a delightful gentleman, the pastor of Frances Street Baptist Church. He was kindness itself to me and was of much service in showing me around. He had been a pupil of Dr. John Clifford of London. I was a subscriber to the *Sword and Trowel,* edited by the famous Charles H. Spurgeon. From this publication I had read the "Down Grade" controversy, a contention between Spurgeon and Clifford. Spurgeon had withdrawn from the Baptist Union of London, of which Dr. Clifford was president, because he believed Dr. Clifford was both unsound and unsafe. Like most American Baptists, especially Southern Baptists, I had espoused the cause of Spurgeon in this controversy. I was therefore prejudiced against Dr. Clifford, whom Spurgeon considered unsound. I expressed to this young preacher my fears as to the orthodoxy of Dr. Clifford. At once he became an ardent champion of the president of the Baptist Union and said that I must not fail to visit him so as to judge for myself concerning his orthodoxy. At his earnest insistence I agreed to make a personal investigation of this matter when I reached London. He gave me a letter of introduction to Dr. Clifford. I had already received a letter of introduction from Dr. Broadus to Charles H. Spurgeon.

When I arrived in London I learned to my regret that Spurgeon had gone to Mentone, France, for the winter. I had intended to enter Spurgeon's College for at least one month, and endeavor to glean the gist of the teachings of that famous institution. But with its great founder gone, I concluded that I would not carry out my intentions. The second Sunday of my stay in London I availed myself of the opportunity of fulfilling my promise to visit Dr. Clifford. My hotel was seven miles from the church of Dr. Clifford, to reach which I had to take the famous underground railway. On emerging into the upper air after this dark and strange experience, I beheld people hastening across the street towards a chapel which I apprehended to be the church of Dr. Clifford. When I arrived I found the chapel crowded to the limit. The usher was vainly striving to seat the crowd about the door. I held up my card for him and on reading it he said to me, "Wait." In a few moments he came around on the outside and taking me a back way, seated me in the pulpit behind Dr. Clifford, who was then preaching. So I had the best seat in the house.

When Dr. Clifford had finished his sermon, without turning to me at all, he picked up my card, which had been placed on his desk before him, and announced, "Dr. A. J. Holt, of Dallas, Texas, United States of America, will preach in this house tonight." He did not consult me at all as to this announcement. I thought that was the English way of doing, and of course, said nothing. After the congregation had been dismissed, Dr. Clifford turned to me and said, "You are to take dinner with me to-day." He did not invite me, but announced me, just as he had announced concerning my preaching in his pulpit. I was learning the English way of doing things, rapidly.

Dr. Clifford placed me in charge of his son, a twelve-year-old lad, who was the most courteously correct boy for his years I had ever met. From that moment until my departure late that afternoon, I was the particular charge of that remarkable boy. I fell in love with him and I am not surprised to learn that he has made one of London's most prominent and successful business men. I could wish more of our American boys were so trained as to be a comfort rather than an embarrassment to their parents.

During that afternoon I had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the views of Dr. Clifford. His protege in Glasgow had written him of my coming and had asked him to inform me correctly as to his views on the "Down Grade" matter. Dr. Clifford was all courtesy and fairness in speaking of Mr. Spurgeon. He had the highest respect for the old gentleman. At that time I had not seen Spurgeon and did not know that he was a great sufferer from the gout, which made him irritable. His brethren knew it, however, and were greatly disturbed about it. Dr. Clifford spoke tenderly of the great preacher, the most famous preacher in the world at that time. Dr. Clifford explained that there was no appreciable difference in the doctrines held by Mr. Spurgeon and himself. There was some minor matters of practice in which they differed. It seems that Mr. Spurgeon could not brook any divergence from his views. This had been the case only within very recent years. So Dr. Clifford and the brethren generally agreed not to argue points with him, but to allow him to pursue his own way without protest on their part.

The result of my interview with Dr. Clifford was to me quite satisfactory. On parting with me he placed in my hands an autograph volume of his own writing which I have preserved and yet possess. It is well known that Dr. Clifford has since that time become England's greatest Dissenter and is held in high respect by all people.

In due time I had from the famous Spurgeon himself a version of his views, and yet the favorable impression I had received of Dr. Clifford did not suffer.

Joseph Parker was the great Independent preacher of London. I could not fail to see and hear him. He had the reputation at that time of being the most eloquent preacher in the United Kingdom. He occupied the church which was afterwards under the pastoral care of Dr. Len G. Broughton, later of Knoxville, Tenn. The church was crowded to its capacity when I attended. They had rented pews and only by becoming a guest of a pew holder did I obtain a seat at all. One of the most attractive features of the services that day was a solo rendered by Mrs. Parker, the wife of the pastor. The song was the old familiar hymn, "I'm a Pilgrim, I'm a Stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night." There was so much of tenderness and pathos in that voice and such sweet adaptability in the sentiments of the song that I could not refrain from weeping. I was the pilgrim and the stranger that day. Dr. Parker was truly eloquent. I had heard many in America, however, who were superior in my humble judgment to the famous London preacher. John A. Broadus, J. R. Graves, B. H. Carroll, J. B. Hawthorne and F. C. McConnell were superior to Dr. Parker to my way of thinking. But then great preachers were not plentiful in London as they were in America.

On learning that C. H. Spurgeon had departed only the day before my arrival in London, for Mentone, France, I resolved to follow him. Not directly, but in due course of time, I arrived at Mentone and went to Hotel Mentone and took a room. It was Saturday night. Next morning I asked the proprietor if Mr. Spurgeon preached anywhere that day. I was told that Mr. Spurgeon was too ill to preach at all. I then asked if there were English services anywhere in the city on that day. I was directed to a small Presbyterian Church on the side of the mountain where English services were to be held. The Maritime Alps skirt the Mediterranean Sea at this point and this Scotch Presbyterian Church was built on the mountain side. I had to climb to get there. On every side were vine-clad terraces and arbors. I sat down to rest on a seat outside the church, as I was early in arriving. While seated there, I noticed a company of gentlemen approaching from another direction.

There walked in front the manly form that I recognized from the pictures I had seen of him, as Mr. Spurgeon himself. I forgot that I had a letter of introduction to him and acting on the impulse of the moment, I sprang from my seat and approached him with extended hand, saying, "This is Mr. Spurgeon, I know!"

"Yes," said he. "Let us sit for a moment and rest before going in."

"Climbing is always more tiresome than going down," said I. I mentioned my name, saying I had come over from America to see him and if possible to attend his college. He invited me to visit him at his home the next day. Then we entered the chapel and sat through the services and heard a tame sermon. I realized the strength of association as I was seated by this great man. I shall never forget that hour. I somehow felt the glow of greatness as I was seated by the greatest preacher in the world.

The following day I presented myself at the door of the Spurgeon cottage and was denied admittance by the doorkeeper. In vain I presented my card and asked that it be presented to Mr. Spurgeon. In vain I told him that I was present at the invitation of Mr. Spurgeon himself. He gruffly denied me admission. But I was not to be baffled. I said to him:

"See here, brother, I have come all the way from America to see Mr. Spurgeon; I saw him a few moments yesterday at church and he invited me to visit him to-day. I am not to be defeated in my intention to see him, and if you will not do me the courtesy to present to him my card, I am going to present it myself." I brushed by him and had he interposed, I would have flung him out, as I was amply able to have done. Mr. Spurgeon overheard our altercation and as I entered, he came out smiling and bade me welcome.

"My jailer was about to deny you admittance, was he?" he remarked. "He was employed by my church to do this very thing."

I was cordially invited to a seat and for three hours I had the great pleasure of being entertained by the world's most famous minister.

"We had a service in this room yesterday afternoon," he remarked.

"I should have been pleased to be present, if allowed," I replied.

"But it was a communion service," said he.

"Then I should have been doubly grateful for the privilege of being present," I replied.

"But it was an open communion service," he remarked.

"That alters the case," I said. "We, your brethren in America, think that this way you have of serving the Lord's Supper is your only fault," I remarked.

"I know," said he. "If I had been brought up among American Baptists no doubt I would have thought as they think. But I fell heir to a church that practiced unrestricted communion and I was but a boy when I took charge of that church, which had been presided over by the famous Robert Hall and John Gill. I was too timorous to try to introduce any innovations. By and by I perceived what to my mind was a too free use of that ordinance and gradually instituted such restrictions as I could without doing violence to the memory of these great men. Now at the Tabernacle in London we admit by ticket those who are to participate in our communion services and one must produce satisfactory evidence of a spiritual life to obtain a ticket at all and then those who accept tickets are expected to unite with the church. After three months, should they not do so the tickets will not be reissued."

That was Spurgeon's explanation to me of his position on communion.

Never until my latest day shall I forget that interview with this famous preacher. I ventured to inform him that I was a subscriber to *The Sword and Trowel* and that I had kept track with his "Down Grade" controversy. I also told him of my visit to Dr. Clifford and how it came about. I then said to him that if it was not objectionable, would he explain his relations with Dr. Clifford. In ten minutes I regretted that I had introduced the matter. The fact is, the great preacher became flushed and manifested more excitement over the matter than was good for his physical condition. Seeing this I sought to discourage the subject and at last succeeded in doing so.

The conversation turned on my proposed visit to the Holy Land. I was surprised to know that while Charles Spurgeon lived five thousand miles nearer to that land than I, he had never visited the Holy City. To my surprise he manifested no desire of doing so. "If my wife were to die I would not want to look over her old clothes," was his explanation. But then Mr. Spurgeon had never lost a wife. I had. I recall how I had placed her clothes away in her trunk from which I would occasionally take them and bedew them with my tears. They were sacred to me. So his illustration was lost on me. He told me of the progress of his Pastors' College and the great work of the Stockwell Orphange and said I must visit them on my return, which I did.

When I felt that I had taxed the strength of this remarkable man, perhaps beyond the point of prudence, I arose to go. On taking his hand I said, "Would it be asking too much of you to request that you pray for me sometimes?" Still holding my hand he gently drew me to my knees and placing his other hand on my head he breathed a prayer for me, the like of which I had never known before. Here the real Spurgeon was manifested. He seemed to go right up to the throne. I felt him going and he took me with him. It was transcendently sweet. I felt the glow of the Holy Spirit hallowing my soul in that prayer. He used this one expression which I recall, "Lord, go with him every step of his journey." That was simplicity itself, but there was a tenderness in it that made it so very real to me that its aroma remained like a benediction upon my soul all through that remarkable trip.

On my return from the Holy Land some six months later, I stopped over in London and went to hear Mr. Spurgeon, who was occupying his pulpit again. I went early, that morning, in order to secure a seat, but the great iron gates were not yet opened. I noticed that Sunday school was taking place in the basement, so I went around to the Sunday school entrance and saw that remarkable Sunday school. There were twelve hundred in attendance, they told me. Seeing a large class of boys who had no teacher, I went to them and asked if they wanted me to teach them, so I had a job. When about half through the superintendent came along and thanked me for taking the class, as the teacher was sick that day.

After the Sunday school was dismissed, I made my way to the superintendent and asked him if I might have an entrance into the Tabernacle and he conducted me around by the back way and secured a seat for me. By and by the pastor came into the pulpit, accompanied by about a dozen elders who had been engaged with him in prayer. His reading of the Scripture was wonderful. His voice was as clear as a bell. The prayer that followed was like unto the prayer he had uttered in my behalf at Mentone. The singing was remarkable. There was no choir or organ; no instrument whatever. A precentor stood in front and started the tune and kept fully a half measure ahead of the vast congregation all the way through. I was somewhat disappointed in the singing, but the sermon was an inspiration. It was proverbial all the way through. His voice was deeply expressive. He did not seem to be a sick man. He manifested remarkable familiarity with the Scriptures and a great veneration of the Word. There was more heart power in that sermon than any I had ever heard. There is just one American preacher who reminds me strongly of Spurgeon in heart power; that is Dr. G. W. Truett of Dallas, Texas. Whether it be a gift or a grace, I know not. Perhaps it is both. It went straight to the hearts of the hearers. I sat there so strangely moved by that remarkable sermon that I wept despite my efforts at self control. That one sermon has affected my life more than any sermon I recall now to have heard. It is no wonder that the fame of Charles H. Spurgeon was world-wide.

CHAPTER XXV

ABROAD

(CONCLUDED)

So much has been seen and written since the war began concerning Paris and France, that I do not think it necessary to enter upon a description of this famous city nor my experiences there. Only one incident will I mention. I was entertained at Hotel Muhler and there was also as guest at this hostelry an American Catholic priest. As we both spoke English and no other guests of the hotel did so, we were naturally thrown together. He suggested that we attend services at the great St. Madelene Church, when Sunday came, which I concluded to do.

That temple is a dream of beauty. It is modeled after the Parthenon, a vast parallelogram surrounded by a peristyle of pure marble columns. The entire structure is built of marble, even to the floors. Certainly, the Parthenon in all its glory was not equal to this cathedral. The pulpit is an imitation of pure gold. Over it is suspended what appears to be a representation of the angel, Gabriel, with outspread wings and trumpet at his mouth, as if just in the act of blowing it. The wings are fully twenty feet from tip to tip and the entire figure seems to be pure gold. The idea is eloquent. He who speaks from that pulpit is reminded that he speaks in view of the Judgment Day.

That especial day a cardinal was to speak. I was told that he had the reputation of being the most eloquent man in France. As he spoke in French, and as I did not well understand that language, I could catch but a few words, not enough to form an intelligent opinion of the merits of his discourse. He was clothed in the habiliments of a Catholic priest and was evidently hampered by the flowing robes which swathed him.

He did not enjoy that freedom of action which his earnestness demanded. After the sermon, there was to be a celebration of "High Mass," whatever that was. I was prevailed upon by my friend, the priest, to remain and witness it, as it was something out of the ordinary.

A great procession was formed to march around that vast auditorium. It was led by boys dressed in beautiful robes, with swinging censers emitting a delicate perfume. These were followed by a long procession of two orders of nuns, one order in pure white robes and the other in deep black robes with white headgear, all carrying strings of black beads with a golden cross suspended. Following the nuns was a procession of priests of different orders, judging from their different regalias. Then came a precentor bearing a great mace, which he struck sharply on the marble floor at the sound of which all who were opposite to him prostrated themselves. The priest whom I was accompanying prostrated himself. I did not do so, but remained with bowed head, in silence. Following the precentor was a sort of palanquin, borne by four, on which sat the cardinal on a sort of thorne. Following him was another palanquin borne by four, on which was seated an aged priest, some extraordinary functionary, holding in his hands with his eyes fixed on it "the Host." That was the wafer which was supposed by the Catholics to be the very body of Christ. After he had passed, there followed another precentor with a mace which he struck sharply on the marble floor, whereupon those who had been prostrate arose. On arising the priest whom I had accompanied said to me in a whisper, "I believe in the 'Real Presence,' therefore I knelt before it." I replied in like manner, "I do not believe in the 'Real Presence,' and therefore I did not kneel." That was all the discussion we had. After paying for the seat I had occupied, we left the building.

I spent a day at Versailles, where the great Peace Conference recently assembled. This splendid palace was built in the golden days of the empire of France. The last monarch to occupy it was the great Napoleon. It is now used as a vast museum wherein are exhibited "all the glories of France."

The bed chamber of Marie Antoinette was exhibited and the balcony from which she faced the mob from Paris, holding aloft her babe, the Dauphin, seeking to appeal to them through their love for helpless infancy when they cried out, "We want bread, not babies." Many exhibitions of the hate of the Germans are here in evidence. A rare and costly vase fully six feet high, elaborately engraved and embossed, having an effigy of Napoleon Bonaparte on its side, was ruthlessly pierced through, destroying the figure of Napoleon. A painting, twenty by thirty feet in size, exhibiting one of the Napoleonic battles, having the picture of the Emperor seated on his white horse, was thrust through with a sword, destroying the picture of the Emperor. In Paris the famous Column Vendome, which was 160 feet high, of bronze cast hollow, with battles of Napoleon in bas relief all around it from base to top, was thrown down. It was a rare work of art. Fortunately, the mold from which it had been cast was preserved and it was recast and re-erected, with a heroic figure of Napoleon crowning its summit.

Rome certainly merits many pages of description; more than the necessary limits of this volume will permit. I was the guest of my friend and schoolmate, Dr. John H. Eager, who was at this time a missionary in this great city. He would not allow me to remain at the hotel where I had registered. I remained in the "Eternal City" two or three weeks and was shown the sights by the son of Dr. Eager, who has since become a famous travelers' guide. He was then but a boy, being about twelve years of age, yet he was an invaluable guide. Dr. Eager himself was too busy with his missionary work to attempt to accompany me. I spent one day as the guest of Dr. Taylor, the senior missionary to Rome. I spoke in Dr. Taylor's chapel and met Signor Pascetto, the famous colporteur, who was with the army of Victor Emmanuel when he took possession of the city. Signor Pascetto accompanied the army with a wheelbarrow full of Bibles and thus the people of Rome, for the first time, had access to the Word of God.

I witnessed the worship paid to the famous image of "St. Peter," which occupies the rotunda of the great St. Peter's Cathedral. In reality it is the figure of Jupiter, which one time adorned the palace of Nero. They dug it up when digging the foundations for the great cathdral, and took from its hands the thunderbolt and substituted keys instead. Placing it on a pedestal, they called it the statue of St. Peter and have for a century or more proceeded to give it divine honors. A vast procession forms there every day of the year, I suppose, and they take turns in kissing the great toe of that old brass statue. They have entirely kissed away one toe and had to mend it and now they are kissing that away. To gain a nearer view, I joined that procession, and gradually worked my way up to the statue. The man just ahead of me was a priest, clothed elaborately in what appeared to be silken garments. When his turn came, he took a silk handkerchief and wiped off that brass toe, then devoutly pressed his lips to it, with closed eyes, as if in worship. Then recovering himself, he wiped off the toe again, and bowing to me, passed on. I placed my hands no the toe, to assure myself of its reality, and then passed on. This habit, I suppose, gave rise to the popular phrase, "Kissing the pope's toe." I do not imagine the real pope bares his toe for the devotees of the Catholic faith to kiss. Still, I do not doubt that they would do it were he to invite or allow it!

I saw "His Holiness" without intending to do so. I applied through Dr. Eager to the American consul, Dr. Porter, for a pass to enter the Vatican library. I desired to see the "Vatican Manuscript." I was given a pass and so had the privilege of seeing that famous manuscript of the Scriptures, which is kept in a glass case under lock and key and may only be examined by those who produce a pass from the cardinal in charge. It was while in the Vatican that I chanced to pass the Vatican gardens and saw the pope as he was being borne on the shoulders of four stalwart Swiss guards. I asked the guard standing at the door if that was the pope and he replied, "Si, Signor, La Pappaea." There was nothing extraordinary about him. He was simply a shriveled old man. That was Leo XIII.

I arrived in Naples at night. The train entered a vast, covered station and so soon as we emerged from the station in an omnibus, I perceived there was a rainstorm with thunder and lightning in evidence. At the first flash of lightning and clap of thunder, an English lady on the omnibus cried out in terror, "The volcano! Will it overflow the city, do you think?" I replied, "This is just a thunder storm, I should judge. We are in no danger." I took room 19 at Hotel Vesuva. Before retiring, I glanced through the window and saw Vesuvius was active. There were livid, leaping flames in full view, although it was ten miles away and across an open arm of the bay.

I visited the famous ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It was while here that I wrote "Parthenia." It took about one week to complete it. I would love to enter every page of that book herein, but it would swell this volume beyond the proper proportion. I am not sure that I shall ever publish that work in book form, simply from lack of means. One is not a fair judge of one's own productions, but in my judgment, it is superior to Miriam Heth, which has met with great favor from my friends. I only mention my visit to Naples for the purpose of stating this fact.

After leaving Naples, I went directly to Athens, Greece, by the way of Corinth. At Athens I met with Prof. S. S. Orris, professor of Greek in Princeton University. Prof. Orris was at that time sojourning in Athens and had been elected during his stay as an instructor in the Athenian University. On learning that I was en route to the Holy Land, he expressed a desire to make one of my company, which he did. I had made the acquaintance of Mr. A. J. Jordan while crossing the Mediterranean Sea and we three formed an alliance and traveled together many months. Mr. Jordan was the proprietor of the famous Jordan Cutlery Company of St. Louis, with a factory in Sheffield, England. I could write a book of our experiences, but again, I desist and only mention our visit to Cairo that I may include my experience with Henry M. Stanley.

It was while we were visiting the famous Egyptian capital that this renowned African traveler came to Cairo. He had just returned from his search for Emin Pasha and, fortunately for us, arrived in Cairo while we were there. I suggested that we seek an interview, which was arranged. Mr. Stanley kindly gave us an audience. I introduced my companions to Mr.

Stanley. Mr. Jordan was a manufacturer,Mr. Orris an educator, while I was simply a minister. I found Mr. Stanley quite communicative and we spent the two hours of our visit very pleasantly. He was pleased to tell us of some of his experiences, which I will here briefly relate.

"It has been sixteen years since I last visited the country of the Ugandas in my search for Dr. Livingstone. It was Dr. Livingstone who taught me practical Christianity. I had an interview with Wanga, king of Uganda, while on that journey and he wanted to know why our country was superior to his. I told him that it was because we had a religion and worshiped God. Then he wanted to know if I had ever seen God, what he was like, where he lived and many other questions concerning the Deity, which I found myself unable to answer. Finally, I told Wanga that I was not expert in these matters, that we had men to teach us of these things. Then he surprised me by asking why we had never sent such men to them. They had never heard of such a God and wanted to know about him. I replied that I would send him some men to teach him of God, provided he would not allow his people to eat them. He replied that his people only ate their enemies and these men would be their friends; he would guarantee that they would be protected. Whereupon, I gave him my promise that I would see that men were sent to them to teach them of God."

"When I returned to England," Stanley continued, "in my speech at Exeter Hall I repeated my experience and conversation with Wanga. I was surprised that it created such an interest. So soon as I sat down a gentleman arose and proposed that they make up the money then and there to fulfil my promise to Wanga. He started the subscription by a thousand pounds and soon two hundred thousand pounds were subscribed. I had the pleasure of knowing that in three months time a whole ship load of missionaries was sent to the Ugandas, ship and all. I had not heard of the result until I visited that country recently. I was met on the borders of that land by a deputation of Ugandas, three hundred strong, all clothed. They were naked savages sixteen years before. They came from Wanga to bid me welcome to their land. They hailed me as their great benefactor. I was at a loss to know why they so regarded me. On entering their land I noted the vast improvements which had been made since I was there before, sixteen years ago. They had had no stable government, now I beheld farms, cities, school houses, churches, orchards and every mark of a civilized country. This had been accomplished by the missionaries. They even had the New Testament translated and printed in the language of the Ugandas."

This remarkable story I have often repeated as an evidence of the blessings of Christianity.

I arrived off Jaffa on a P. & O. steamship, January 23, 1890. The landing was perilous and we had to be carried in on a "lighter," as the harbor is unsafe for ships of deep draught. While awaiting this lighter from ashore I had time to sketch the coast, which was clearly in view from Gaza to Carmel. Jaffa (Joppa) stands on a hill and is approached from the foot of a bluff. Having Cook's tickets I was at once provided with transportation to the "Holy City." I visited Joppa several times after this and transportation to Jerusalem was always problematical. I am glad I visited this country before the railroad was built for I saw it almost as it appeared in the days of Solomon. Now it has become so modernized as to be unlike its ancient self.

In spite of all the efforts we could make, we were after dark in reaching Jerusalem. I had so much desired to behold it on approaching it, by daylight. We stopped without the walls, as no wheeled vehicle was admitted within its gates. In fact, the gates were so constructed as not to admit a wheeled vehicle. I could scarcely compose myself to slumber for the very thought that I was within the great city of Jerusalem, that city selected by the Lord where his name should be honored; that city rendered sacred by prophet, apostle, and by Christ himself; that city which was for all ages to be typical of that New Jerusalem to come down from heaven as a bride adorned to meet her husband. I spent almost three months in this city. I studied it day and night. I examined it all over, under and around. I made myself particularly acquainted with it and its environments as well. I shall not attempt its description. That may be had from any book of travel in the Holy Land and from any Bible dictionary. I read the Bible through in this city and examined every place described in that holy Book as being in Jerusalem. I carried a Greek Testament with me every day and laboriously plodded through such passages as were descriptive or explanatory of the city. I made Jerusalem my headquarters while touring the Holy Land. From there I sallied forth to make a tour of Galilee, and also of Judea, of Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

I made the tour of Galilee with a company of tourists among whom were three preachers besides myself: Mr. Howell of Wales, Mr. T. J. Alley, a Methodist missionary of Jerusalem, and Dr. S. S. Orris, of Princeton, N. J. As we journeyed through Galilee Dr. Orris and I had frequent bouts concerning Baptism. They were always pleasant. Dr. Orris was a scholar from whom I learned much and to whom I feel deeply indebted for many scholarly suggestions. It so happened, however, that wherever baptism was mentioned in the Scriptures to have taken place, there was invariably "much water." A silent listener to all these pleasantries was T. J. Alley. While we were climbing the "Mount of Beatitudes" he first broached the subject to me. He said he had been thinking much of this matter of baptism and especially since his residence in the Holy Land, which had now lasted for over two years. Later, when we were passing old Samaria, he dropped back to tie his overcoat behind his saddle and I stopped to bear him company, he again mentioned the subject. Then he asked me the question directly, "Have you the authority to baptize me in the River Jordan?" I replied that it was yet a mooted question among Baptists as to whether a minister had the right to baptize without the authority of a church but in the present instance we need not discuss that. We were to spend that very night in Nablous (the ancient Sychar) and we would see the Baptist church at that place, he could apply for baptism and they could, if they so desired, authorize me to administer the ordinance for them in the Jordan.

The pastor of that Baptist church at Nablous was Johanna L. Kary, a native Samaritan and born in that very city. In his early manhood he became a tourists' guide and while guiding an American Baptist minister he professed conversion and was baptized in the Pool of Siloam at Jerusalem. The minister persuaded him to go to London with him and enter Spurgeon's College, which he did. He afterwards married a lady member of Spurgeon's church and they were sent as missionaries back to his native land. He had now been here for fifteen years and had succeeded in spite of much persecution in establishing a Baptist church at Nablous. It had about two hundred members at that time. Brother Alley's case was stated to this church and from them I received the authority to baptize him in the River Jordan. Two weeks later we made the trip to Jericho and the Jordan and in March, 1890, I had the pleasure of baptizing this man in the historic waters of the famous river. Mr. A. J. Jordan, who at last advices was yet living at St. Louis, Mo., was one American to witness the ordinance. I read from the third chapter of Matthew and the sixth chapter of Romans appropriate passages and then sang:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

After prayer on the bank, I waded out and found, about twenty feet from shore, an appropriate depth and good bottom. There under the same skies, in the same river, with its waters singing past the acacia trees on its bank, in as near as could be ascertained the same place where John the Baptist was baptizing and where our Lord Jesus Christ stood beside him and said, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," looking up into the very heavens out of which descended the Holy Spirit in the similitude of a dove and from which floated the words of Jehovah, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," I buried this follower of Christ under the waters of the Jordan. As he arose from the watery grave I began singing,

"Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

On reaching the bank we were welcomed by the tourists there.

My honored teacher, Dr. John A. Broadus, twitted me on having baptized a man in the River Jordan, when I returned to America, saying: "So you had to follow Talmadge and baptize a man in the Jordan, did you?" I replied, "I thought I was following a greater than Talmadge." Nothing more was said to me by my honored teacher. I neither sought nor evaded this baptism. I did my duty as I saw it, and which I would repeat under similar conditions.

After I had made my tour of Galilee and after I had completed my study of the Bible in Jerusalem, I applied myself to writing "Miriam Heth." In explanation of my course, I have this to say: I was deeply impressed with the immortality which Sir Walter Scott had conferred on Scotland by his historic novels in giving such accurate descriptions to the localities of that land. I thought, "Why may not some one make the land of our Lord more attractive by making it the scene of a Biblical romance which shall be absolutely true to its geography?" All the while I was deeply impressed with my unworthiness to undertake such a work. But might I not open the way for others? So after much prayer I made the attempt. I wrote the entire work in Jerusalem. Most of it was written while sitting on the roof of the Hotel Mediterranean, where I had a room. Some of it was written in Hotel Files. I enjoyed writing it. I make no plea in its behalf; it stands wholly on its merits. It is now out of print, my means not justifying its republication.

"Miriam Heth" passed through five editions. Two were published by John B. Alden Company, two by W. B. Garrison Company, and one by the Baptist Book Concern. I have the plates. I sent the manuscript to Dr. Broadus for his comment and he was pleased to make some suggestions as to its wording, which suggestions I appreciated, approved and incorporated. I also submitted the same to Dr. B. H. Carroll for his comment and criticism and found both to be helpful. About 500 copies were sent to the press in America and Europe. To my knowledge only one adverse criticism was given and that came from the London Times, which gave me two columns of caustic criticism. It held my verses up as crude and unpoetic. I suppose the comment was just. I was not and am not a polished writer. Over against this unkind, perhaps correct criticism, I have received hundreds of complimentary letters. I shall not copy any of them here, but I certainly did and do appreciate them.

I did not lose anything financially by my venture. I suppose I realized $800 or more from the sale of the books, over and above the cost of the printing and the plates. I did not engage in it as a business venture but for a more noble and glorious purpose. I am yet gratified in the belief that I did good.

The notable persons I saw while abroad included the Sultan of Turkey, the famous, or infamous, Abdul Hamid; the king of Italy; the late Kaiser of Germany.

While the time I spent abroad was perhaps the most valuable period of my life, in that I actually learned more in a given time than ever before or since, I shall desist from further relating my experiences. I returned to New York, where my good wife met me, and arrived in Dallas in time to attend the Southern Baptist Convention in Ft. Worth in May, 1890.

CHAPTER XXVI

AT SEA

By this I do not mean I was literally out on the ocean. Certainly I had been, to my heart's discontent. I had no desire to continue my experiences, however, nor to record them. But I was at sea, nevertheless. I was without employment. By this I mean to say that no ministerial work was open to me when I first returned from abroad. I had been regarded in the light of a secretary of missions so long that it may have been thought I was suited to nothing else. Meanwhile, I busied myself preparing my book, "Miriam Heth," for publication. I went to Philadelphia and New York to negotiate to this end, and succeeded.

This done, the board of trustees of Baylor University proposed to me to become their financial secretary. I had had no experience as a financial secretary and really did not know whether I was suited to that work or not. I was apprehensive that I was not, but at the earnest insistence of Dr. Carroll, the President of the Board of Trustees, I agreed to accept the place at least tentatively. After serving for three months, I resigned, as I felt that I was not suited to the position. Then an offer was made to me by the proprietors of the *Arkansas Baptist* to become associated with them, and I accepted, becoming a half owner and co-editor with Dr. W. A. Clark in the publication of that journal. This position also proved to be but temporary. I had not before known Dr. Clark, and we both made the discovery that we were unsuited as partners, having wholly divergent views as to denominational policies. I sold out my interest to Dr. Clark and after six months returned to Texas. My residence in Little Rock was quite pleasant. My relations with the Baptists of Arkansas were delightful and it was with real regret that I felt myself unable to continue with them.

During the time I was connected with the *Arkansas Baptist* I attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Birmingham, Ala. There I was appointed a member of the famous committee on the creation of the Baptist Sunday School Board. Little as may be thought now, there was then serious opposition to the formation of such a board. Many who had been strong in their opposition, later became warm in their approval and earnest in their support of the same board which they so strenuously opposed. Dr. J. M. Frost was the chairman of this committee which was composed of one member from each state. It was a large and representative committee. At this writing only a very few remain who were members of that committee. I will mention that Dr. S. M. Provence, Joshua Levering, Dr. W. C. Grace and myself are the sole survivors of the committee which brought into existence the board which has done a denominational work unparalleled in the history of the Baptists. Dr. J. M. Frost, the chairman, presented the report. It had been noised abroad that there was to be great opposition to the formation of this board and the auditorium was packed to the limit to hear the report. Dr. Frost had to gain entrance by being lifted through a window. Deep silence followed its reading, at the conclusion of which and before Dr. Frost could address the president, Dr. John A. Broadus had gained the floor and by the sheer force of his own personal popularity had brought the convention to a vote on the adoption of the report, without even moving "the previous question." The report was adopted without discussion, which if it had taken place might have delayed or defeated it.

It was at this convention that Dr. H. H. Harris, then president of the Foreign Mission Board, asked me to speak on our Italian Mission, as I had lately been to Rome. In making the speech I made reference to the devotion paid to "Bambino" by the Catholics in Rome. The following morning the daily paper of Birmingham contained an attack by a local Catholic priest on the Convention, charging that the body had abused the hospitality of the Catholics, as they were occupying a Catholic building, the Opera House, by attacking the Catholics. The statement that I had made was then denied. Forthwith I went around and secured the statements of half a score of eminent gentlemen in attendance on the Convention that they, too, had witnessed the same worship of "Bambino" that I had described. I came out the following morning in the same paper with this certified statement and added much thereto. Meanwhile, the local committee that had provided for the Convention a place of meeting came out in the paper saying that they had rented the Opera House from the proprietors of the building and had furnished it to the Convention and there had been no discourtesy as charged.

About two weeks after the Convention had adjourned that same priest came out again in a reply to my statement, challenging what I had said and what had been certified to by others. It so happened that Dr. S. H. Ford, the eminent editor of the *Christian Repository* of St. Louis, was remaining in Birmingham visiting friends. He saw the statement of the priest and replied to it. Dr. Ford stated that I had returned to Texas and could not reply at that time but inasmuch as he had been among those who had witnessed the same thing he assumed to reply to the priest himself, which he did in a far better, wiser way than I could have done. The priest was completely silenced.

At Birmingham I received an invitation to become the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Nacogdoches, Texas. I had already been invited to consider a call to the First Baptist Church of Houston. After much prayer and deliberation I consented to accept the pastoral care of the Nacogdoches church. There were two reasons for this. (1) The salary of the Houston church was $2,500, the salary of the Nacogdoches church was $800 for half time. I had some means then and was not wholly dependent on what I might receive from preaching for my living. I concluded that the Houston church could secure anyone while the Nacogdoches church was so poor that they could not take their choice. (2) I had had to do with the history of the Nacogdoches church from its organization to the time I assumed pastoral charge. I was regarded as the "father" of that church and I loved every member. Then I had half of my time at my disposal and was minded to use that time building up the "waste places" in Zion.

The following facts concerning the pedigree of the First Baptist Church of Nacogdoches, Texas, may be of interest:

This church was formed from members coming from Union Church, commonly called the Old North Church, four miles north of Nacogdoches. This old church is the oldest church in Texas. It was organized during the days of the Republic of Texas, just after the battle of San Jacinto. They had before this built a brush arbor where they met for worship. It was against Mexican law for any church not Catholic, to exist in Texas, when Texas was a part of Mexico. So just so soon as Texas was free, Old North Church was constituted. The moving spirit in its constitution was Elder Isaac Reed. I personally knew Isaac Reed and from him had the facts. Besides, there is in existence a clear and continuous record of the monthly meetings of North Church from the date of its organization to the present. I have read this remarkable record through, every word of it. This record, in giving the organization of the church, states that it was constituted by members from the Mulberry Church of Tennessee. It so happened that many years ago I was called to dedicate a new church house for the old Mulberry Church of Tennessee. I examined the records of the church and these records stated that this church was constituted by members from the old Welsh Neck Church of South Carolina. While I was a student at the Seminary at Greenville, South Carolina, I visited this old church and was told that they were constituted from a church that had come over in a body from Wales. It is the claim of Welsh Baptists that their history runs back to the days of the apostles.

So the First Baptist Church of Nacogdoches, Texas, has, to say the least, a very honorable and ancient history.

Looking back from this distance, I feel gratified that my decision was made righteously. I had it in mind to build up the cause in all East Texas. To this end I started two enterprises: I began the publication of a monthly paper called, *A Voice in the Wilderness.* I did not publish it for money but for the good I might do. It enjoyed a wide circulation in all East Texas. I organized a Ministers' Institute. In this Institute I gathered about forty of our East Texas Baptist ministers and had the Nacogdoches church to entertain them for two weeks. I sought and obtained from the Baptist ministry in Texas ten of the very best available preachers to deliver lectures to the students. There were the following: Dr. B. H. Carroll, Dr. R. C. Burleson, Dr. J. R. Clark, Dr. S. A. Hayden, Dr. J. M. Carroll, Dr. T. S. Potts and others who carried the students through a brief but comprehensive course in practical theology. Each session lasted from nine in the morning until noon, then from two until five in the afternoon. Each night the lecturer preached to the people at large, including the students. It was said by Dr. J. M. Carroll, then the Secretary of Missions, that this Institute was the greatest blessing that had to that time come to the East Texas Baptist Ministry.

While I was disposing of my time in this way, I received a visit from Rev. J. M. Gaddy, who afterwards became so famous in the State Mission work. He was the pastor at Carthage, a neighboring town. The followers of Alexander Campbell had made an invasion on his field and had almost completely broken up the Baptist church. He had secured a famous debater who had debated with the "Campbellites," who had been so severe against them that the sympathy of the community had gone out to the "Campbellites." They had secured a lot just across the street from the Baptist church and had erected a beautiful building, had furnished it with choice seats, had bought a fine organ and were taking the town. Brother Gaddy confessed his disappointment and his inability to handle the situation. He said to me, if I did not consent to take charge of the work there for one Sunday in the month they would just disband, as there were only thirteen members of the Baptist church left. I agreed to send an appointment on my way from the Mt. Zion Association the next week. Although that appointment was for Monday night, I found the house packed on my arrival at that place. After taking the pulpit a note was slipped into my hand informing me of the preaching by the Campbellite preacher the day before and hoping I would "skin" him. I paid no attention to the Campbellite preacher nor to the local situation, I just preached the gospel as I understood it, without reference to local conditions. At the close the church extended a call and I accepted. I was pastor of that church two years for one fourth of my time.

From the second appointment and onward, the members who had left the Baptists began to return. Before a year had passed all had returned. Then I held an old-fashioned protracted meeting. We had a large number of conversions and additions by baptism. When I arrived I was waited on by the leading Campbellite member with the proposition that I hold the meeting in co-partnership with their "evangelist," who was there on the ground. I referred the matter to the Baptist church, who courteously declined the proposition. The crowds came to us. The "famous evangelist" had a diminishing congregation which at last completely left him and came to our meeting. The Baptist church, when I left it, was completely restored to peace and prosperity. The other church was abandoned and, I learned, was soon sold for its purchase price. Their fine seats were replevined, their organ taken back by the dealer who sold it to them, and the whole congregation went to pieces.

I then concluded I would concentrate my work and to this end accepted a call to the First Church of Palestine, Texas, for all my time. I had worked up Nacogdoches to a full time church and recommended them to call a pastor for all time, which they proceeded to do. I remained with the Palestine church for but a few brief months. I held a most delightful and successful meeting with them, placed them in a self-sustaining condition, completed their basement and opened it for Sunday-school purposes. This church was the famous "Nickel Church" built by the great evangelist, Major Penn. While attending the Baptist General Convention at Gainesville I received a telegram from a deacon of my church at Palestine that my wife was dangerously ill and I hastened home from the convention on Sunday afternoon. My wife was better when I arrived the following morning. That Monday I was chosen as Co-secretary of Texas Missions with J. M. Carroll. I was not so informed except by letter from the secretary of the convention, which letter did not reach me until two days later. On Monday afternoon I received a telegram from Dr. G. A. Lofton of Nashville, Tenn., which read: "Elected Corresponding Secretary of Missions of the Tennessee Baptist Convention. Wire your acceptance. G. A. Lofton." That came as a clap of thunder out of a clear sky to me. I consulted my wife and wired back, "Will come and see the situation. A. J. Holt."

The day following I received the notification from the Recording Secretary of the Texas Convention of my election at Gainesville. Dr. Carroll wired me to visit the Cherokee Association, which met that week. I did so, representing the Baptist State Convention of Texas, the only thing I did under the new election.

The following Monday I started for Nashville, Tennessee. There, when I found the manner of my election, all question as to my taking charge of their missionary work disappeared. The manner of my election had been thus: When the State Convention met at Jackson, Tenn., the same day that the Texas Convention met at Gainesville, they found themselves with no Secretary of Missions. Dr. J. H. Anderson, who had served them for about six or seven years, had declined to serve them longer. The election was to be made by the Board. When the Board met, no name had been proposed to them. Dr. Lofton suggested the plan that they should each take it to the Lord in prayer that night; talk with no one; discuss no man; come back the next morning and without even a nomination cast their ballots. They did just that and out of thirty votes cast A. J. Holt received twenty-nine and that one vote was immediately changed so that the entire thirty voted for my election. That seemed to me clearly the leading of the Lord.

I had a lengthy conference with the Board. Things were in a disorganized condition and a great financial panic was on. Every bank in Nashville but one had closed its doors. The whole country was convulsed with a financial panic. There was no office for the secretary. There was nothing but a debt of $3,000 to take hold of. There were three field secretaries of the Convention, Secretary of Missions, Secretary of Colportage, and Secretary of Orphanage, besides two other secretaries who came for Home and Foreign Missions. It was thus possible for five financial agents to come to each association seeking collections, all at one session. I told the brethren that this ought to be changed and they agreed to work with me to bring about a better state of affairs. So I accepted their work, to begin the following month.

CHAPTER XXVII

SECRETARY OF MISSIONS IN TENNESSEE

It was a vital step in my life when I accepted the secretaryship of the Tennessee Baptist Convention. I was in the meridian of life, being forty-six years old and in vigorous health. I was rested and felt like taking hold of the work with a vim. That which had called me to the position was the fact that I had had experience. The situation in Tennessee demanded that. The financial unrest of the country was a serious obstacle to all religious work which depended largely on finances. The Baptists were discouraged. The splendid secretary who had preceded me, with all his superb ability, felt the burden of despair. With a debt of several thousand dollars and a thoroughly discouraged constituency, he was anxious to lay down the work to which he had given the best blood of a noble heart, which work seemed as yet unavailing. One thing was evident: if there was to be any movement at all, it must be a movement upward, as the work could not go further down.

I found no plans for the collection of funds, dependence having been made hitherto on the personal efforts of Dr. Anderson for their collection. There were no office, no books, no reports, no system of payments. The field was virgin before me and I was free to adopt and carry forward any plans I might elect. One great thing was in my favor: I found a Board of Missions composed of the best men of the state, who were absolutely loyal to me. They upheld my hands to the limit and encouraged me by making it evident that they believed that I was going to succeed. Failure under such conditions was harder to make than success to attain. I did not let them know that sometimes my mind was in a muddle of uncertainty. I drove forward just as if my way were perfectly clear before me.

My first work was to persuade the Board to borrow the money from a bank and pay the old debt to the missionaries. Certainly we would have to pay interest, but we had better pay interest than to allow these missionaries longer to suffer. The banks were not willing to trust the Board. Personal endorsement was necessary to secure a loan. But my Board members were willing to give this personal endorsement, so we paid the missionaries in full.

My next work was that of organization. We secured a small office from the *Baptist and Reflector* and placed in it a desk. I bought a set of books, brought in my own typewriter and arranged to keep in a file each letter I should receive. I brought out a new system of reports to be used by the missionaries whereby the correct statement of each item of work done by each missionary would be kept on file in his own handwriting, for the future compilation of statistics and general reports. Certainly I had no office help. I did all my own book-keeping, all my own correspondence, all my own typewriting. When I was absent from my office, my mail just remained unanswered until my return. As rapidly as possible I visited the leading churches in the state and called their pastors and official members together and endeavored to secure from each a promise of a stipulated amount to be paid quarterly to our work. I was on hand at every denominational gathering in the state and made acquaintances rapidly. I cultivated the two great colleges, Carson and Newman at Mossy Creek and South Western Baptist University at Jackson.

One of my chief difficulties lay in the fact that the state was divided into three natural divisions and these natural divisions took on themselves a distinct denominational and political aspect. East Tennessee was, and has been from time immemorial, Republican. West Tennessee was, and ever had been, just as extremely Democratic. Formerly there had been non-co-operative, separate Baptist Conventions, but recently these had been united, at least outwardly. I was not long in discovering that these divisions still inhered. It must be one of my responsibilities to endeavor to unite these separate sections, at least religiously. I was a descendant of East Tennessee stock, as my mother was born in Maryville. While I was Democratic in my political views, I held these opinions to be my private privilege, which I refrained from discussing publicly.

East Tennessee was a power, Baptistically. That is, a vast majority of the inhabitants were Baptists, though non-co-operative with the state convention. I fell to thinking if I might contribute something to the end that these separate sections might become better united. I decided to try to make a song which could be sung to some popular tune and endeavor to popularize that song in all sections. Happily I climbed to the top of Lookout Mountain, which was neither an East Tennessee mountain nor a West Tennessee plain. There I composed "Old Tennessee," which was afterwards so popular and was sung all over the state. I adapted it to the tune of "Beulah Land." It was first sung at Howell Memorial Church, where I placed my membership, and was enthusiastically received. The first person who read it was Governor Turney, who expressed a desire to see it in print. Gradually it worked its way to wide-spread popularity. It was adopted as the official song of the National B.Y.P.U. which was held in Chattanooga. It was also adopted as the official song of the Tennessee Centennial held in Nashville. The public schools took it up and it was soon ringing all over the state. I here insert it.

OLD TENNESSEE

A. J. HOLT

(Air, "Beulah Land")

The land of pure and balmy air,
Of streams so clear and skies so fair,
Of mountains grand and fountains free;
The lovely land of Tennessee.

(Chorus)

O, Tennessee! Fair Tennessee!
The land of all the world to me;
I stand upon thy mountains high
And hold communion with the sky,
And view the glowing landscape o'er,
Old Tennessee forevermore.

The fairest of the fair we see,
The bravest of the brave have we,
The freest of the noble free,
In battle-scarred old Tennessee.

The rarest fruits and fairest flowers,
And happiest homes on earth are ours;
If heaven below could only be,
'Twould surely shine in Tennessee.

Awake my harp with tuneful string
And of thy lovely country sing,
From East to West the chorus be,
God bless our dear old Tennessee!

While this song did not wholly abolish the sectional feeling which had so long existed, it made a place for its author in the hearts of the people. I am inclined to think that to this day I am noted, in many parts of Tennessee, more because I am the author of that song than because I was for so long Secretary of Missions in that state!

By the close of the first year, we had paid off the bank debt for the payment of the missionaries the year before. We had also increased the number of missionaries and they had increased the amount of work done. Best of all, public confidence had been measurably restored. Our work was paid up in full.

Let no one imagine that all was easy sailing. As my success began to be apparent, opposition began to be manifest. Across the border of the Kentucky line there was a man whose influence, above all things else, was an obstruction to my work. That man was widely popular because of two things: He was a superb preacher and could sway an audience more completely than any other man among us. He was a great debater and it was his meat and drink to get up a debate against "Campbellites" or Methodists or someone else. He came to be regarded by many Baptists as the "Defender of the Faith." Had this man been content to preach and fight Campbellites it would not have been so bad, but he took it into his head to fight such of his brethren as might not agree with him. It was at the height of the "Gospel Mission" controversy that he developed a strong aversion to all boards, secretaries, and all mission work of all bodies not modeled after the "Gospel Mission" plan. This was my gravest and greatest difficulty.

I will give a single example of how I had to meet the "Gospel Mission" propaganda. I usually divided my time so that one year I would visit East Tennessee Associations and the year following West Tennessee Associations. They all met so near the same time that it was almost impossible to visit associations in both parts of the state the same year. This particular time I was to visit associations in East Tennesee. At the same time I had been importuned to be present at Beech River Association in West Tennessee, the brother extending the invitation saying that an attempt was to be made to switch the association off from co-operation with the state convention and make it "Gospel Mission." I had been attending the Sequatchie Valley Association which adjourned Saturday afternoon and I had been appointed to preach on Sunday and it was to be a great occasion. On consulting my time card I saw that I could catch the C. S. train to Chattanooga and make close connection with the M. & C. for Memphis that same night and be in Memphis the following morning and by traveling Sunday could be at the Beech River Association at the opening Monday morning which was to be the chief day of their meeting. My decision was made immediately. I rushed to the station just in time to catch the train for Chattanooga. I got to Memphis the following morning and Sunday night

I went to church at Darden and found Brother Boren just about to preach, when he pressed me into service.

I went home with Brother Boren that night. He was the clerk of the association, which was in session twelve miles away. He had come to preach for his people and was to be present at the opening of the association the next morning. He offered me a seat in his buggy. He told me that the whole association was decidedly inclined to the "Gospel Mission" plan. The moderator had been elected on that platform, the committee on State Missions was Brother Hupper, who was straight out for Gospel Missions. He was to bring in his report the first thing Monday morning. He had published a tract on Gospel Missions, which Brother Boren had, and I memorized it, for I was persuaded that his report and speech would be a repetition of his tract. I had my reply to that tract all ready when we reached the association the following morning. My appearance was a decided surprise that day for I had not promised to be present.

I looked over my crowd and saw that I had about two men on whom I could rely with perfect confidence. One was A. Nunnery, now editor of *The Baptist Worker* in Oklahoma. Nunnery was a born fighter—is yet. He may not always have been wise in his contentions, but he was generally on the right side of things. He was, and is, to my mind, a thorough Baptist, but he was and is too quick on the trigger. The other on whom I could rely was our old colporteur, Rev. B. F. Bartles. He was one of the very best of men and the best colporteur I had ever seen. He was the missionary and colporteur of this association. But Brother Bartles was very slow and deliberate. He and Brother Nunnery, who was of an electric disposition, would not do to work in double harness.

The moderator could not fail to recognize my presence. He did so gracefully and, with equal grace, I accepted the invitation to a seat in the association. So soon as the minutes were read and approved the report on State Missions was called for and Brother Hopper took the floor. His report was quite brief and to the point. It read about as follows: "Whereas, most of our mission money is paid to high-priced secretaries, resolved that we do our mission work on the 'Gospel Mission' plan." That was all. Some brother made the motion to adopt the report, which was duly seconded. Brother Nunnery moved to limit the speeches to five minutes each. I asked to say a word and expressed the hope that Brother Nunnery's motion should not receive a second as the report contemplated a revolution in their missionary work and a revolution should not be adopted hastily. That no doubt Brother Hopper had what was, to him, good and sufficient reasons for his resolution; and it was but fair to him and to the subject that he be allowed all the time he wanted to advocate his proposition. I also hoped it would be the will of the association to give me equal time in which to reply. The motion of Brother Nunnery was not seconded and Brother Hopper took the floor in advocacy of his resolution.

As I had anticipated, the speech of Brother Hopper was but a repetition of his tract on the Gospel Mission. I was prepared to reply. He entered with great confidence on its defense. His speech took up about one hour. When he had ceased I asked the privilege of reply. It was moved and carried that I be allowed an equal time for my reply. Throughout my speech I was as kind and courteous toward Brother Hopper as I could be.

To reply to him was easy. I took up his resolutions first. I noticed that he had stated that "most of our mission money had gone to high-priced secretaries." I then took up the minutes of the association for the last year, the statistics having been furnished me by the clerk, and called attention to the fact that Brother Hopper's churches had not given one cent that year to missions. So his contention was not that his money, nor that any money given by his churches was spent on high-priced secretaries, for they had given not one cent. I noticed in the next place, that if the association wished to withdraw from the State Convention it would be actually a relief to the convention. That the convention had given to them this year in the salary of their colporteur about $500. They themselves had not given $50 to State Missions, so it would be a saving to the convention of at least $450 for them to leave us. The convention made no complaint and had been willing to help along a weak association and would continue so to assist them if they wanted it; but if they persisted in desiring to withdraw, it would be an actual relief to the convention.

In the next place I noticed that the resolution charged that most of their mission money went to pay "high-priced secretaries' salaries." It seemed that I was that high-priced secretary. My salary was, according to the minutes I held in my hands, only about ten percent of the total contributions to missions. That association had contributed about $50 that year, ten percent of which was about $5. I had made three visits to the association that year and I did not know whether my services had been worth $5 or not. Just here Brother Boren asked to interrupt and said that one of my visits had been made to dedicate the new church house at Darden and there I had taken up a collection of $100 to complete the payment; that it was made up and paid and that I had given $5 of that amount. He concluded by saying, "I will pay that $5 to State Missions myself." About that time a brother arose and asked the privilege of an interruption by saying, "Brother Moderator, I made the motion to adopt this report. I did not know what I was doing. I really did not hear the report, as I was reading another, but seeing some hesitation, I made the motion. I now ask the privilege of withdrawing my motion." I replied, "Brother Moderator, I hope someone else will take Brother Davis' place, as I want to have the opportunity of finishing my speech and if the report loses its second, I will have to stop." Whereupon another brother arose and said, "I will second the motion to adopt, as I wish to hear Dr. Holt finish demolishing Brother Hopper's resolution. I expect to vote against it, but I will second the motion for its adoption." Before I could resume, another arose and said, "Brother Moderator, I signed that report as a member of the committee. I did so without reading it. I now wish to have my name stricken from that report." Then I resumed my speech.

It was clear as day how the sentiment of the body was going. After I had completed my speech, Brother Hopper arose to reply. Brother Nunnery again moved that he be not allowed to reply. I arose in his defense. I said it was but fair that Brother Hopper be allowed every opportunity to explain his position. I trusted the moderator would give him all the time he desired. But while Brother Hopper gained the floor, he was completeply demolished, and his speech disclosed it. In fact I did not need to make any reply to his rejoinder at all. When the moderator arose to put the Question there was silence. "All who are in favor of adopting the report, please say Aye," said the moderator. Not a vote was given for it. "All who are opposed to the adoption of the report will say No." A perfect storm of "Noes" was in evidence. Later a report was written and unanimously adopted to the end that the association continue to co-operate with the State Convention in its missionary work. I have given this as a sample of the battles I had to fight for the organized work. In every case they were successful, not because I advocated them, but because they were right.

A yet more notable victory was recorded at the new William Carey Association. Strange that an association with that name should not be thoroughly missionary, but it was even so. A controversy had arisen in Georgia led by J. A. Scarbrough, who had issued a tract against the Boards, advocating the "Gospel Mission" movement. The moderator of the William Carey Association had issued an especial edition of this tract, writing for it an introduction himself. He had diligently spread this tract all over the association. I had previously been invited to a discussion of this tract with the moderator at a Fifth Sunday meeting of the association. We had there gone over the entire subject. Brother Burnham, the moderator, was a lawyer of good education and excellent address. He was widely popular, too, in his association. I had much to do to reply to him. It was done, however. The Fifth Sunday meeting had voted that it was their opinion that they should continue to co-operate with the Boards. The moderator was very anxious that the membership of the coming association should be composed of messengers friendly to his views. He was a member of the church at Fayetteville. The pastor of that church was Rev. W. J. Stewart, now the honored superintendent of the Tennessee Baptist Orphans' Home. Brother Stewart had placed the matter squarely before the regular conference of the church and had recommended that the church do not send Brother Burnham to be a messenger to the association, inasmuch as he did not reflect the position of the church on the matter of missions. So when the church came to the election of messengers, Brother Burnham, the moderator, was left off.

Brother Burnham, however, organized the association, according to the custom of the previous year's moderator to organize the association for the succeeding year. When it came to the election of officers, Brother Burnham's name was placed in nomination. Brother Stewart arose and said that he was compelled to take the position that Brother Burnham was not eligible to be elected moderator as he was not a member of the body. Brother Burnham, sitting on his own case, ruled that the association could elect anyone it might desire as moderator. But another brother was placed in nomination and overwhelmingly chosen. When the report on State Missions came up for discussion, it had been written by Brother Burnham and was favorable to withdrawing from co-operation with the State Boards. I made reply and when the matter was brought to a vote, the report was set aside. Brother Burnham had made a speech of an hour in its defence and I had replied. Then Brother Burnham had sought to reply again, when a point of order was raised that Brother Burnham was not a member of the body and they hoped that the question would be put to the body without further discussion, which was done, with the result that the association remained with the convention. The association then voted unanimously that I be requested to reply to the tract of Brother Scarbrough. I did so, and that gentleman and myself had a lengthy discussion of the "Gospel Mission" problem, which discussion was published in the *Baptist and Reflector* and took up the greater part of the year before it was concluded.

One other question of general denominational import was foisted on us about this time. That was the "Whitsitt Controversy". As this was not germain to our work and was, to my mind, foreign to it, I assumed to oppose its discussion, as every time such discussion was had, it diverted the attention from the mission work and was detrimental to our success. This discussion was urged on Tennessee Baptists by the brother who lived just across the Kentucky-Tennessee line. When the state convention met at Fayetteville, this brother had published in his paper that Tennessee Baptists were going to snow Whitsitt under and urged every church to send in a full delegation to see that it was done. Then transpired some diplomacy. Dr. G. A. Lofton, of blessed memory, and Dr. John O. Rust, also of blessed memory, conceived a plan. The Kentucky brother had given them the tip and they concluded to follow his plan. They went to Maj. John W. Thomas, president of the N. C. & St. L. Ry., and set the matter before him and secured from him 100 tickets from Nashville to Fayetteville. They went around to every church in Nashville and secured as many messengers as they were entitled to send and furnished to each a free pass. Meanwhile the Kentucky brother had gone early to Fayetteville and was busily engaged in gathering his forces and drilling them. By careful calculation they concluded they had a majority which could "down Whitsitt." They made their boast to that effect. Then they recalled that an early train was due the next morning (that was late in the afternoon the day before the convention was to assemble) and they concluded that this last train would bring them more strength. They were at the station to meet that early train. To their amazement they saw filing out of that train the Nashville delegation, every man of whom was against them. The Nashville crowd filed out in a body, marched right up to the church and there John Rust called them to order on the steps of the church house. "Let everybody go to the church house across the way for consultation before the convention assembles," he shouted. Everybody took his advice. They packed that house full and Dr. Rust took the floor. He said: "When we saw from the papers that our brother . . . was rallying his forces to vote the convention on the Whitsitt matter, we thought to take knowledge of his plans and follow them. We are now here and are in a position to vote anything we please. We are by far in the majority. We might vote a measure endorsing Dr. Whittsitt, as many of us believe to be just; but we are not going to do this without being forced to it. Therefore, I propose that this mass meeting pass this resolution, 'Resolved, that we will not introduce the Whitsitt controversy before the meeting of the Tennessee Baptist Convention'." It was immediately seconded. It was vigorously opposed by the brother from Kentucky. He was reminded that this was none of his affair and that he could not even vote. The vote was then taken and carried by a strictly party vote, which was over a two-thirds majority.

As they were leaving the church full fifteen minutes before the convention assembled, Dr. Lofton said to the brother from Kentucky, "We thought we would just give you a taste of your own medicine." It so happened that Brother Burnham, who stood with the minority, but who was not present when they voted, decided to introduce the Whitsitt matter on his own responsibility and did so. Then it was that Dr. John O. Rust took the floor and gave away the whole matter before the Convention and, after explaining the matter fully, moved to lay the question on the table, which was done completely and finally and so thoroughly that it was never again resurrected before the Tennessee Baptist Convention. The opposition for the most part departed crestfallen.

So it happened that during almost the whole period of service that I gave to the Tennessee Convention, there was denominational unrest.

It will be recalled that when I agreed to accept the secretaryship it was with the promise that we would eliminate some of our financial agencies, so as to reduce the machinery. At the convention that met at Paris in 1896 the matter of consolidating the Sunday school and Colportage and the State Mission work came to a head. The Colportage work was under the supervision of W. Y. Quisenberry. This was and is still a most enthusiastic brother. No man is cleaner of life nor more correct in conduct nor yet more diligent in his work than this same excellent brother. He was heart and soul wrapped up in the Colportage work, but by some means, it had not prospered. There were about sixteen colporteurs and the debt to them amounted to some nineteen hundred dollars. The State Board already had their missionaries doing colportage work, so there was confusion. A move was made to consolidate the two departments and place the colportage work entirely under the State Board.

It was vigorously and tearfully fought by Brother Quisenberry and by the chairman of his Board, Dr. R. R. Acree. Both made vigorous speeches against it. The vote involved a change in the constitution and required a two-thirds majority vote. There lacked but two votes to being a two-thirds majority and the president declared that the resolution to consolidate was lost. Then one of those voting with the majority made the motion that the convention vote unanimously to consolidate, saying that they could not afford to take advantage of a technicality to continue a work which a majority of the messengers in attendance wished discontinued. On that vote being put, almost, if not the entire convention, voted to consolidate. It was very disappointing to the splendid Secretary of Colportage work. Immediately I offered a resolution warmly commending Secretary Quisenberry for his able and efficient services as secretary.

The result of this consolidation was that in less than six months' time the entire debt left by Brother Quisenberry was discharged and the number of colporteurs was more than doubled. Before my term of service was closed this colportage department had become really the main department of State Mission Work.

The Financial Agent of the Tennessee Baptist Orphans' Home was Rev. T. T. Thompson. He was a remarkably active and energetic man. He had been its financial secretary from the very beginning. The management had bought an old hotel property in West Nashville, all on credit, giving notes to the amount of $25,000 for it. The launching of any new enterprise is fraught with difficulties. Brother Thompson had worked under great disadvantages and had succeeded in paying off over fourteen thousand dollars of the original indebtedness. Then on account of financial reverses, the matter halted.

Brother Thompson resigned. The Board of Managers then proposed to surrender the property to those who held the mortgage on it for ten thousand dollars still due. I heard of it and made bold to suggest to a member of the Board that in my judgment it would be fatal to the enterprise to do this. Conceding that the purchase was not a wise one, $14,000 had now been paid on it and to give it up would be to advertise the fact that we were incapable of handling such an institution. On his claim that the Baptists of Tennessee would not pay for it, I assured him that they would, if they had another chance. With this he went before the Board again and they rescinded their act of placing the property in the hands of a real estate agent to be disposed of, and to my surprise they elected me financial agent.

When they told me of this, I referred them to the State Board, whose servant I was. The Board asked me if I was willing to undertake this in addition to my missionary work. I said I was, provided that we do not call on the Orphanage Board to bear any part of my salary, but that the State Board would just pay my salary as heretofore and no more. It was settled that way, so I became the Financial Agent of the Orphans' Home.

The year following I was made the treasurer and the year following that I was named general manager. Within eighteen months we had paid all that indebtedness. I then collected money and placed around the entire premises a substantial iron fence. Then we re-covered the building and re-furnished it throughout. I was the manager for eight years, all of which time I was the Secretary of Missions. I received no pay for my services to the Orphans' Home. It was thoroughly a labor of love.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MISSION WORK IN TENNESSEE
(CONCLUDED)

Hitherto I have been writing of the difficulties I had in Tennessee. Let no one conclude by this that I had no genuine joy in this service. The difficulties were all necessary. I was kept busy and it has ever been wise that I be kept busy. If I had been born to a life of luxury and idleness I would have been a monumental failure. I really enjoyed my work in Tennessee. The brethren everywhere treated me with distinguished courtesy and I made a multitude of real friends.

The President of the State Board was Dr. George A. Lofton. He was as true a friend as ever a man had. Absolutely co-operative at all times and under all circumstances. Dr. E. E. Folk, the editor of the *Baptist and Reflector,* was my lifelong friend. We had been seminary mates. He was perhaps closer to me than any man in the state. We traveled, ate, slept, talked, wept and labored together from the day of my going to the day of my departure. I loved Folk as a man rarely loves another man. Golden, Rev. W. C. Golden, D.D., was my old time friend. We, too, had been schoolmates. He became my successor as Secretary of Missions. He was the President of the Board of Directors of the Orphans' Home and not in the very slightest degree did he ever fail to co-operate with me to the fullest extent. Col. W. M. Woodcock was the Treasurer of the State Board. I had more business relations with him than with any other man. Never was a truer heart than that which beat in Woodcock's bosom. Politically, he was a Republican while I was a Democrat, but we both forgot that. I delight to remember this golden-hearted man. Major C. T. Cheek was for many years the leading spirit in the

Orphanage Board. I had most delightful companionship with this great commercial man.

The pastors of Nashville were all my friends. Lansing Burrows, J. B. Hawthorne, J. M. Frost, I. J. Van Ness, John O. Rust, C. S. Gardner, my pastor I. N. Strother, T. B. Ray, A. J. Barton, W. Y. Quisenberry and John Herndon Wright, one and all were men of great piety and splendid spirit. Their names are in my heart.

In Memphis we had first and foremost Dr. T. S. Potts, pastor of the Central Church. He had been my personal friend ever since he was a small boy. Never for one moment did this friendship know a break. Thirty-seven years ago I aided in his ordination at Louisville. There has never been one moment in our lives that we would not have gone through fire and water to do a service for each other. I love him as my own brother in the flesh. A. U. Boone was, for many years, and is yet, the loving and loved pastor of the First Baptist Church. From the day we became acquainted, over twenty years ago, when he became pastor of the First Baptist Church at Clarksville, Tenn., to the present, there has not been the slightest difference between us that I know of. There is not a truer, nobler man in Tennessee to-day than A. U. Boone. Other pastors came and departed and all were my friends during my secretaryship.

At Chattanooga the pastors were the same; loving, co-operative and true. W. A. Garrett, D.D., was for many years pastor of the First Church. He was, and is still, a most admirable type of man, a man of solid worth. For some years after the going of Dr. Garrett, Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher was the pastor of this church. Dr. Brougher, now the popular pastor at Los Angeles, California, was in every way most co-operative and loyal. Dr. R. D. Haymore, pastor of the Central Church, was my devoted friend all during his pastorate. His home was my home when I was in Chattanooga. His successor was Dr. A. J. Fristoe, who was a true and loyal friend to state missions and the secretary.

At Knoxville, the pastor of the First Church for many years was Dr. R. R. Acree. He was always co-operative. He was a warm friend of W. Y. Quisenberry and was favorable to his continuance in the colportage work, and I think never quite forgave me for being instrumental in its consolidation with the State Mission Board. Still he was too great and broad to allow this to interfere with his warm co-operation with the mission work. The pastor of the Broadway Church was Dr. D. M. Jeffries, afterwards President of Carson and Newman College. He was co-operative with the great work in which we both engaged. His church was at that time passing through the struggles of paying for a great building. J. H. Snow was pastor of the Centennial, afterwards changed to the Deaderick Avenue Church. Snow and his superb wife were absolutely loyal to every department of the work of the denomination. I have not known of a pastor who developed his church more than J. H. Snow. J. Pike Powers was building up Bell Avenue Church at that time. He was a wise master builder and invariably co-operated to the limit with the secretary. W. M. Murrell, of blessed memory, was the pastor at South Knoxville. He was one of the noblest, truest men I ever met. His seemingly untimely death was hastened by some opposition he received, most unjustly, from a member of his church. Long afterwards I became his successor as pastor of that church and had the pleasure to know that the man who gave him so much trouble was at last excluded from the church.

The two great college presidents were exceptionally warmhearted and co-operative. J. T. Henderson, President of Carson and Newman College, was also the President of our State Convention. I have never met a "layman" more consecrated to the work of the Master than this noble Christian gentleman. I had no better friend in Tennessee than he. Dr. G. M. Savage, a superb Christian gentleman, was the president of what was then the South-Western Baptist University. Now it is the Union University at Jackson, Tennessee. Dr. Savage has many warm friends and deserves them all. Dr. Irby, who was so many years associated with him as instructor in Mathematics, was one of the sweetest spirited men in the South. Long will he live in the hearts of his friends. I have mentioned only the city preachers, but there were village pastors by the score who were just as true and loyal and country pastors by the hundreds who were true and tried. Besides this, there were laymen and women all over the state who were prayerfully co-operative with the secretary. To live and to labor with these people was a "joy forever."

The Tennessee Orphans' Home was my special "pet," as Dr. Folk called it. The work I did for this institution was a recreation and a delight to me. It was the more joyous in that it was wholly a labor of love, as I received nothing for my services. Possibly I came to devote more time to its interests than I should have done, because it was such a pleasure for me to do so. The institution has, since my going, been removed to a better locality. The location in West Nashville was none of my selection, but as I found it there, I did the best I could to make it a success while I was connected with it. I left the state after having been manager and treasurer of that institution by turns, for eight years. When I assumed charge it was seemingly hopelessly in debt. I was fortunate in being able to collect the money to discharge that indebtedness. When I resigned it was newly furnished, freshly painted, well-stocked with provisions and clothing, with $400 in bank to its credit, with not one cent of indebtedness. I was devotedly attached to those dear children.

The prime cause for my giving up the missionary work after nine years of service was the poor health of my wife. The climate seemed to wholly disagree with her. Our family physician told us that she could not live another three months in West Nashville. When I made known my determination to the Board to resign the work and gave as my reason the declining health of my wife, they very generously proffered to give me a month's leave of absence to allow me to take her to some other place and to pay our way there if I would retain the work. There were some other causes that operated to make my going seem the best thing. The prominent brother who lived across the Kentucky line, I have already mentioned. I thought I would not disclose his name but have concluded to do so. It was the celebrated J. N. Hall. His paper, the *Baptist Flag,* circulated extensively in Tennessee. Dr. Hall took it into his head that I was the arch-secretary; the "Boss" Secretary, he always called me. He rarely allowed an issue of his paper to be published during those latter days of my secretaryship that he did not have something in the way of an attack on me or my work. I found that it was wholly useless for me to attempt to reply to him. If I replied in his paper, he would cut up my reply in sections and make it to mean what I did not intend that it should. Then my reply gave him the text for endless assailments. He had many warm supporters in Tennessee and these sympathized with his attacks on me. Some of these even came into the *Baptist and Reflector* to criticize my work.

I was deeply grieved because of these continuous attacks. One brother whose name has not appeared in these pages was especially caustic in his criticisms of me and my work. I went before the church of which he was a member and by permission of the pastor, I proved from the records that this brother was wholly mistaken. Still, he was hopelessly given to misrepresenting me and my work. He was a "Gospel Missioner." These were flies in the ointment which caused it to "stink."

When I concluded to resign and let it be known to the Board, that body of noble brethren, to a man, were opposed to it. They asked me what they could possibly do to retain me. Asked me if I wanted an increase in salary. I replied I did not. Asked me if I wanted an assistant. I told them no. Proffered to give me vacations every year, but I held on to my determination to resign. I may have made a mistake in this. I had never served a people who were more absolutely united on me. When I wrote out my resignation, I submitted it to an honored brother and he advised me to eliminate from it any mention of the opposition I had included in it. I had mentioned the names of those two men, who had so persistently opposed my work. They were in no way connected with it, except they were country pastors who had more or less influence in the state. At his suggestion I erased the references to these men.

When the Board found it was useless to entreat me, they then set about the endeavor to find a successor. I was asked who could possibly do the work. I said that W. C. Golden could do it. He was eventually selected for the work, and carried it forward for seven years. It was he who, at the State Convention at Humboldt where my services ended, presented the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

"Special report of the State Board.

Brethren and Fellow Workers of Tennessee: Our beloved brother, Dr. A. J. Holt, has read the Board's annual report of the itemized labors of all our missionaries and colporteurs for the year just closing. But this report makes no mention and takes no account of our Secretary's work. Dr. Holt has indicated a desire that no itemized report be made of his personal work. For this reason and for the fact that figures are cold and inadequate to tell the story of his labors for our cause in Tennessee, we attempt no full itemized statement of his work. We believe it well to say that his work last year of 360 days out of 365, travel of 45,000 miles, 126 sermons, 259 addresses, 10 institutes, 12 missionary campaigns, 9 churches dedicated, 13 associations attended, 45,000 tracts distributed, articles and letters almost innumerable, will never be forgotten by men, much less by our Lord.

All our hearts are saddened by the going of Dr. Holt from our midst and the work which he has performed so nobly for the last nine years. We are only reconciled to this by the fact that the declining health of his devoted wife makes this resignation necessary. Since he is soon to go from our midst and the work he loves so well and which he has done with such skill and marvelous results, Be it resolved:

1. That we believe his work has been wisely distributed, wonderfully persistent, systematic and self-sacrificing.

2. That his services have been thoughtful, enthusiastic, helpful, hopeful, winsome and irrepressible.

3. That the results of his labor and the blessings of God upon the work of his hands are the stamp of the divine approval.

4. That we yield to the severing of these long and endearing relations with much sadness and deep reluctance.

5. That we shall ever cherish his devotion to duty, his love for the Lord and his cause, will follow him with our prayers for Heaven's richest blessings upon him, his family and his work.

Submitted by the committee: W. C. Golden, J. M. Senter, S. L. Cockroft, J. B. Brownlow, J. T. Henderson."

These resolutions were adopted with great unanimity by the convention. One brother who had given me much pain by his criticisms, voted for them and explained that while some may have thought that he was not friendly nor appreciative of my work, they were mistaken, for he thought my work a wonderful one.

Dr. W. C. Golden, President of the Orphanage Board, in referring to my work in his report was pleased to say: "The loss of the Superintendent and Matron. The Board chronicle with sadness the going of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Holt from our work. No sadder scene has ever been witnessed in that home, outside of death, than we had in the farewell services only a few days ago. Words but poorly express our sorrow at their departure. We thank the Lord for sending them to us, and we pray his heavenly watchcare over them and his richest blessings upon them as they go to their new home and their new work."

These words are copied from the minutes of the convention which met at Humboldt, Tenn., October, 1902.

CHAPTER XXIX

BACK TO TEXAS

The decree of the doctor was that my wife should go to a warmer climate. Our oldest daughter, Mrs. Dr. Lockey, lived in old Nacogdoches. The church there learned that I was going to give up my secretaryship in Tennessee and being pastorless, they made haste to call for my services a second time. In fact, that same church called me five different times. I accepted this call and sent my wife on in advance as she was ill. I remained a month to close up my work in Tennessee.

I left that state with no small degree of regret. I had given them nine years of the best time of my life. They had been years packed full of labor and they were fruitful, too, as I left the work in a splendid condition. I left on file every quarterly report of every missionary and every colporteur who had been employed during my administration of affairs. I left every missionary paid up in full. I left the work in a prosperous condition. There were 92 missionaries and colporteurs employed the last year of my service, as against 30 the year before I began. These 92 had baptized 775 persons and received in all 1800 people. They had built 25 new church houses and repaired 27 more at a total cost of over $24,000. That was a great year of labor. This was to be my last year of service as a mission secretary and I am grateful that it was so fruitful.

Counting the thirteen years I had given the missionary work in Texas and the Indian Territory, this made twenty-two years as a secretary of missions and general agent. The record for these years is published in the annual minutes of the conventions I had served and I am not ashamed of the record. But I did turn from this work with genuine regret.

I did and do love the missionary work. The years which I spent in this labor were the most fruitful years of my life. Certainly the conventions I served have each gone far beyond anything I did, but I was laying foundations. My work has been overshadowed and may be forgotten. It is all right. Dr. Gambrell, who followed me after some years in Texas, did an immortal work. Under distressing circumstances, and despite vigorous and unreasonable opposition, Dr. Gambrell carried forward the work most magnificently. His service by far eclipsed my own. He was the man for that hour. In Tennessee Dr. Golden followed me and Dr. Gillon followed him. These have made splendid progress over what I had made. I am grateful for this fact. I am glad they exceeded my own labors. Just so the work was done, it matters little who did it. I am as grateful for their success as for my own and am willing for my own to be forgotten.

It was sweet for the church at Nacogdoches to ask for my services. They had sent all the way to Tennessee for me to come and preach the dedicatory sermon when they came to dedicate their new and splendid house of worship a year before. I had dedicated their first house many years agone. This one was built on the same excellent lot on North Street. They had had for their pastor the now famous Dr. Thomas Tardy. He had resigned the work and I became his successor.

My second term of service was pleasant, indeed. It continued from 1902 to 1905. The church made good progress. A great revival of religion took place during this time which had added many to the membership. I had also succeeded in purchasing a new Pastor's Home. Only two or three events out of the ordinary occurred during this term of service. One was the settling of a denominational policy for the association. I found that the association had become involved in the prevailing controversy that was still raging in the state. It was then called "the Board and the Anti-Board parties." It was an extension of the "Gospel Mission" controversy under another name. The anti-board party called themselves "Landmark" Baptists. East Texas had been a sort of nesting place for them. Nacogdoches Association was a "hot-bed" for the "Landmarkers."

I failed to record how Nacogdoches Association came to be organized. It was during the early days of my service to the Baptist General Association of Texas. The South Eastern part of Mount Zion Association was anti-missionary. They did not wish to do missionary work. At last, they met and held a convention prior to the organization of a new association. It was openly stated at that meeting that when the association should be organized "Holt was not to be allowed to be present."

On Saturday when the association was organized, those twelve churches called for their letters to organize a new association. Their letters were granted. They appointed me to preach on Sunday. These messengers had remained to hear the Sunday sermon. The Lord must have inspired the sermon that day. I preached on the Commission and covered the ground. I spoke with more than usual earnestness. During the dinner hour about a dozen of those brethren who had called for letters sought for an interview with me. They then disclosed their purpose of organizing a new association, and also the fact that it had been proposed that I should not be allowed to be present. A brother, H. R. M. Spivey, was the spokesman. He said that they had made a mistake. He was anxious to correct that mistake and they had called their meeting to see if some way could be devised to defeat the organization of an anti-missionary association. He said: "If you could come to the churches which are to compose that association and deliver the sermon which you preached to-day it would result in the organization of a missionary association."

I then proposed that the brethren should go out and arrange for me a series of appointments, beginning a month from that date and to cover two weeks of time and to have an appointment at every church to compose that new body. This would all take place fully a month before that new organization was to be organized. That pleased them immensely and they retired to make the list of appointments. By this means I visited the entire number of churches that went into the new association. Old Dr. Hubbard, a retired physician, met me with his buggy at Garrison and took me the whole round. I shall never forget the faithfulness of dear Dr. Hubbard. He was the grandfather of Mrs. Maud Hamlett Perkins, who has since become a well-known writer. I baptized the husband of Mrs. Perkins and was her pastor for a number of years.

At every appointment we had good crowds. The moderator of the Mt. Zion Association, Rev. W. H. H. Hays, of blessed memory, went the entire round with us. Nothing unusual happened, save at Walnut Grove Church, a large country church which was decidedly anti-missionary. Her pastor was a strong anti-missionary. They had me to preach for them both at a Saturday and a Sunday service. It was a cold day when we went to them that Saturday. I did not know it was their regular Saturday church meeting, but thought it was my appointment entirely. So while they were gathered around a log fire out in the church yard, I mounted the steps, when the time came and called them into the church. I preached missions straight that day. I was more than usually vigorous and emphatic. When I closed I said: "Now brethren, I want you to come back tomorrow and I am going to give you more of the same sort."

When I closed I asked if there were any other appointments to announce, when to my surprise the pastor arose and said, "Brethren, this is our regular church meeting and I now call the conference to order." He took the chair and invited "visiting brethren to a seat in the conference." After the usual business an opportunity for "new business" came up and I arose and said, "Brethren, I did not know that this was your regular church meeting. I thought it was my appointment. I would not have preached without the invitation of the church or pastor had I known it. I now withdraw my announcement of an appointment tomorrow." Immediately a brother arose and said, "Brother Moderator, I move that we invite Brother Holt to preach for us tomorrow." The motion was duly seconded and carried. I then accepted and the way was clear.

That night Dr. Hubbard, Brother Hays and myself all were entertained at the same house. I retired early and left

Dr. Hubbard and Brother Hays smoking and talking by the fire. Before I went to sleep I heard them predicting about the collection the next day. Dr. Hubbard said that he bet that I would get $25. Brother Hays said if I got in a "weaving way" I would collect twice that amount. The next day the weather was fine and the crowd immense. I had more than my usual "liberty." After the sermon I proceeded to take up that collection which was the first collection ever taken up in that church. I began with asking for ten dollars. The first to give ten dollars was Dr. Hubbard. Then Brother Hays followed with ten more. Then to the surprise of all, a widow who lived on a pension—a Mexican war widow—came in with ten dollars. Then a brother arose and said that woman was not able to give that ten dollars and he would give it for her. Then another brother said the brother who had proffered to give the ten dollars was not able to give it and he would give it himself. Then the widow arose and said: "You brethren give your own ten dollars and I will give mine." That made fifty dollars right there. Before completing, I had made up one hundred and twenty-five dollars, an unheard-of amount from any church those days. They were the happiest people I ever saw.

The result of my rounds was that I was everywhere received joyfully, and they gave me a hearty invitation to attend the new Nacogdoches Association, which I did. There they made me a member of the committee to write for them the constitution, every word of which I wrote. I made it missionary straight. Providentially, I placed in that constitution some provisions which saved the association from trouble years later. One provision was that the association should be missionary forever. Another, that the constitution could not be changed at any association, save by a two-thirds vote, a notice of which must be served a year previously. One time later they mustered enough votes to change the constitution but had not served notice a year before that they were going to do so, and the moderator declared their motion out of order that session. They then served notice that they would introduce the motion at the next session of the body. They came for that purpose the next year, but failed to introduce the motion the first day of the session and the constitution declared that such an amendment should be introduced on the first day of the meeting. So it remained a missionary body and still co-operates with the General Convention according to the constitution.

The first year of my second pastorate at Nacogdoches, these "Anti-Board Baptists" were making a special effort to switch the association from the General Convention. One member of the Nacogdoches Church was anti-Board. That one brother was absolutely alone in his opposition to the Convention. But he always went to the association and was always active and spoke his mind while there. When the conference meeting came about and the time came to appoint the messengers, I suggested that the church do not appoint any man not in sympathy with the views of the church.

This brother immediately objected to such a course. He said that this suggestion was meant for him alone. I replied that the brother was entirely right; that this good man did hold views on the Convention matter not harmonious with the views of the church; that this brother was thoroughly conscientious in his views and would represent those views at the association, but that in so doing he would not represent the views of the church. He then became offended and said if he was not worthy to go to the association he was not worthy to be a member. I replied to this by saying that his conclusions were not at all logical; that he was held in high esteem by the church; that we all loved him, all had confidence in his orthodoxy and his correctness of life. In this one thing only was he not in harmony with his brethren and it would be inconsistent for us to send him to the association to represent us in a matter that was to come before that body for adjustment. The church failed to appoint him. They appointed his wife, who was all right, and he went with her.

I ascertained at that association that the anti-Board party had mustered all their strength. After the association was organized, I arose and offered this resolution: "Resolved that the by-laws of this association be so amended that no divisive measures touching the constitution should be entertained." I explained that for ten years and more there had been contentions in the association which greatly marred the progress of the Master's Kingdom; that the constitution plainly declared that the association was in co-operation with the General Convention and I was offering this amendment to the by-laws in the interest of peace, to keep us from wrangling and I hoped the question would be taken without debate, as to It was carried. That shut off the belligerents from the effort to change the constitution at that meeting, as that was a divisive measure. That was satisfactory to the great majority of the messengers, although it displeased a few. One of those displeased was a Brother Lilly, who belonged to the entertaining church. He was not a messenger, but was an anti-Board man. He arose and declared that as one who was to help entertain the association, he would withdraw his co-operation. Immediately his own brother arose and said that he would take care of those who had been assigned to his brother's house. The incident closed. The offended brother left the church house and was not again seen there. A year afterwards I held a protracted meeting at North Church and a daughter of this offended brother found the Lord. When she came to be baptized this brother approached me and with tears confessed his offense and asked my pardon, which of course was joyously extended.

So Nacogdoches Association remained in co-operation ever after with the Baptist General Convention. That was one association in which I was deeply interested. I had not only assisted in its organization but had personally constituted many of its churches and held meetings with them all. The oldest church in the state, Union Church, Old North Church as it was called, was a member of this association. I held two protracted meetings with this church.

Another event which occurred while I was the pastor at Nacogdoches was a vigorous prohibition campaign in which I participated. The Methodist pastor, a Brother Watts, and myself, were the joint managers of this campaign. We published during the campaign a weekly paper named by me *The Local Option Optic*. The campaign was for the entire county. I made a complete canvass of every polling place in the county. The Baptist Church at Nacogdoches owned a large tent and this tent was used in which to speak when we had an extra large gathering. I offered the liquor men equal time with myself in the campaign, but they did not take me up. This canvass was a strenuous one. I sometimes spoke twice the same night to large audiences miles apart. Our fear was that the negroes would vote solidly for liquor as it was known that, almost to a man, they drank. So I visited their churches and spoke.

As an evidence of the unfair methods used by the liquor folks this event happened: The day before the election a circular was distributed by the liquor folks purporting to be a letter from a bank cashier of Sulphur Springs which had gone dry the year before, claiming that prohibition had ruined the town, that grass was growing in their streets and the whole town was going to the "bow wows." As Dr. J. H. Boyett was pastor of the Baptist Church at that place, I copied the entire circular in a telegram and sent it to him, asking if it were correct and for him to wire me immediately and at length, at my expense, the facts. In three hours I had a message from the mayor and councilmen and signed by every business man in the city, including the postmaster, sheriff and county judge, the dispatch stating that no such man was living in Sulphur Springs at all and that every statement of the circular was false. Prohibition in Sulphur Springs was a great success. I immediately had three thousand copies of that telegram printed and hired a messenger to go to every polling place in the county and have them in the hands of our representatives before breakfast the following morning, which was the day of the election. That nailed that campaign lie right on the spot.

We gained the election by a two-thirds majority. Nacogdoches County had been a stronghold for liquor for over one hundred years. The Old Stone Fort, which was an old Spanish relic, was used as a saloon. There were thirteen saloons in the town. They were all put out of business. Then the defeated whiskeyites resorted to another fraudulent method. They met and decided to send one of their number to Houston to secure an injunction from a well-known whiskey district judge. The prohibitionists heard of this and quietly sent along a man to watch the representative of the whiskey people to see what was done. The whiskey man succeeded in obtaining the injunction. Our man immediately wired us: "Injunction granted against County Judge from declaring result of election, County Court Clerk from recording result of election, county paper from publishing results."

We at once called a meeting of our executive committee. Then some work for a shrewd lawyer came into play. "Checkmate them," said he. So we sent the County Judge word to depart for the St. Louis Fair on the next train, after writing out his announcement declaring the result of the election. The County Court Clerk was told to go fishing, which he at once did. We then leased for one month the county paper. We had the things all fixed up before the whiskey representative returned. The liquor men met him at the station and they resorted to a saloon and had a "celebration."

Next morning Jim Buchanan, the saloon man, went to see the County Clerk and was informed of his absence. He then ordered his clerk or deputy to record the injunction which he offered to him. The deputy declined. Buchanan threatened him to no purpose. Then he attempted to bribe him and failed in that. Then he called on the editor of the *Sentinel,* the county paper, and offered him the injunction to publish and was blandly informed that he had nothing to do with the county paper, that he had the day before leased it. "To whom?" "To about five hundred prohibitionists," replied the editor.

Then he set out to find the County Judge. An all day search failed to reveal his whereabouts. His wife, seemingly, did not know where he was, or knowing, did not care to reveal it. Knowing that the Judge was an ardent Mason and that he was an official of the lodge and that the lodge met that night in regular session, he went to that meeting of the lodge that night confident of locating his man. A peculiarly laconic man was the tiler. That man stood at the door armed with the implement of his office and when approached by the whiskey man, asked him what he wanted. He said he was searching for Judge ————. "He is not here," said the tiler. "I want to see anyhow," said the liquor man. "I know what I am talking about. Judge ——— is not in this house nor in this county nor in this state." That nonplussed Jim Buchanan. "Where is he then?" asked Jim. "He is about Little Rock, Arkansas, by this time," was the answer. "Where is he going?" "To the St. Louis Fair, to be gone the balance of the month," said the tiler. That floored Jim Buchanan, who retired crestfallen from the search and his vaunted injunction was of no avail unserved.

That fixed the defeat of anti-prohibition and it was not revived again. The executive committee met in the Methodist Church and Brother Watts and myself were each presented with a beautiful silver-mounted cane as a memento of our victory.

But this was a dear-bought victory for me. It had brought on a violent attack of asthma which threatened the complete loss of my voice. For two weeks I was not able to speak above a whisper. The doctors became alarmed lest I should permanently lose my voice. Just at this time I received a telegram from Knoxville, Tennessee which read, "A. J. Holt, Nacogdoches, Texas. You are elected President of Tennessee Baptist Normal College. Salary $1,800 and expenses. Wire acceptance." That seemed to me a providence. It mattered not so much if my voice was impaired, I could organize a college. That was in the mountains of East Tennessee and if there was a climate on earth that was favorable to my broken down voice it was that. I wired back: "Am coming to look into the proposition." I was still half owner of the *Baptist and Reflector* and I would be at home in Knoxville.

I took the next train. On my arrival in Knoxville, I ascertained that the splendid property of the Tennessee Baptist Normal College was to be offered to the denomination for the establishment of the new Woman's College authorized by the State Convention to be established. The trustees had already conferred with the Educational Commission concerning the measure and had received assurance, so they said, that the proposition would be accepted. They had also made mention of their intention to elect me as president and were assured that this would meet with universal acceptance. I was assured that it would be easy sailing. The property was by long odds the best college property in the state. It was located at Fountain City, a suburb of Knoxville. I immediately conferred with the Educational Commission and received enthusiastic welcome, from all except one whose reply I failed to receive until I had accepted the position. I hastened back to Nacogdoches to resign from the church. My voice was not sufficiently strong yet for me to attempt to preach a farewell sermon. It needed no explanation as to why I was leaving.

They held a farewell service at which all the pastors of the city were present. The Methodist pastor, meanwhile, had been changed, and he spoke as to the blessing I had been to his life. He had been a member of the East Texas Bible Institute I had conducted there twelve years before. All his theological training he had received from me. I regretted I had not been more careful in my training, but could not reply for lack of voice. The Presbyterian pastor next spoke and said I had led him to the Lord thirteen years before and he regarded me as his Father in the ministry. The entire congregation was in tears over my departure.

I left at once for Knoxville. There I proceeded to begin the work of the reorganization of the college which had been co-educational, so as to make it a college for women. The trustees at my instance changed the name from the Tennessee Normal College, to Tennessee College, leaving out the word "Normal." About a thousand dollars was collected to spend on necessary changes. Work was begun with a will. It took quite a while to select a competent faculty. I then visited East Tennessee churches to induce as many as possible to each furnish a room in the young ladies' dormitory. I also began an active canvass for students. Everything appeared to be in our favor when suddenly there developed opposition from Carson and Newman College.

A trustee of that college who had proposed to build a girls' dormitory to cost $35,000, said to the trustees of that institution that unless they managed to defeat the enterprise of Tennessee College at Fountain City he would withdraw his offer to build and equip the girls' dormitory. So at the approaching meeting of the Educational Commission to be held at Chattanooga this proposition came before that body. The result was that through the influence of Carson and Newman College the Educational Commission voted not to accept the property of the college at Fountain City as the place to establish their woman's college. That was a serious, a fatal blow to me and to the trustees of the Fountain City school. They had involved themselves and so had I, getting all things in readiness. I had moved into the president's house. I had spent several hundred dollars in moving from Nacogdoches. I had completely organized the new college, having equipped the dining room, the study hall and some of the rooms of the dormitory. I had had the entire primises re-wired. I had made arrangements to put in plumbing and had begun the erection of a picket fence around the premises. Now it all went for nothing. The trustees besought me to keep on anyhow and organize our college, but faith in the enterprise was now dead. I soon resigned. The property was later sold to Knox County for a high school and so my service as a college president came to an untimely end.

Meanwhile, the Third Baptist Church of Knoxville had called for my services as pastor. By this time my voice had been completely restored under the healing air of the mountains of East Tennessee. I had accepted the church, declining to follow the college to a new location which the trustees of the new institution had selected at Murfreesboro, and thither it went and a year later entered upon its work. The name which I gave it still adhered, however, and there the great Tennessee College is now flourishing. I was made a trustee and am proud of the work that is being done by that noble institution.

"The heart of a man deviseth his way, the Lord directeth his steps." So I really went to Tennessee to become the pastor of the Third Baptist Church of Knoxville. I did not know it.

I was entirely sincere that I was to organize and conduct a college for women. All along I had my misgivings that I was qualified for that position. My wife and daughter were splendidly endowed for this work. My wife would have made a model matron, my daughter could have taught French, Latin and German, while I could travel and represent the college and secure pupils. That was what I decided for myself, but it was not to be so. It is disappointing to have one's plans ruthlessly destroyed, so I was humiliated to have mine go for nought. But I tried to accept the decision as gracefully as I could, and moved to the house obtained for me by the Third Baptist Church. I felt wonderfully invigorated after my enforced silence for some time on account of my loss of voice. But now I was able to preach with as much ease as I ever could.

For four years I remained pastor of this church. Never have I served a people more appreciative or co-operative than the membership of this same church.

CHAPTER XXX

PASTOR IN KNOXVILLE

The Third Baptist Church was about the third in size of the Baptist churches in this Baptist city. This is the church which was served very acceptably for so many years by Rev. W. M. Murrell who died while its pastor. It is situated on the south side of the Tennessee River. During Brother Murrell's term of service the church house was struck by lightning and was burned to the ground. The heroic band addressed themselves at once to rebuild. The pathetic thing about it was that the building which was burned had not quite been paid for and there was no insurance. The members had worked so hard to build their church and to have to stand around its smoking ruins with all their labor gone for nought was distressing. But they resolved to build on a larger scale than before. While they labored to build the church they were builded themselves.

This church passed through a most distressing trial. One of their leading members was not harmonious with their pastor, Brother Murrell, who was one of the best of men. In fact, this same belligerent member had not been harmonious with any previous pastor, so they informed me. The saintly Dr. W. C. Grace had one time been their beloved pastor and this same prominent brother had antagonized him. When I became their pastor they frankly explained the situation to me and said that in justice to me and to the cause, this brother ought to be turned out. I had known the brother for several years and outwardly he seemed to me a fine brother. I asked the brethren to bear with him and give me an opportunity to see if I could induce him to become harmonious. Out of consideration to their new pastor, they agreed.

I set myself to work from the beginning to win this brother. I ascertained that he was in several lawsuits against several of the brethren. It appeared that he was easily offended and would rush into law to gain redress. One lawsuit had been instituted by a brother against him for malpractice—he was a physician. A son of this suing brother had broken his arm and the doctor had set it, but in such a way that the boy's arm could not be bent at the elbow. It was apparently a clear case of malpractice. But I reasoned with the brother that even if the suit was gained it would not restore the boy's arm. So I succeeded in persuading the brother to withdraw the suit. By one means or another I worked until I secured the dismissal of all these legal cases. They would perhaps all have gone against the doctor.

I found this state of affairs when I took charge. I did my best to cultivate these people. I visited them in their homes, prayed with them, and talked with them frequently in a persuasive way, endeavoring to induce them to co-operate with their church. I had no little experience in settling church difficulties and felt confident that I could overcome this one. I labored fully two years with this as my chief end, but I have to acknowledge my failure.

About this time Dr. Len G. Broughton, the famous evangelist, later pastor of the First Church, Knoxville, was secured to hold a meeting at Knoxville. This belligerent brother exhibited signs of getting all right and we concluded to hold a meeting of our members to see if reconciliation could not be effected. We had an "acknowledgment meeting" one night. That meant that every member would have some acknowledgment to make. It was a beautiful meeting. Every member had some acknowledgment which he made. The spirit was excellent. The main object was to secure an acknowledgment from the doctor. He sat stoically throughout, while the brethren and sisters wept. At last, seeing that he was not going to volunteer anything, the pastor ventured to ask him if he had anything to say. Then he arose and said that he was glad that the brethren and sisters were acknowledging their faults, that he had seen them all along. I interrupted by saying, "Let each one acknowledge his faults and not the faults of others." But he had no faults to acknowledge. It was disappointing that he made no acknowledgments.

It ended finally in the determination of the church to turn him out. I withdrew all objections and so they proceeded. I was requested by the Board of Deacons to announce that important business would come before the church to be attended to at their next regular meeting. A full attendance was requested. That night the house was packed. After the usual routine of business had been disposed of, new business was called for. The Chairman of the Board of Deacons arose and asked permission to present a resolution which had been unanimously recommended by the Board of Deacons. It was to the effect that this same brother and one other who agreed with him should be excluded from the church, saying that for fifteen years they had been a source of constant trouble to the church. After the reading I called the church to prayer that the Lord might direct us in what was before us. The vote was then taken and every member voted. It was unanimously agreed to, only the pastor and pastor's wife not voting and one sister opposing. It was perfectly harmonious throughout. Later two families called for their letters which were granted, but three hundred members were in perfect harmony. Thus the trouble seemed to be ended.

The church in South Knoxville was peculiarly situated. There were three Baptist churches in South Knoxville, Island Home on the East, Immanuel on the West, and the Third Baptist Church in the center. Thus our church was hemmed in on either side. It is true that we had forty members across the river in the main part of the city, but it was not best for them to be with us as they had to cross the river to get to the church. But once a member was received by the Third Church there sprang up an affection for the church that was beautiful. They rarely left that church even though they might remove to another part of the city.

After the action of the church in disposing of her unruly deacon, the church changed the name of the church from the Third Baptist Church to the South Knoxville Baptist Church.

A peculiarity of this church was that it had within its membership quite a number of strong men who were devoted to the church. I never had a band of brethren who were more loyal and helpful to their pastor than were those in this church. Another excellency was that we had the best choir in the city. Never have I heard better singing than we had at that church. There were about thirty voices regularly trained to sing in that choir and to sing together. We had several instruments and also a splendid male quartette. No church of any denomination in that city had the splendid singing that this church had and yet has, I am told.

During my term of service the church built for their pastor the very best pastor's home in the state, so far as I was then informed. When it was completed they held a house warming in which the Baptists of the city generally took part. A deacon of the church in making a speech of welcome to our visitors said, "We have moved our pastor into his home and he must never leave it until he is carried out." The absolute harmony in this church was beautiful.

About this time Mrs. Holt again took ill and this time with catarrah. We had the very best of medical treatment but she grew steadily worse. At length the doctors in consultation decided that she could never be cured in that climate. They recommended the climate of Florida. We talked and prayed long and anxiously over this. We were delightfully located. But health was most important and it appeared that she could never again have good health here.

I was asked by Dr. W. D. Powell to meet with the state secretaries at Louisville, Ky., as I was an ex-secretary. I accepted the invitation. There I met Dr. Geiger, the Secretary of Missions of Florida. He asked me if I could be induced to move to Florida to edit their state paper. I told him I might be so induced, that my wife had to leave Knoxville and Florida had been recommended as good for her. So he invited me to attend the meeting of the Florida Convention to be held the following month at De Funiak Springs. I went down and was asked to make a proposition to the paper. I did so, but some other brethren made a better one for the Convention, so my visit appeared to be fruitless. But in ten days after my return home I had a call to Lake City, Florida. I went down to look into the proposition and found what appeared to be a fine opening for building up a great church. I accepted their call and made immediate preparations to remove. The South Knoxville Church was disappointed to lose their pastor. We were in perfect harmony and the church was prospering. I had served them four years and all were pleased, but the health of Mrs. Holt made it imperative that I go. The last service was a tearful and a beautiful one. One after another of the brethren spoke feelingly of my services to the church. Finally, Brother J. C. Ford, a leading member, brought out a lovely silver tea set, appropriately engraved, and presented it to their retiring pastor on behalf of the church. I have never left a church with more sincere regret than I left the South Knoxville Baptist Church.

I was especially regretful to leave the delightful associations with the other Baptist pastors of the city. There were now twenty-four Baptist churches in and around Knoxville. I had aided in the constitution of three of them. I had also assisted in the ordination of five ministers who were then pastors and of two others who had moved away. I was sincerely attached to these noble men of God.

Lake City, Florida, was the site of Columbia College, the Baptist College of Florida. It was then a new institution and was destined to have a stormy career. The buildings were extraordinary as they had been owned and erected by the State Agricultural College which had been removed to Gainesville. The property thus reverted to the city which had offered it to any denomination that would accept it and make of it a denominational institution. The Baptist Convention had accepted it under this offer. At that time Dr. G. A. Nunnelly was the president. Shortly afterwards, however, the trustees had accepted his resignation and had elected Dr. W. H. Tribble, who came shortly after I had accepted the pastorate.

The first conference of the church disclosed that here also there was a church difficulty on hand, a thing that I had not before known. Three members were under charges and a move was made to exclude all three. The new pastor knew not one thing about the conditions. I ventured to make some inquiries, when a good sister moved that action be deferred until the new pastor could become informed as to conditions. This was carried. This gave the pastor an opportunity of trying his hand again in the settlement of a church difficulty. I am glad to be able to report that I made more of a success of this than I had made of the South Knoxville matter. I visited each of the men under charges and ascertained the cause. It was not such as to justify drastic action, in my opinion. However, to reconcile all parties was my burden. I made fair progress with two of them.

The other was more serious. If he had been excluded it would have disrupted the church. He was a wealthy man who had wide influence. The trouble grew out of a prohibition election. This man had incurred the displeasure of the W.C.T.U., who were intent on boycotting his business. He was the owner of the city ice plant. Before going to see him, I spent a whole day in fasting and prayer, that I might be successful in settling the matter justly. Never did I have a more convincing season of prayer. I felt assured of victory. I had never yet seen the brother, as he did not attend church. I went into his office and announced myself as his pastor. He at once dismissed his stenographer and closed his office door and gave me a quiet and respectful hearing. I found him in excellent condition and had not the least difficulty in leading him to make the necessary acknowledgments to secure the dismissal of his case. I really thought that he had been unjustly treated, but he was the one to make all reasonable concessions. When the next monthly meeting came around the cases against all three of these men were amicably adjusted and all three were retained in the membership of the church.

The church at Lake City is located right across the street from the beautiful city park, which has a number of great old live oak trees in it. Under one of these giant oaks, across the street from the church, I organized a Bible class. There was no room in the church house for it. I went around town and invited such people as attended no other Sunday school and were in no other class to join my new class under the oaks. It grew to be almost as large as the rest of the Sunday school combined. I had great delight in it and was instrumental in doing much good in teaching this class. Something remarkable was that during the six months that I taught it, we were never under the necessity of retiring to the house on account of the weather, except one time.

The climate of Florida had been a boon and a blessing both to my wife and myself. Her catarrh had entirely disappeared within three months after we had removed to the state. I had been bothered with rheumatism in my right shoulder so that I had trouble in putting on my coat and could not raise my right hand to my head. This also departed from me. Furthermore, I had for many years been subject to an occasional attack of asthma, but this disappeared within three months after the removal to Florida. We were charmed with the unrivaled climate.

The Lake City Church had only promised to pay me $100 a month. That was just the same that the South Knoxville Church had been paying me. But in South Knoxville I had many perquisites that had not come to me in Lake City. Knoxville was a much cheaper place to live than Lake City. I performed about all the marriage ceremonies in South Knoxville. That was a paying business and had a decided effect on our living expenses. In Lake City we had decided not to keep house until my wife was fully recovered, so took our meals out. That was expensive, but it saved my wife's health. By and by the church began to fall behind with my salary. I never did discuss the salary question with my church; I said nothing, but just took what they gave. Finally, when the salary handed me failed to be sufficient to pay our board, I said to the treasurer, "Brother Brown, I will live on this as long as it lasts and when it gives out, I will seek a living elsewhere." I would not go in debt. Wife and I were distressed over this state of affairs. Finally we began to make it a matter of prayer. One whole day we spent in praying the Lord to open a way for us to live. The next morning I had a letter which had been forwarded to me from Knoxville, asking if I would consider a call from a church in Oklahoma. I replied to that letter, saying I would consider such an invitation. The result was a call by wire asking me to come at once. I wired my reply that I would visit them if they thought best and would pay my expenses. They sent me $100 by wire and I secured a brother to fill my place in Lake City while I was absent.

I arrived at the progressive city of Chickasha in due time and found that they were to entertain the Baptist State Convention, and had no pastor. I preached for them in their unfinished house and they called me at the conclusion of the service. They offered me $200 a month, $2,400 a year, which was twice what I was promised at Lake City and four times what they were really paying me. I had a wire from my wife telling me to accept. They pressed an immediate acceptance and proffered to move me. I accepted and wired my wife to that effect. In the afternoon I had a wire from Dr. Tribble saying the Lake City Church had met and increased my salary to $1,500 a year and had guaranteed prompt monthly payment. Had that wire been received that morning before my acceptance of the Chickasha Church, I would have declined that call. But it was now too late. I hastened back to Lake City and placed my resignation before the church. I gave as my one and only reason that they had failed to pay me the small salary promptly. I may have acted hastily, I am sometimes persuaded that I should have been more deliberate. I gave them a month's notice and spent my last month there endeavoring to do them really good work. I visited every member and preached every night for a week and we were in a fine condition when I left. They were greatly disappointed but could not blame anyone but themselves as I had given them fair warning and excellent service.

A new town in a new state, Chickasha was in the western half of Oklahoma. It was situated on the Washita River not more than thirty miles from where I had been stationed among the Wild Indians thirty years before. The city had about 12,000 inhabitants and was a splendid place. The First Baptist Church was an excellent body of Baptists. I found there to my gratification many of the members I had known in Tennessee or in Texas. The senior deacon was raised in Denison, Texas, where I had been pastor. He had been a Sunday school pupil of our church at that place. His father was our senior deacon there. It was like going home to be their pastor. The new and unfinished house was one of the most beautiful houses of worship in the state or in the South. It was after the model of a Greek temple and was by far the most beautiful house of worship in the state at the time. However, it was barely habitable. It lacked fully $5,000 worth of work to be done on it before it was completed. I also ascertained that they were in debt on it about $40,000. I set to work at once to seat it, light it, heat it and put approaches to it. The heating plant cost about $1,200. This I raised at once. I also let the contract to complete the basement which cost $600. This I also raised. The approaches cost $500 and I raised that. All these with the new seats, pews, were duly installed. The proper committees were appointed to arrange for the entertainment of the State Convention. When it met with us a month later, they found everything in readiness. The invigorating western air put "pep" into me and I worked with a will. The entertainment of the great convention was a conspicuous success. I found the convention to be very much larger than the Florida Convention that I had attended, and fully as large as the Tennessee Convention that I had attended so many years. The convention was entertained in our new temple of worship with all ease. While the convention proper was doing business in the large auditorium, the W.M.U. was holding its convention in the extensive ladies' parlors and one convention did not disturb the other. Then the ladies of the church served meals to five hundred at a time in our basement. Such was the extensive arrangement of this vast building. It was a joy to be able to take such excellent care of this body.

The Second Baptist Church of Chickasha was a mission of the First church. They were very desirous of being set free from the mother church. There had been some hesitation, but upon recommendation of their new pastor the First Church gave them a full deed to the property which they occupied. That greatly delighted them and they were beautifully co-operative with us ever afterwards. We also organized a Sunday school in the eastern part of the city and bought a suitable house for them and formed a nucleus for still another church. I found the Chickasha Church ready to co-operate to the limit. The first year of my pastorate passed without incident. Then there came a failure in crops, a drought. Then the notes for the great and burdensome debt came upon them. The banks that had carried them were unwilling to do so further. I raised one payment and found it very difficult to do so. Then we had to make arrangements for another payment. Meanwhile, the prevailing drought made it very difficult to carry. It was suggested that we ask the Home Board to lend us the money. They sent me to Atlanta for this purpose. Just then the Home Board was under pressure and could lend us nothing. This was grievously disappointing to the church.

When I arrived on this field I found the Baptist paper situation one of embarrassment. The editor had visited our church and I had gone with him and we had secured a large list of subscribers. At the urgent request of the editor I became a regular correspondent of the paper. It developed soon that there was a demand that I should become the editor. The Board of Managers held a meeting and offered to employ me as editor. They offered me $2,000 a year and also offered me, free, a majority of the stock if I would take charge of the paper, move to Oklahoma City and edit it. Meanwhile, the Washington Avenue Baptist Church extended me a call to become their pastor, allowing me to edit the paper while preaching for them. I suffered myself to be persuaded and so I resigned the splendid church at Chickasha after having been with them but a little over one year. I moved to Oklahoma City and took charge of the paper and also of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church. The paper was renamed *The Baptist Oklahoman.* After trying to do both pastoral work and that of editor for one month I told the church frankly that I could not do them justice without doing pastoral work for them and bent my energies to the paper. The paper grew rapidly in popularity and in circulation under the new arrangement. I found a subscription list of about 1,200. In one year it had mortgage on it. I appealed to the State Board to come to my relief, to no purpose. Now after ten years they have done the very thing I asked them to do, but they would not do it at that time. So my property was seized and the *Baptist Oklahoman* came to an untimely end. I gave up everything I had to satisfy the debt. There was, and is yet, owing to me in Oklahoma over $5,000. The debt that closed us out was for only $450. I lost over $10,000 by my unfortunate experience with the *Baptist Oklahoman*. I borrowed money to leave the state on. My wife remained until I could send her money to get out on. Fortunately, the Chickasha Church owed me $40 and this was used to pay my wife's way out of the state. My unfortunate experience in Oklahoma was a great trial to us.

CHAPTER XXXI

FLORIDA AGAIN

After my trying experience in Oklahoma, I was inclined to return to Texas. I had always claimed to be a Texan and I earnestly desired to return to that great state to spend the remaining days of my pilgrimage. Wife and I had gone to Nacogdoches to visit with our daughter, Mrs. Dr. Lockey. Then I had received a note from Dr. McConnell, the Secretary of Missions, to come to Dallas to meet the Board, that they wished to use me. In Dallas I was proffered the work at Brownsville, down on the Mexican border. I waited to hear from the church as to whether they wanted my services. That church was sustained by the State Board and had asked that body to assist them in securing a pastor. While I was waiting to hear from them I had a telegram from Kissimmee, Florida, calling for my services. That was wholly unexpected, as I was entirely unacquainted at Kissimmee. I wired my wife as to her desires. She was inclined to accept Kissimmee rather than go to Brownsville. I wired my acceptance to Kissimmee. I had to leave my wife at our daughter's until I could earn enough to bring her to me. Again the "Heart of a man deviseth his ways, but the Lord directeth his steps." The move to Florida seems to have fixed me in Florida for life.

There I found a delightful little city of about 5,000 people, with a fairly good Baptist church. I entered upon my work in this sweet city in November, 1911. In one month I had earned enough to bring Mrs. Holt to me. I knew the Florida air would be a balm to her. She had assisted me in the office of the *Baptist Oklahoman*. It was not a pleasant office but she bravely undertook to manage the advertising department of the paper. She did her duties nobly and had we not suffered the misfortune to lose out the success would have been due largely to her efforts. She needed Florida now, more than ever, and I was glad to get her back to this lovely climate.

We spent five of the happiest years of our life at Kissimmee. The church grew and prospered under our service. We built up first a prayer-meeting in South Kissimmee and that developed into a Sunday school. We then rented a house in which we maintained the Sunday school for a year. The church then elected an assistant pastor to take care of the work. It was while at Kissimmee that I wrote and published in the *Baptist World* the serial, "Forty-eight Years in the Ministry." I did this at the request of Dr. J. N. Prestridge, who was the beloved and distinguished editor of that journal for so long a while, in fact, until his sudden death. It was while pastor at Kissimmee that the proprietors of the *Baptist Witness,* then located in Arcadia, secured my serves to edit one column each week in this journal. I wrote a paragraph page which developed wide popularity. Then as the years passed the managers of the *Witness* asked me to be one of the four editors of this paper, each editor to edit the paper one week a month. There were associated with me Dr. W. A. Hobson, Dr. C. W. Duke, and Dr. C. E. W. Dobbs. Also from time to time Dr. Pendleton and Dr. Wray were associated in the enterprise. Then the managers elected me editor-in-chief and asked me to remove to Arcadia and assume complete charge of the paper. I once heard Dr. T. T. Eaton say that once a man had a taste of editorial work there was such a fascination about it that he never completely left it. That seemed to be about the way with me. My reasons for accepting this work were these: I could reach a wide constituency by my pen. I could preach as much as I felt inclined and would not be compelled to preach when I did not feel inclined nor able. The salary was guaranteed and I would have no business management with which to bother.

I resigned at Kissimmee after remaining with them five years. I greatly enjoyed the fellowship of the saints at this place. I made a multitude of friends there. The war had come on and the church was not financially able, so they said, to pay what they had agreed. My salary had at first been $100 a month and the pastor's home partly furnished. After a year they had increased my salary to $125 a month and the pastor's home. This prevailed until war conditions caused them to return to $100 a month. Meanwhile, our daughter had returned to us from Enid, Oklahoma, where she had been teaching, an invalid, and that increased our cost of living. So the proffer of a more satisfactory salary was a factor in causing the removal to Arcadia. I had bought fifteen acres of land in Kissimmee and had improved this and then sold it again at a good profit. I bought a home at Arcadia and removed to that delightful city, where I yet abide.

My editorial management and service with the *Baptist Witness* have been absolutely frictionless. I have greatly enjoyed this service. The constituency of the paper were a fine people. Then I was invited to become pastor at Boca Grande, to visit and preach for them twice a month, while editing the *Witness*. My service for this small congregation was delightful. My income from such preaching as I was able to do, together with my salary as editor, was sufficient to give us a good living.

The increasing strenuosity of war conditions caused the price of paper to soar out of sight. The business manager of the *Witness* resigned, then the proprietors felt that conditions were such as to justify them in tendering the paper back to the denomination. Meanwhile, I had been supplying the Arcadia church for several months. Before the coming of Dr. C. T. Alexander as pastor I had supplied the church. During his pastorate I had been engaged to do a similar service. After Dr. Alexander resigned, the church turned to me with great unanimity and asked me to become their pastor, even before the paper was tendered to the State Board. So when the paper was removed from Arcadia I had already accepted the call to this church. I have now been with this people for over four years and they seem inclined to the opinion that it is a lifetime settlement.

I have never in my life served a more delightful congregation. I know not what the Master may have in view for me. I hope he will allow me to remain with these people. I am at this writing in my seventy-fifth year and am the most vigorous preacher in the city. The location of the aviation camps near this city imposed peculiar obligations on the pastor. Our congregations are the largest in the city. Our house of worship one of the largest and best in Southern Florida. The membership is united and harmonious. I can see no reason why I should not remain many years with this church.

CHAPTER XXXII

PROGRESS OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

Baptists in the latter part of their history merit more than passing notice. Forty-five years ago I attended the meeting at Jefferson, Texas. I have just returned from the great meeting at Atlanta, Georgia. Less than 500 delegates were present at Jefferson; not less than 5,000 were present at Atlanta. Not exceeding $35,000 represented the gifts of all Southern Baptists to Home and Foreign Missions at Jefferson; two and a half million of dollars were reported for these purposes at Atlanta. Then the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary was a weakling; at Atlanta it was reported to be the largest seminary in the world.

Then our educational institutions were few, poorly endowed and slimly attended. Now the Baptists have more money in educational institutions than any other denomination and within the last thirty days an Educational Board has been created.

The Home Mission Board has not had smooth sailing. It was at Jefferson known as the Domestic and Indian Mission Board, located at Marion, Alabama. First they dropped the word Indian from its name, then it was for a time the Domestic Board. This was later changed to the Home Mission Board. It was removed to Atlanta simultaneously with the last change in its name. For many years it limped along without having discovered itself. Dr. I. T. Tichenor gave it a great impetus forward. His vision was prophetic. He was a religious statesman. Opposition was made to the method of co-operation with the state boards and the charge was preferred that the reports of the state boards and the Home Board were duplicated. Effort was made to merge the Home and Foreign Boards into one.

Friction arose over the Cuban work when it was begun. Many now living will recall that the Cuban work was started and the first Cuban church organized by a Brother Wood, who was a Home Board missionary stationed at Key West. Thus the work was reported at the start under the auspices of the Home Board. Those who were favorable to merging the two boards took this as an argument in favor of merging them. There was friction in Texas, the Indian Territory, and in Missouri between the Home Board and the Home Mission Society. This gave the enemies of the Home Board another reason for their opposition. During the closing years of Dr. Tichenor's administration he was greatly handicapped by this warfare, which was made by good and honest brethren on this Board. The same state of affairs was the source of great worry to good Dr. Kerfoot and some have thought it caused his early breakdown and death. Dr. F. C. McConnell met and grappled with this problem and gave up the matter after only a brief period of service. The immense personal power of Dr. Gray has almost, if not completely, silenced all these contentions.

The great agency, the Foreign Mission Board, has also had rough sailing. During these years it has seen the rise and downfall of the "Gospel Mission" secession. At one time it appeared as if the whole foreign mission force in China was going to part company with the Board. I recall when one little woman had to assume charge of the Canton Mission and hold its property, all the others having joined Dr. Crawford in his "Gospel Mission" contention. Through a period of several years this controversy dragged its weary way in our denominational councils. Happily it is now a thing of the past.

The superb arm of the convention, the Sunday School Board, had no small difficulty in getting into existence. There was vigorous opposition to it from the time the subject was first mentioned in the convention. Looking now at the unparalleled success of this great enterprise, we are astonished to think that anyone could have opposed the bringing into existence of such a superb instrumentality for good. But noble, sincere men were conscientiously opposed to bringing it into existence. Its strongest opponents lived to become its warmest advocates. The writer of this autobiography had the honor to be a member of the committee of thirteen that brought this Board into being at Birmingham. The moving spirit in the creation of the new board was Dr. J. M. Frost, who gave the vigor of his manhood and the ripeness of his advancing years to its organization and development. At the present writing this same Board is the most conspicuously successful instrumentality in the Southern Baptist Convention, if not in the whole world. Dr. I. J. Van Ness, the successor of Dr. Frost, has been eminently successful in the development of this great Board. It has never paused in its upward and onward career. Yet I heard no less a personage than J. N. Hall charge against Dr. Frost and this Board absolute disloyalty.

Among notable events in the convention I will mention a few. The speech of Dr. J. L. M. Curry at Charleston, S. C., in 1875, on the launching of the "Centennial Movement" was one of the most thrilling addresses ever delivered before this great convention.

The delivery of the great sermon, "The Cross," by Dr. Richard Fuller of Baltimore at this same convention was another epoch in its history. That great sermon was published in book form. It has the reputation of being one of the greatest Christian sermons ever delivered.

At Columbus, Mississippi, in 1881, Dr. P. H. Mell was presiding and Dr. James P. Boyce nominated a secretary for the convention in these words: "Brother President, I desire to place in nomination as secretary for this convention Lansing Burrows. He can be secretary for anything." That was all his speech, and it meant that in the opinion of Dr. Boyce this man could make a successful secretary for the House of Parliament or the American Congress. He was elected and for thirty years held the position with honor. For twenty-five years of that time his voice was voluminous, clear, penetrating and distinct. Never has a secretary been more efficient than Lansing Burrows.

In Richmond, Virginia, in 1888, the convention took a leap forward when it stood nobly by the Home Board in her Texas work, when by resolution it adopted and endorsed that work. For one time I made a speech before the body in advocacy of this cause and made the statement: "If the convention will stand by the Texas work, in less than twenty-five years Texas will be giving more to the work of this convention than the whole convention is now giving." B. H. Carroll made an imperial address advocating the same thing. It was in this address that he referred to A. J. Holt as the "best secretary in the world." Dr. Carroll's statement was questionable, but not the statement of A. J. Holt, for within twenty-five years Texas was giving more to the objects of this convention than was being given by all other states combined at that time.

In 1891 at Birmingham the great Sunday School Board was created. That was a red-letter day in the history of the convention.

At Hot Springs in 1918 the convention departed from a long established precedent and had a committee on committees appointed to appoint committees, instead of the president appointing them. I have the honor to have been the chairman of that first committee on committees. After the first night when I had the assistance of all the committee and we labored until midnight, I could not again induce my committee to assemble and all the work thereafter was practically done by the chairman. I suppose I made one mistake. Instead of announcing these committees myself, I handed them to the Secretary to announce, just as the President had been accustomed to doing. So while I did the work and did it faithfully, I was rarely before the convention. The chairman at the late session of this body was my old school-mate, Dr. Landrum, and he pursued quite the opposite policy and did his work splendidly.

The final leap forward which the convention made was at its late session in Atlanta when it created a new Educational Board. Also when it adopted its seventy-five million dollar five year program. That was the most stupendous plunge the convention ever made.

I suppose I have attended more meetings of the convention than any other living man. Only one was present at the late meeting at Atlanta that was with the convention forty-five years ago. He has not attended it with the regularity that I have. In thirty-eight years I have missed but one session. While I was missionary to the Indians it was impossible for me to attend from two considerations: I never had money enough to make the trip and I was too far removed from civilization to attempt it. Since that time, however, I have missed only one session. I have never made an address before that body without being requested to do so. The earlier leaders of the convention I recall with distinctness.

Jeter, tall, dignified, courteous, clear in thought and expression, although his was a weak, almost feminine voice. J. W. M. Williams, bold, brotherly, rather pompous, but a splendid spirit withal. Richard Fuller, the stately and imperial orator. J. L. M. Curry, the statesman-orator who could wrap the convention around his finger. P. H. Mell, the unsurpassed parliamentarian and for twenty years the president of the convention. J. L. Burrows, the father of Lansing Burrows, a most delightful Christian character. Sylvanus Landrum, the father of Dr. W. W. Landrum, who gave his life for others in a New Orleans epidemic of yellow fever. William Cary Crane, a remarkably polished, clear and scholarly college president. William Williams, of the Seminary of Greenville, one of the clearest thinkers and speakers ever produced by Southern Baptists. Drs. G. C. Lorimer, J. B. Hawthorne, J. A. Broadus, J. P. Boyce, T. T. Eaton, W. H. Whitsitt, Basil Manly, George Cooper, J. W. Carter, W. E. Hatcher, E. T. Winkler, Jonathan Haralson, W. J. Northern, J. P. Eagle, M. B. Wharton, and time would fail me to tell of a host of others just as great. Had greatness been catching, then I should have been great from very contact with these great men.

I have had the pleasure to attend fifty state conventions of the Baptists. The first of these was the Louisiana Baptist Convention, at Minden, La. That was just fifty years ago. I rode over sixty miles horseback to attend that body and mainly to hear and see the famous Dr. J. R. Graves, who was then in the meridian of his fame. There I met H. Z. Ardis, W. M. Farcher, J. C. Carpenter, F. Courtney, A. E. Clemmons, and many other famous men.

My next convention was the Texas Baptist Convention at Houston in 1872. Here I met Dr. William Cary Crane, R. C. Burleson, Hosea Garrett, J. T. Zealy, J. B. Link, H. L. Graves. J. T. Pilgrim, Z. N. Morrell, R. E. B. Baylor, Martin V. Smith, Major Penn, Dr. Stribbling, H. W. Dodge, R. H. Talliaferro, N. T. Byars, Spurgeon Harris, and a host of other notable men. I met with the Texas Baptist General Association in 1875 and every year thereafter until its consolidation with the State Convention at Waco in 1886. I also met with each session of the General Convention from its organization until my removal to Tennessee in 1893, and have met with it several times since. In the General Association I was intimately acquainted with Elder Wm. Pickett, Rev. R. D. Potts. Elder W. H. Parks, J. T. S. Park, D. N. Morrill, Josiah Leake, John Clabough, W. J. Brown, W. B. Featherstone, J. J. Sledge, P. B. Chandler, J. B. Daniel, and many others.

I had to do with the general organization in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. I was a member of the council of five from the South that met with a similar number of brethren from the North at McAlester and afterwards at Oklahoma City to endeavor to arrange terms of amity between the conventions in these territories representing the Northern and Southern Conventions. I presided at the organization of the Sunday School Convention of the Indian Territory and also at the state convention of the Indian Territory and again at the Convention of Oklahoma Territory. Long years afterwards I was for two years the president of the General Convention of Oklahoma.

Nine times I have attended the sessions of the Florida Baptist Convention. Fifteen times I was present at the Tennessee Baptist Convention, nine of those times I was Corresponding Secretary of that body. Four times I was the President of the Florida Pastors' Conference, until that body ceased to meet on account of the early meeting of the convention which gave the conference no time to assemble.

During my fifty years of service as a minister I have been pastor of fifteen Baptist churches. Ten of these were country or village churches, where I was pastor for one Sunday in the month at each church. My all-time pastorates have been Nacogdoches, Texas; Knoxville, Tenn.; Lake City, Fla.; Kissimmee, Fla., and Arcadia, Fla. Twenty-two years I served as a missionary or missionary secretary. That seems to have been my main work as a minister. During these years I have been editor of six Baptist papers. Most of the time I was only a correspondent with a financial interest in the papers. Thus I have been editor of the following papers: *Texas Baptist and Herald, Arkansas Baptist, Baptist and Reflector, Baptist Oklahoman* and *Florida Baptist Witness.* Of the latter two papers I was for a time the editor and proprietor, giving my entire time to the work. I also owned and edited *The Voice in the Wilderness,* a monthly paper in Texas. By my connection with Baptist papers I have lost over ten thousand dollars in hard-earned money. There is a rare fascination in being an editor. The editor is an autocrat and may speak his mind and wield an influence second to none. But the financial department is always loaded.

For sixteen years I have been an all-time pastor and for about ten years I was a frontier country pastor. To preach the gospel to a loving church and be loved and prayed for by the members is about as near to heaven as one ever gets to be on this mundane sphere.

In my memoirs published in the *Baptist World* I gave several chapters outside my historic sketches. One was on marriage, my experiences on performing such ceremonies. I shall leave that out, although some experiences were unique.

The several chapters I gave on "Men I Have Known" were not germain to the story of my life, so I am leaving them out. I have engaged my daughter, Miss Verna Holt, to copy and correct these sheets for me and I am hoping they will find their way into permanent book form.

My heart and life belong to my Lord. I am hoping for other years of usefulness. I endeavor to live in constant readiness for the Master's call.

CHAPTER XXXIII

UNDER A WESTERING SKY

I add the conclusion which I wrote in my autobiographical sketches for the *Baptist World* four years ago.

I seat myself at my writing machine this Sabbath day afternoon to write the final chapter of these memoirs. The sunset is glowing westward in a cloudless sky. In another room in the church some fresh young voices are singing, "As the Days are Going By." They are, and have been many years. But this lovely Florida day is sinking with undimmed splendor into a delightful tropical night. I can not bring myself into a realization that my race is almost run. It may be; I know not; but I feel the throbbings of life strong within me. While I am completing these memoirs, I am not completing my life work. I preached to-day and expect to preach to-night. "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," chant the lovely voices in the Sunday school room. That is emphatically true with me. He is my Hope and Righteousness. It is the sweetest thought of my life that I am his and he is mine. Should the change come upon me, I shall not be found unready. It is sweet to live for Jesus. I think my brethren, with commendable consideration, are beginning to relieve me of the weightier portions of denominational affairs. At the late session of the association of which my church is a member, they relieved me of the chairmanship of the Executive Board, which position I have been filling ever since I came to the state. It was growing slightly onerous. Indeed, I can perceive now, that for several years the brethren have been relieving me of burdens. Sometimes I think they have been rather too hasty about it, still I shall not murmur.

I recall that about twenty years ago my name was before one of our great boards—not by my knowledge or consent—for consideration as secretary. All seemed to be of one mind, so I was afterwards told. By and by one member asked the question, "What is the age of Dr. Holt?" The question gave them pause and they considered that I could not expect to serve them for twenty years and they wanted to select a secretary with a view of that term of service. So my name was dropped. They selected a younger brother and he served them only a short while and resigned. They then selected another and he served them most acceptably for two years, then passed away. The third brother was chosen and is still serving superbly. Meanwhile, I am yet actively at work. But that was all providential, as I was not well suited to that great work. It would have been unfortunate for me to have accepted any position for which I was not well qualified. Once upon a time I was waited on by a committee of my fellow citizens who asked me to become a candidate for the legislature. It did not appeal to me in the least. At another time I was selected by the Board of Directors of a bank to become their cashier; the reader may perceive in this that not always are bank directors wise in their selection of officials. The president of the bank was disappointed at my refusal, as the salary was $5,000 a year against $1,800 a year which I was then receiving.

To you who have followed me in these memoirs, if I knew you I would love to waft to you my personal greeting. It has been my most earnest desire, if I must needs grow old at all, to grow old "gracefully." It is a delightful thing to see an old person, with life largely behind him, with sunshine yet in his face. I make the humiliating confession that so far I have not yet attained it. But there may be time enough yet. I recall the pleasant countenance of Dr. Basil Manly, crowned with his whitening hair, and his face wreathed in smiles. How restful it was just to look upon him. I have always greatly longed for a cheery disposition. I fear I shall have to disappoint myself, but I shall never give up in despair. I shall love my brethren to the end. There is no getting rid of me at the Southern Baptist Convention meetings, so long as I can afford the means of getting there. It is delightful just to look on the faces of the noble men who have stood in the breach while the battle raged. I rejoice greatly to behold another younger army of toilers coming on. Things have not always gone on just as I would have them. Sometimes I think mistakes are made, but there is marvelous recuperative power among Southern Baptists. They may yet make mistakes, as they are but human, but I am with them anyway, and shall be with them to the end. I most devoutly thank God that it has been my privilege to have lived and labored with them for full fifty years.

The Lord has been wonderfully patient with my blundering way of preaching. That one so unworthy should have been so blessed is a miracle of grace. That Spurgeon, Eaton, Kerfoot, Broadus, and so many other superbly useful men whom I have known have been taken and I have been left is a mystery to me. I am aware that some of my good brethren do not love me. I am not at all surprised at this. It surprises me that so many do love me. If any of you think I have done you injustice in any way during these years gone by, please forgive me. I meant it not.

To those who love me despite all my imperfections and frailties, my heart goes out to you in great tenderness. I have tried to deserve your good opinion. That you have given it is an evidence of your God-likeness. It is like him to love the unworthy.

ADDENDA

The day of this writing is February 5, 1923. I am yet the pastor at Arcadia, Fla. I have attended the sessions of the Southern Baptist Convention which were held in Washington, D. C., Chattanooga, Tenn., and Jacksonville, Fla., since writing the foregoing chapters of this memoir.

The event of the Washington Convention in my opinion was the great speech of Dr. Truett, on the steps of the Capitol. It was variously estimated that there were between ten and twenty thousand people who heard that great address. Men and women from every walk of life; statesmen and thugs; governors and street newsboys; Catholic priests and Jews, it was an American audience. Dr. Truett was at his best. His address was distinctively Baptistic. For the first time in the history of our nation a viewpoint of the Baptists was presented by a competent speaker to a thoroughly representative American audience. It was fair, not boastful; not denunciatory, but definitive. The wonderful voice of the speaker was unusually clear, and his enunciation distinct.

That one address gave the Baptists a distinction that they had never before been accorded. It was widely published and read, and set the pace for a better understanding of the sect "everywhere spoken against."

That meeting of the Convention broke all records for attendance. Never before had so many Baptists attended this great Convention.

The meeting at Chattanooga, while not so largely attended as the one at Washington, for obvious reasons, was yet a great gathering. Here E. Y. Mullins, D.D., was elected president, succeeding Dr. J. B. Gambrell, who could not attend because of serious illness, from which he failed to recover, as he passed away soon after the adjournment of the Convention.

The last meeting of the Convention, 1922, was held in Jacksonville, Fla. It, too, was well attended, although the high-water mark of the Washington attendance was not reached. It was a great, good meeting. Progress had been made in the 75 Million Campaign. For obvious reasons the first year of this campaign was the best, as many who were able paid up in full for the five-year period, which contribution was not made up by additional subscriptions. Yet it was a pronounced success withal. All our great missionary, educational and benevolent enterprises felt the thrill of this glorious campaign, and leaped forward to an unprecedented success in every department.

* * *

NEW MEN

Old things pass away, and behold all things become new. Mell, Jeter, Williams, Boyce, Broadus, Fuller, Ford, Gambrell, Buckner, Tichenor, Kerfoot, Frost, Willingham, Bell, Folk, Jameson, Hawthorne, Haralson, Eagle, Burrows, Gregory, and a host of others who "through faith wrought righteousness, obtained promises," of whom the world was not worthy. They have passed on to glory, while a young army of noble men have taken their places. Mullins, Barton, Truett, White, Inzer, Van Ness, Gray, Love, Hight Moore, Duke, and thousands of others as noble as ever lived have come to the front. What a mighty host has come to the kingdom for such a time as this. I just keep on going to these conventions, although I am not worth much to that peerless body. I just love to go and see how they grow.

* * *

In Florida things are making progress. Our great Secretary, Dr. S. B. Rogers, has been suffering from severe bodily afflictions for several years. Yet he somehow keeps the state missionary work on an even keel, being superbly assisted by Dr. C. M. Brittain. We have been able to make good our quota of the 75 Million Campaign, which is saying no little thing. At our last session the Convention honored herself by electing Dr. A. A. Murfree, President of the Convention. He had been many years and was yet the President of the Florida State College. Dr. Duke, who had served so acceptably, had filled out the usual term of service and declined re-election.

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One of the finest body of Baptists in Florida is the Florida Baptist Assembly, which meets every year at Stetson University, DeLand, Fla. It has perhaps twice as many who attend its meetings as attend the State Convention, and they remain thrice as long a time in session. They are composed for the most part of the young set, young men and young women who are students in our educational institutions forming the body of those who attend this assembly. It was their pleasure last meeting to elect this writer as their president. He had been from its organization one of the teachers of the Bible in this assembly.

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THE PASTOR AND EVANGELISTS

I have witnessed the rise of the modern evangelist. Sixty-five years ago "Tom Fisher," as he was called, was accounted a great evangelist. Then came A. B. Earle, who specialized on the "Second Blessing." Major Penn, the great Texas evangelist, was a man of tremendous force and power, but wholly untrained in theology. Then came the great career of Moody and Sankey. The world up to that time had never had a really great world-wide evangelist. But Moody was such. He created the demand for union meetings on a large scale. His meetings were never with any one denomination. Moody was consumingly in earnest and did a world of good. Sam Jones was unique. He was more of a wit than a preacher; never so sincere nor so spiritually-minded as Moody. Yet he was tremendously popular. His developed into a "gospel of abuse." He was especially severe on the liquor traffic. As a temperance lecturer he was a signal success. A brood of small imitations of Sam Jones followed his career, which was unfortunate, I think.

THE HOME BOARD EVANGELISTS

So urgent was the demand for evangelists that the Home Mission Board wisely undertook to specialize in this department of work. So far as I have observed, the evangelists of the Home Board have been men of piety, soundness, safety and helpfulness. That department has been of untold blessing to the cause of Christ and especially to the Baptist fold. I have heard various evangelists, not now necessary to mention, who to my mind were not safe nor sound. It appears that some evangelists depend largely on abuse. They assail the city governments, mayors, policemen, councilmen, magistrates, churches, lodges, society fads, and seem to be particularly adept in abusing some things and some people. I have rarely seen such things to be of any permanent value to the cause of Christ. The pastor who invites an evangelist into his pulpit, to have that evangelist preach directly opposite to such pastor, is a great trial. The man with a theory or fad or a hobby is to be avoided. Some evangelists have the hobby of the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost." Some the Second Coming of Christ, others the saving of children alone. Watch out for the man who has a hobby, anyhow. A hobby never gets anywhere. I think a pastor should acquaint himself with the fads and fancies of the evangelist before he invites him into his pulpit. When the evangelist comes he comes with a set of sermons and illustrations with which he is perfectly familiar, and he soon uses sensational methods and catches the people and then he has all his own way, and it is easy for the pastor, if he protest, to do the cause harm. In this it is to be remembered that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

I sum up my position on this matter by the suggestion that we endeavor to educate our churches away from the necessity for evangelists. The really normal condition of a church is to be right all the time. Let us look for and expect additions constantly, and not depend on spasmodic seasons of revival.

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It was at Jacksonville Convention that Dr. Mullins approached me with a request on behalf of the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, that I deliver an address on Founders Day, January 11, 1923. I felt that it was a risk for me to go to Louisville in mid-winter. I had been in Florida eleven years and had seen no snow all these years. I was thoroughly acclimated, and I feared to go to Louisville in very cold weather, such as we should be likely to meet at this season. But Dr. Mullins overcame my fears, and prevailed on me to come. I filled the engagement, and enjoyed my fellowship with the professors and students very much. But it was not best for my health as I contracted an illness which now a month later has not fully departed.

Brethren have been pleased to express surprise and gratitude that I am so vigorous for one of my age. I greatly desire to be useful up to the day of my departure. I feel fully prepared for my great change. I am really wondering if the change will be as great as we have accustomed ourselves to think. I have so very many friends on the other side, that I shall not be lonely. My own family is widely scattered. All my children are married and have homes and families of their own, save one daughter, who abides at her father's house. The dear good wife who has borne life's burdens with me for almost fifty years is yet by my side, growing nearer and dearer each day. But were either of us to go the separation would not be long. It may be announced in our denominational papers soon, "A. J. Holt has passed away." His body shall die. But the spirit shall live on. Death is only an incident of life.